



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

8  
H  
6E



# HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH.

BEING THREE HUNDRED  
HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

(FOR THE MOST PART OF MODERN DATE).

SELECTED AND ARRANGED  
BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B. A.,  
CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,  
RECTOR OF HELMINGHAM, SUFFOLK;  
*Author of "Home Truths," &c.*

---

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."—Psalm l. 23.  
"Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?"—Job xxxv. 10.

---

SECOND EDITION.

IPSWICH:  
WILLIAM HUNT, STEAM PRESS, TAVERN STREET.  
LONDON:  
WERTHEIM, MACINTOSH & HUNT, 24 PATERNOSTER ROW;  
23 HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

---

MDCCLXI.

100. b. 61.



## PREFACE.

---

IN sending forth a new collection of Hymns, I feel it necessary to preface the work by a few words of explanation. I am anxious that no purchaser should misunderstand the nature of its contents.

The first hundred hymns in this collection have already appeared in a separate form, under the title of "Spiritual Songs." The remaining two hundred hymns have been added to the former selection; and the whole three hundred are now sent forth (to prevent confusion) under the new title of "HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH ON EARTH." Some explanatory account of the whole collection will now, perhaps, not be thought out of place.

I wish it then to be distinctly understood, that the volume now in the reader's hands, does not profess to be a complete collection of all the best English hymns, both old and new. The old familiar compositions of Watts, Wesley, Newton, Cowper, Toplady, &c., with which every lover of Christian psalmody is acquainted, are, for the most part, purposely excluded from its pages. It contains, with a few exceptions, no hymns which are not comparatively *of modern date*. The greater proportion of the hymns

in this volume are either very little known, or at any rate are not to be found in most of the hymn-books commonly used. It is a collection of the best modern hymns, and of a few old hymns, which are not so well known as they deserve to be.

Furthermore, I wish it to be understood, that this collection is not primarily intended for *congregational* use. Many of the hymns, no doubt, are admirably adapted for singing in the congregation. Many others, however, from their highly experimental character, are better suited for private reading; while many are shut out from public usefulness by their peculiar and irregular metres. The comfort of invalids and the edification of Christians in private, have been the two principal objects I have had in view in preparing this collection. I hold strongly, that holy thoughts often abide for ever in men's memories under the form of poetry, which pass away and are forgotten under the form of prose.

In compiling this hymn-book, I have availed myself of all the best modern collections which I have been able to obtain, whether of English, Scotch, Irish, or American origin; and I have laid no British or Irish authors under contribution without first seeking their permission. To the following writers I desire especially to express my grateful acknowledgments, and to thank them for the kindness and courtesy with which they have acceded to my applications for leave to use their hymns:—Dr. Bonar, of Kelso, N.B.;—Rev. R. Macduff;—Miss Catherine Winkworth, translator of the German *hymns* entitled “*Lyra Germanica* ;”—R. Massie, Esq., *translator of the German hymns* by Spitta, entitled

"*Lyra Domestica*;"—the translator of the German hymns entitled "*Hymns from the Land of Luther*;"—A. L. W., author of "*Hymns and Meditations*;"—J. T., author of "*Woodsorrell*;"—the author of "*The Christian Life in Song*;"—and Rev. C. T. Astley, author of "*Songs in the Night*." I desire also to express my thanks to Messrs. Longman and Co., the well-known publishers, for their permission to insert some hymns from the first series of "*Lyra Germanica*," and from "*Lyra Domestica*," in the copyright of both which works they have a beneficial interest.

I must frankly confess, that I have been unable to discover the authorship of many of the hymns which I have inserted in this collection, and have consequently been unable to ask the permission of the writers to use them. If, therefore, any living authors of hymns should happen to see their compositions used without leave in this volume, I can only ask them to acquit me of any intentional discourtesy, and to believe, that I would have asked their permission, if I had known where to apply.

The subjects of the hymns in this collection, are of wide range. I have purposely excluded all hymns which can only interest some one particular section of the Church of Christ. I have specially endeavoured to include those which come home to the hearts of all true Christians, of every name, and people, and tongue.—Hymns full of Jesus Christ, whether living, dying, rising, interceding, sympathizing, or coming again,—hymns full of the experience of believers, their conflicts, crosses, hopes, fears, sorrows, and joys,—such hymns are always useful. *Of such, the Church can never have too*



many. Of such, I venture to think, the present volume contains a rich store.

Of the general value of hymns, it is needless to say anything. The children of the world may regard psalm-singing, or hymn-writing, with indifference, or ill-disguised contempt. But the true-hearted servants of that Saviour, who "sung a hymn" before He went out to the Mount of Olives, have ever loved, in every age, to "teach and admonish one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs." (Coloss. iii. 19.) The Bible, on which they love to feed daily, abounds in hymns of praise. The heaven, which they hope to inhabit one day, will be the abode of eternal praise. A thankful, hymn-singing spirit has always marked the days of a Church's spiritual prosperity. It is a pleasant thought, that, however much Christians may disagree in pulpits, on platforms, and in prose writing, they are generally of one heart, and one mind, in praise and prayer.

If the three hundred hymns, which I now send forth, shall do good to the weakest lamb in Christ's flock, and shall comfort, cheer, stablish, or build up one suffering member of Christ's mystical body, the labour which I have expended in collecting them, will be more than repaid.

J. C. RYLE.

*Helmingham Rectory, Suffolk.*

DECEMBER, 1860.

## INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	NO.
A few more years shall roll . . . . .	101
A little while! Our Lord shall come . . . . .	19
A little while of mingled joy and sorrow . . . . .	209
A little flock! so calls He thee . . . . .	276
A pilgrim here I wander . . . . .	237
A pilgrim through this lonely world . . . . .	49
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide . . . . .	290
Abide with me, Thou gracious Guide . . . . .	193
Ah! I shall soon be dying . . . . .	28
All that I was, my sin, my guilt . . . . .	16
Alone with Thee, my God! alone with Thee . . . . .	297
Amid life's wild commotion . . . . .	226
And are we yet alive . . . . .	72
Are your souls the Saviour seeking . . . . .	286
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep! . . . . .	96
As Thou wilt, my God! I ever say . . . . .	163
Awake ye saints, and raise your eyes . . . . .	39
Away with our sorrow and fear . . . . .	15
 Be faithful to the end . . . . .	 255
Beloved, it is well . . . . .	63
Be merciful to me, O God . . . . .	87

	NO.
Be not weary, toiling Christian . . . . .	122
Be still, my soul, Jehovah loveth thee . . . . .	262
Be still, my soul, let nothing stir . . . . .	107
Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side . . . . .	274
Be steady, be steady, Oh! my soul . . . . .	170
Be thou content, be still before . . . . .	269
Beyond the smiling and the weeping . . . . .	300
Birds have their quiet nest . . . . .	196
Blessed be God, for ever blest . . . . .	25
Blessed be God, our God! . . . . .	148
Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest . . . . .	69
By faith I see my Saviour dying . . . . .	202
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm . . . . .	252
Cease, my soul, thy strayings . . . . .	285
Christ alone! Christ alone! . . . . .	291
Christ's grave is vacant now . . . . .	188
Christ, of all my hopes the ground . . . . .	103
Cling to the Mighty One . . . . .	267
Come and rejoice with me . . . . .	227
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire . . . . .	293
Come, Lord, and tarry not . . . . .	219
Come let us join to sing of Jesu's love . . . . .	141
Come nearer, nearer still . . . . .	206
Come to the morning prayer . . . . .	124
Come Thou Almighty King . . . . .	198
Come to the blood-stain'd tree . . . . .	211
Come to me, Lord, when first I wake . . . . .	233
Come, sinner to the Gospel feast . . . . .	115
Come, worship at Emmanuel's feet . . . . .	241
Commit thy way to God . . . . .	283
Do not I love Thee, O my Lord . . . . .	59
<i>Earth has engrossed my love too long . . . . .</i>	<i>54</i>

	NO.
Faint not Christian, though the road . . . . .	13
Faith is a very simple thing . . . . .	110
Father, I know that all my life . . . . .	135
Father, whose hand hath led . . . . .	189
Fighting the battle of life . . . . .	121
For ever with the Lord. Amen . . . . .	8
For ever with the Lord. Father . . . . .	114
Forward, let the people go . . . . .	191
Friend after friend departs . . . . .	159
Gate of my heart, fly open wide . . . . .	197
Gently, Lord! O gently lead us . . . . .	176
Give to the winds thy fears . . . . .	5
Glory to God on high! Let heaven . . . . .	37
Glory to God on high! Peace upon earth . . . . .	173
Glory to God the Father be . . . . .	153
Go, labour on, spend and be spent . . . . .	102
Go up, go up, my heart . . . . .	116
Go when the morning shineth . . . . .	156
God doth not leave His own . . . . .	270
God liveth ever! . . . . .	260
God of my life, how good, how wise . . . . .	194
Going home, and going quickly . . . . .	275
Hallelujah! I believe . . . . .	150
Hast thou within a care so deep . . . . .	244
He bids us come, His voice we know . . . . .	12
He sitteth o'er the waterfloods . . . . .	184
He suffered, and wilt thou repine . . . . .	257
Heavenward our path still goes . . . . .	231
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face . . . . .	138
Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear . . . . .	45
How blest is our sister, bereft . . . . .	30
How long, O Lord, our Saviour . . . . .	204
How shall I follow Him I serve . . . . .	230

	NO.
How shall I meet my Saviour . . . . .	256
How sweet the Gospel trumpet sounds . . . . .	174
How weary and how worthless . . . . .	250
I am a stranger here . . . . .	248
I am bound for the kingdom . . . . .	261
I am oppressed, my gracious God . . . . .	182
I am wandering down life's shady path . . . . .	160
I do not doubt my safety . . . . .	268
I give Thee thanks unfeigned . . . . .	166
I have a home above . . . . .	62
I hear a voice at dawn of day . . . . .	64
I heard the voice of Jesus say . . . . .	26
I journey forth rejoicing . . . . .	272
I journey thro' a desert drear and wild . . . . .	83
I know not the way I am going . . . . .	94
I lay my sins on Jesus . . . . .	1
I look to Jesus, and the cloud . . . . .	151
I'm but a stranger here . . . . .	152
I'm going to leave all my sadness . . . . .	58
I need Thee, precious Jesus . . . . .	199
I saw the cross of Jesus . . . . .	293
I think of Thee, Oh! Saviour . . . . .	253
I thought that I was strong, Lord . . . . .	214
I thought upon my sins, and I was sad . . . . .	42
I was a wandering sheep . . . . .	51
I will not let Thee go, Thou help in time of need . . . . .	246
If God is mine, then present things . . . . .	47
In days of trouble and of care . . . . .	251
In the still silence of the voiceless night . . . . .	203
In Thy name, O Lord, assembling . . . . .	20
Is God for me? What is it . . . . .	31
Is it a long way off . . . . .	200
It is Thy hand, my God! . . . . .	93

# INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

xi

	NO.
Jehovah is our strength . . . . .	84
Jesus, I come to Thee . . . . .	117
Jesus, I love Thee, Thou dost know . . . . .	92
Jesus in thy memory keep . . . . .	179
Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear . . . . .	175
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me! . . . . .	90
Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep . . . . .	91
Jesus, our Lord! to Thee we call . . . . .	70
Jesus, Thy name I love . . . . .	80
Jesus, we rest in Thee . . . . .	97
Joyfully, joyfully onward we move . . . . .	282
Just as I am, without one plea . . . . .	4
Know ye that better land . . . . .	126
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace . . . . .	157
Leaning on Thee, my guide and friend . . . . .	167
Let me be with Thee, where Thou art . . . . .	34
Let not your hearts be faint . . . . .	266
Let sinners saved give thanks and sing . . . . .	61
Let worldly minds the world pursue . . . . .	24
Lie down, frail body, here . . . . .	177
Lo I am with Thee . . . . .	296
Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest . . . . .	86
Look Thou with pity on a brother's fall . . . . .	67
Look up, my soul, to Christ thy joy . . . . .	225
Lord, a whole long day of pain . . . . .	263
Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee . . . . .	27
Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt . . . . .	104
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing . . . . .	294
Lord, it belongs not to my care . . . . .	3
Lord, no guardian to defend me . . . . .	149
Lord, take my heart just as it is . . . . .	132
Lord, the waves are breaking o'er me . . . . .	265
Lowly my soul, be lowly . . . . .	106

	NO.
Make haste, O man, to live . . . .	169
Master, where abidest Thou . . . .	258
Mighty God! on whom the cares . . . .	154
Mine! what rays of glory bright . . . .	218
My bark is on a troubled sea . . . .	229
My days are gliding swiftly by . . . .	280
My faith looks up to Thee . . . .	161
My God, my Father, while I stray . . . .	35
My heavenly home is bright and fair . . . .	142
My Lord hath taught me . . . .	239
My prayer to the promise shall cling . . . .	145
My Saviour! Thou art precious . . . .	288
My sins are blotted out . . . .	43
My soul, go boldly forth . . . .	99
My will would like a life of ease . . . .	234
Nearer, my God, to Thee . . . .	55
Never further than Thy cross . . . .	247
No condemnation, O my soul . . . .	9
No gospel like this . . . .	109
No shadows yonder . . . .	246
Now I have found a Friend . . . .	133
O abide, abide in Jesus . . . .	212
O gracious Shepherd bind us . . . .	77
O happy house, O home supremely blest . . . .	216
O haste away, my brethren dear . . . .	21
O holy Saviour! Friend unseen . . . .	23
O Lamb of God! Still keep me . . . .	85
O Lord, I look to Thee . . . .	158
O Lord, who now art seated . . . .	10
O Thou, the contrite sinner's friend . . . .	41
O Thou, who hearest prayer . . . .	185
Oft have I sat in secret sighs . . . .	195
<i>Oh! eyes that are weary . . . .</i>	<i>232</i>

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

xiii

	NO.
Oh! foolish heart be still . . . . .	181
Oh! for the calm beyond the storms . . . . .	147
Oh! for the peace which floweth as a river . . . . .	238
Oh! Holy Ghost, Eternal God . . . . .	113
Oh! Jesus, leave not me . . . . .	215
Oh! where shall rest be found . . . . .	137
One prayer I have, all prayers in one . . . . .	50
One sweetly solemn thought . . . . .	95
Our times are in Thy hand . . . . .	6
Pass away earthly joy . . . . .	75
Perfect through suffering . . . . .	278
Pilgrim of earth, who art . . . . .	155
Praise the Lord, who died to save us . . . . .	119
Praise ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy . . . . .	88
Prayer is the breath of God in man . . . . .	65
Prayer was appointed to convey . . . . .	73
Precious is the name of Jesus . . . . .	228
Precious Saviour, may I live . . . . .	284
Press forward and fear not . . . . .	60
Rejoice for a brother decess'd . . . . .	29
Rejoice, my fellow pilgrim . . . . .	217
Rejoice, 'tis not in sorrow . . . . .	254
Rejoice ye saints, rejoice and praise . . . . .	14
Rest, rest from anxious thought . . . . .	144
Rest, weary soul . . . . .	273
Return, O wanderer, to thy home . . . . .	292
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless . . . . .	220
Sing Hallelujah! praise the Lord . . . . .	235
Sing Hallelujah! Christ doth live . . . . .	131
Sing praise, the tomb is void . . . . .	105
Sing, sing His lofty praise . . . . .	190
<i>Sing we the song of those who stand</i> . . . . .	48



	NO.
Sing with me! sing with me!	299
Sinner, hear thy Saviour's call	187
Soon and for ever, the breaking of day	74
Sound, sound the truth abroad	127
Sound the high praises of Jesus our King	180
Source of my life's refreshing springs	216
Sow in the morn thy seed	71
Sow ye beside all waters	289
Spirit divine, attend our prayer	46
Spirit of everlasting grace	259
Stand up and bless the Lord	38
Still on Thy loving heart let me repose	221
Sweet is the solace of Thy love	128
Take comfort, Christians, when your friends	98
Take no thought for the morrow	249
The church has waited long	22
The God of harvest praise	188
The hour of my departure's come	100
The more the cross the nearer heaven	140
The Spirit in our hearts	44
The way seems dark about me	172
The weary day is tarrying	125
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower	66
There is a city of the saints	210
There is a morning star, my soul	81
There is a name I love to hear	139
There is an eye that never sleeps	76
There is an hour when I must part	56
There is life for a look at the crucified One	286
There's nought on earth to rest on	120
Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord!	89
Thou hast stood here, Lord Jesus	298
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness	222
<i>Thou, who didst for Peter's faith</i>	52

# INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

xv

	NO.
Through the love of God our Saviour . . . .	82
Thus far the Lord has led us . . . .	165
Thy way, not mine, O Lord . . . .	201
Thy works, not mine, O Christ . . . .	249
'Tis not a lonely night-watch . . . .	112
'Tis not for man to trifle . . . .	188
To-day mine, to-morrow thine . . . .	118
Trust on! Trust on! believer . . . .	264
Upon the stormy waters . . . .	186
Wait, my soul, upon the Lord . . . .	143
Walk in the light, so shalt thou know . . . .	73
We are the Lord's; His all-sufficient merit . . . .	162
We cannot always trace the way . . . .	82
We have no home but heaven . . . .	108
We'll sing of Christ, no matter who . . . .	17
We love Thee, Lord, because when we . . . .	40
We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord . . . .	279
We speak of the realms of the blessed . . . .	287
We would see Jesus . . . .	271
Weep not, Jesus lives on high . . . .	277
Welcome, days of solemn meeting . . . .	53
What cheering words are these . . . .	11
What God decrees, child of His love . . . .	171
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone . . . .	79
What is the thing of greatest price . . . .	146
What of the night, watchman? . . . .	123
What shall I be, my Lord? . . . .	281
What shall we be, and whither shall we go . . . .	208
Whatever God does is well . . . .	129
Whate'er my God ordains is right . . . .	242
When along life's thorny road . . . .	7
When far from the hearts where our fondest . . . .	111
<i>When I by faith the Saviour's death . . . .</i>	<i>36</i>

	NO.
When morn awakes our hearts . . . .	164
When the nations toss and roar . . . .	134
When the spark of life is waning . . . .	57
When to my closet I repair . . . .	168
When this passing world is done . . . .	2
When waves of sorrow round me swell . . . .	33
When we cannot see our way . . . .	18
While others pray for grace to die . . . .	223
While travelling thro' this wilderness . . . .	130
Why restless, why so weary . . . .	245
Will that not joyful be . . . .	203
With my whole heart to Thee I'll raise . . . .	192
Would'st thou be wise, and know the Lord . . . .	68
 Ye angels, who stand round the throne . . . .	 207
Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears . . . .	178
Yes! for me, for me He careth . . . .	224

# SPIRITUAL SONGS.

---

1

*Coloss. i. 19.*

7.6.

1—I lay my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God ;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load.  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains,  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

2—I lay my wants on Jesus ;  
All fulness dwells in Him :  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares ;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrow shares.

3—I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine ;  
His right hand me embraces,  
*I on His breast recline.*

I love the name of Jesus,  
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;  
 Like fragrance on the breezes  
 His name abroad is poured.

4—I long to be like Jesus,  
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
 I long to be like Jesus,  
 The Father's holy child.  
 I long to be with Jesus  
 Amid the heavenly throng,  
 To sing with saints His praises,  
 To learn the angels' song.

H. BONAR.

2

1 *Cor.* vi. 19, 20.

7's.

1—When this passing world is done,  
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
 When we stand with Christ in glory,  
 Looking o'er life's finished story,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—  
 Not till then,—how much I owe.

2—When I hear the wicked call  
 On the rocks and hills to fall,  
 When I see them start and shrink,  
 On the fiery deluge brink,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—  
*Not till then*,—how much I owe.

- 3—When I stand before the throne,  
Dress'd in beauty not my own,  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinching heart,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—  
Not till then,—how much I owe.
- 4—When the praise of heav'n I hear,  
Loud as thunders to the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—  
Not till then,—how much I owe.
- 5—Chosen not for good in me,  
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified,  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love how much I owe.
- 6—Oft I walk beneath the cloud,  
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;  
But when fear is at the height,  
Jesus comes, and all is light.  
Blessed Jesus, bid me show  
Doubting saints how much I owe.

R. M. M'CHEYNE.

1—Lord, it belongs not to my care,  
Whether I die or live ;  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.

2—If life be long, I will be glad,  
That I may long obey ;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day ?

3—Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before ;  
He that unto God's kingdom comes,  
Must enter by His door.

4—Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see ;  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be ?

5—Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
And weary sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints,  
*Who sing Jehovah's praise.*

6—My knowledge of that life is small,  
 The eye of faith is dim ;  
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
 And I shall be with Him.

R. BAXTER.

4

*John vi. 37.*

P.M.

1—Just as I am, without one plea,  
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,—  
 O Lamb of God, I come !

2—Just as I am,—and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 O Lamb of God, I come !

3—Just as I am,—though toss'd about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 With fears within and wars without—  
 O Lamb of God, I come !

4—Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind,—  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,—  
 O Lamb of God, I come !



5—Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,—  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

6—Just as I am,—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down,—  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

## 5

*Isaiah xxvi. 4.*

S.M.

1—Give to the winds thy fears,  
Hope, and be undismay'd ;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
God shall lift up thy head.

2—Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears the way ;  
Wait thou His time ; so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

3—Still heavy is thy heart ?  
Still sink thy spirits down ?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
And ev'ry care, be gone.

4—What though thou rulest not ?  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,  
Proclaim God sitting on the throne,  
And ruling all things well.

5—Leave to His sovereign sway  
To choose and to command ;  
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own His way,  
How wise, how strong His hand !

6—Far, far above thy thought,  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully He the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear.

6 *Psalm xxxi. 15.* S.M.

1—Our times are in Thy hand,  
O God, we wish them there ;  
Our life, our friends, our souls we leave  
Entirely to Thy care.

2—Our times are in Thy hand,  
Whatever they may be,—  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.

3—Our times are in Thy hand ;  
Why should we doubt or fear ?  
A father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

4—Our times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus, the crucified ;  
The hand our many sins have pierced,  
*Is now our guard and guide.*

- 5—Our times are in Thy hand ;  
We'll always trust in Thee,  
'Till we have left this weary land,  
And all Thy glory see.

7

*Heb. xii. 2.*

7's.

- 1—When along life's thorny road  
Faints the soul beneath the load,  
By its cares and sins oppress'd,  
Finds on earth no peace or rest,—  
When the wily tempter's near,  
Filling us with doubts and fear,  
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee,  
Jesus, we will look to Thee.
- 2—Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,  
List'nest to Thy people's moan ;  
Thou, the living Head, dost share,  
Ev'ry pang Thy members bear.  
Full of tenderness Thou art ;  
Thou wilt heal the broken heart :  
Full of power, Thine arm shall quell  
All the rage and might of hell.
- 3—By Thy tears o'er Lazarus shed,  
By Thy power to raise the dead,  
By Thy meekness under scorn,  
By Thy stripes and crown of thorn,

By that rich and precious blood,  
 That hath made our peace with God,—  
 Jesus, to Thy feet we flee,  
 Jesus, we will cling to Thee.

4—Mighty to redeem and save,  
 Thou hast overcome the grave ;  
 Thou the bars of death hast riven,  
 Open'd wide the gates of heaven.  
 Soon in glory Thou shalt come  
 Taking Thy poor pilgrims home ;  
 Jesus, then we all shall be,  
 Ever—ever—Lord, with Thee.

8

1 *Thess.* iv. 17.

S.M.

1—For ever with the Lord !  
 Amen, so let it be !  
 Life from the dead is in that word,  
 'Tis immortality.

2—Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from Him I roam,  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.

3—My Father's house on high,  
 Home of my soul, how near  
 At times to faith's illumin'd eye  
 Thy golden gates appear !

4—My thirsty spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

5—Yet clouds will intervene,  
And all my prospect flies ;  
Like Noah's dove I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6—Anon the clouds depart,  
The winds and waters cease,  
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart  
Expands the bow of peace.

9

*Rom. viii. 1.*

C.M.

1—No condemnation ! O my soul,  
'Tis God that speaks the word ;  
Perfect in comeliness art thou,  
In Christ thy glorious Lord.

2—In heaven His blood for ever speaks  
In God the Father's ear ;  
His church, the jewels, on His heart  
*Jesus* will ever bear.

3—No condemnation ! precious word !  
 Consider it, my soul ;  
 Thy sins were all on Jesus laid,  
 His stripes have made thee whole.

4—Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes  
 On Christ, the spotless Lamb,  
 So shall we love Thy gracious will,  
 And glorify Thy name.

10

2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

7.6.

1—O Lord, who now art seated  
 Above the heavens on high,  
 The gracious work completed,  
 For which Thou cam'st to die,  
 To Thee our hearts are lifted,  
 While pilgrims wand'ring here,  
 For Thou alone art gifted  
 Our ev'ry weight to bear.

2—We know that Thou hast bought us,  
 And wash'd us in Thy blood :  
 We know Thy grace has brought us  
 As kings and priests to God :  
 We know that soon the morning,  
 Long look'd for, hasteth near,  
 When we at Thy returning,  
*In glory shall appear.*

3—O Lord, Thy love's unbounded,  
 So full, so sweet, so free !  
 Our thoughts are all confounded,  
 Whene'er we think on Thee :  
 For us Thou cam'st from heaven,  
 For us to bleed and die,  
 That, purchased and forgiven,  
 We might ascend on high.

4—O let this love constrain us  
 To give our hearts to Thee :  
 Let nothing henceforth pain us,  
 But that which paineth Thee ;—  
 Our joy, our one endeavour,  
 Through suffering, conflict, shame,  
 To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,  
 And magnify Thy name.

11

*Isaiah* iii. 10.

S.M.

1—What cheering words are these !  
 Their sweetness who can tell ?  
 In time and to eternal days  
 "'Tis with the righteous well."

2—In ev'ry state secure,  
 Kept as Jehovah's eye,  
 'Tis well with them while life endures,  
 And well when call'd to die.

3—Well when they see His face,  
     Or sink beneath the flood ;—  
 Well in affliction's thorny maze,  
     Or on the mount with God.

4—'Tis well when joys arise,  
     'Tis well when sorrows flow,  
 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,  
     And strong temptations grow.

5—'Tis well when Jesus calls,  
     And bids from earth arise,  
 To join the host of ransom'd souls,  
     Made to salvation wise.

12

*Matt. xiv. 28, 29.*

P.M.

1—He bids us come ; His voice we know,  
     And boldly on the waters go,  
     To Him, our Lord and God ;  
 We walk on life's tempestuous sea,  
 For He who died to set us free,  
     Hath call'd us by His word.

2—Secure from troubled waves we tread,  
     Nor all the storms around us heed,  
     While to our Lord we look ;  
 O'er every fierce temptation bound,  
 The billows yield a solid ground,  
     *The wave is firm as rock.*



3—But if from Him we turn our eye,  
And see the raging floods run high,  
And feel our fears within,  
Our foes so strong, our flesh so frail,  
Reason and unbelief prevail,  
And sink us into sin.

4—Lord, we our unbelief confess,  
Our little spark of faith increase,  
That we may doubt no more,  
But fix on Thee a steady eye,  
And on Thine outstretched arm rely,  
Till all the storm is o'er.

## 13

2 *Cor.* iv. 16.

7's.

1—Faint not, Christian ! though the road  
Leading to thy blest abode,  
Darksome be, and dangerous too—  
Christ, thy guide, will bring thee through.

2—Faint not, Christian ! though in rage  
Satan would thy soul engage ;  
Gird on faith's anointed shield,  
*Bear it to the battle field.*

3—Faint not, Christian ! though the world  
Has its hostile flag unfurl'd ;  
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,  
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4—Faint not, Christian ! though within  
There's a heart so prone to sin ;  
Christ the Lord is over all,  
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

5—Faint not, Christian ! though thy God  
Smite thee with His chast'ning rod ;  
Smite He must, with father's care,  
That He may His love declare.

6—Faint not, Christian ! Jesu's near ;  
Soon in glory He'll appear ;  
And His love will then bestow  
Power over every foe.

7—Faint not, Christian ! look on high,  
See the harpers in the sky ;  
Patient wait, and thou wilt join—  
*Chant with them of love divine.*

14

*Prov. xviii. 10.*

L.M.

1—Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise  
The blessings of redeeming grace ;  
Jesus, your everlasting tower,  
Can shield you from the tempest's power.

2—His love's a refuge ever nigh,  
His watchfulness as mountains high,  
His name's a rock, which winds above,  
And waves below, can never move.

3—While all things change, He changes not ;  
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot ;  
His love's unchangeably the same,  
And as enduring as His name.

4—Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise  
The blessings of this wondrous grace ;  
Jesus, your everlasting tower,  
*Can bear unmov'd the tempest's power.*

15

*John* xiv. 1, 2.

P.M.

- 1—Away with our sorrow and fear !  
We soon shall have enter'd our home ;  
The city of saints shall appear,  
The day of eternity come ;  
From earth we shall quickly remove,  
To dwell in our native abode,  
In mansions of glory above,  
Prepar'd by our Father and God.
- 2—Ah ! who upon earth can conceive  
The bliss that in heaven they'll share ?  
And who this dark world would not leave,  
And cheerfully seek to be there ?—  
Where Christ is the light and the sun,  
And we by reflection shall shine,  
With Him everlastingly one,  
And bright in effulgence divine.
- 3—'Tis good at Thy word to be here,  
'Tis better in Thee to be gone,  
And see Thee in glory appear,  
And rise to a share in Thy throne :  
All tears will be wiped from our eyes,  
When Thee we behold in the cloud,  
And echo the joys of the skies,  
*And shout to the trumpet of God.*

- 1—All that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,  
My death, was all my own :  
All that I *am* I owe to Thee,  
My gracious God alone.
- 2—The evil of my former state  
Was mine, and only mine ;  
The good in which I now rejoice  
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3—The darkness of my former state,  
The bondage,—all was mine ;  
The light of life in which I walk,  
The liberty is Thine.
- 4—Thy grace first made me feel my sin,  
And taught me to believe ;  
Then, in believing, peace I found,  
And now I live, I live.
- 5—All that I am, e'en here on earth,  
All that I hope to be,  
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,  
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

17

1 *Peter* ii. 7.

C.M.

- 1—We'll sing of Christ, no matter who  
Should disapprove the theme :  
When He is precious to our view,  
We can't but sing of Him.
- 2—And He is precious in the sight  
Of all who know His voice :  
'Twas He who brought them to the light,  
And taught them to rejoice.
- 3—'Tis he who cheers them by His smile,  
And guards them by His power ;  
Who keeps them safe from force and guile,  
In every trying hour.
- 4—'Tis He who will conduct them home,  
Beyond the reach of ill,  
Where all the ransom'd people come,  
Where saints for ever dwell.
- 5—Then let His people make their boast  
Of Him, and Him alone,  
Who came from heaven to save the lost :—  
*The praise be His alone !*

- 1—When we cannot see our way,  
Let us trust and still obey ;  
He who bids us forward go,  
Cannot fail the way to show.
- 2—Though the sea be deep and wide,  
Though a passage seem denied,  
Fearless let us still proceed,  
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.
- 3—Though it seems the gloom of night,  
Though we see no ray of light,  
Since the Lord Himself is there,  
'Tis not meet that we should fear.
- 4—Night with Him is never night,  
Where He is, there all is light ;  
When He calls us, why delay ?  
They are happy who obey.
- 5—Be it our's then, while we're here,  
Him to follow without fear,  
Where He calls us, there to go,  
What *He* bids us, that to do.

19

*Heb. x. 37.*

L.M.

1—"A little while !"—Our Lord shall come,  
And we shall wander here no more ;  
He'll take us to our Father's home,  
Where He for us has gone before.

2—"A little while !"—He'll come again ;  
Let us the precious hours redeem ;  
Our only grief to give Him pain,  
Our joy to serve and follow Him.

3—"A little while !"—"Twill soon be past ;  
Why should we shun the promised cross ?  
O let us in His footsteps haste,  
Counting for Him all else but loss.

4—"A little while !"—Come, Saviour, come !  
For Thee Thy bride has tarried long ;  
Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,  
To sing *the new eternal song.*



20

*Matt. xviii. 20.*

8,7,4.

- 1—In Thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We, Thy people, now draw near ;  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;  
Speak, and let Thy servants hear,  
Hear with meekness,  
Hear Thy word with godly fear.
- 2—While our days on earth are lengthen'd,  
May we give them, Lord, to Thee ;  
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,  
May we run, nor weary be,  
'Till Thy glory  
Without clouds in heaven we see.
- 3—Then in worship, purer, sweeter,  
Thee Thy people shall adore,  
Tasting of enjoyment greater  
Far than thought conceived before,  
Full enjoyment,  
Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

21

2 *Peter* iii. 12.

P.M.

1—O haste away, my brethren dear,  
And come to Canaan's shore ;  
We'll meet and sing for ever there,  
When all our toils are o'er.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,  
O that will be joyful !  
To meet to part no more,  
To meet to part no more,  
On Canaan's happy shore ;  
And there sing hallelujah  
With the friends that have gone before.

2—How sweet to hear the hallowed theme  
That saints shall ever sing,  
To hear their voices all proclaim,  
" Salvation to the King."

O that will be, etc.

3—Around His throne all cloth'd in white,  
Will all His saints appear,  
And shining in His glory bright,  
Will see our Saviour there.

O that will be, etc.

4—Through heaven the shouts of angels ring  
When sons to God are born ;  
O what a company will sing  
On the millennial morn !  
  
O that will be, etc.

5—Through one eternal day we'll sing,  
And bless His sacred name,  
With hallelujah to the King,  
And, " Worthy is the Lamb."  
  
O that will be, etc.

1—The church has waited long  
Her absent Lord to see ;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
A friendless stranger she.  
Age after age has gone,  
Sun after sun has set,  
And still in weeds of widowhood  
She weeps a mourner yet.  
  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

2—Saint after saint on earth  
Has liv'd, and lov'd, and died ;  
And as they left us one by one,  
We laid them side by side ;  
We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn ;  
We laid them but to ripen there,  
'Till the last glorious morn.  
  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

3—The serpent's brood increase,  
The powers of hell grow bold,  
The conflict thickens, faith is low,  
And love is waxing cold.  
How long, O Lord our God,  
Holy and true and good,  
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering church,  
Her sighs and tears and blood ?  
  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

4—We long to hear Thy voice,  
To see Thee face to face,  
To share Thy crown and glory then,  
*As now we share Thy grace.*

Should not the loving Bride  
The absent Bridegroom mourn ?  
Should she not wear the weeds of grief  
Until her Lord return ?  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come ?

5—The whole creation groans,  
And waits to hear that voice  
Which shall restore her comeliness,  
And make her wastes rejoice.  
Come, Lord, and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain,  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

H. BONAR.

1—O Holy Saviour ! Friend unseen !  
Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st us lean,  
Help us throughout life's changing scene  
By *faith* to cling to Thee !

- 2—Bless'd with this fellowship divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, we'll not repine :  
For, as the branches to the vine,  
We only cling to Thee !
- 3—Though far from home, fatigued, opprest,  
Here we have found a place of rest,  
As exiles still, yet not unblest,  
Because we cling to Thee !
- 4—What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and hopes remove ?  
With patient uncomplaining love  
Still can we cling to Thee !
- 5—Though oft we seem to tread alone  
Life's dreary waste with thorns o'ergrown,  
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone,  
Whispers, " Still cling to Me ! "
- 6—Though faith and hope are often tried,  
We ask not, need not, aught beside,  
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,  
The souls that cling to Thee !
- 7—They fear not Satan, nor the grave ;  
They know Thee near, and strong to save ;  
With Thee all danger they can brave,  
*Because they cling to Thee !*

8—Bless'd is our lot whate'er befall ;  
Who can affright, or who appal ?—  
Since as our strength, our rock, our all,  
Jesus, we cling to Thee !

24

*Galat. vi. 14.*

C.M.

1—Let worldly minds the world pursue ;  
What are its charms to me ?  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.

2—Its pleasures now no longer please,  
No more content afford ;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.

3—As by the light of opening day,  
The stars are all conceal'd,  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4—Creatures, no more divide my choice ;  
I bid you all depart ;  
His name, and love, and gracious word,  
Have fixed my roving heart.

25

*Galat. iii. 13.*

C.M.

- 1—Blessed be God, for ever blest,  
And glorious be His name !  
His Son He gave, our souls to save  
From everlasting shame.
- 2—Had I worn sackcloth, and in dust  
Cast myself humbly down,  
Cover'd my miserable head  
With ashes for a crown :—
- 3—This could not save me from the curse,  
Nor end the endless pain,  
Nor quench the fire, nor ease the heart,  
Nor wipe away one stain.
- 4—Th' eternal Life His life laid down,—  
Such was the wondrous plan,—  
And God, the blessed God, was made  
A curse for cursed man.
- 5—Our flesh He took, our sins He bore,  
Himself for us He gave ;  
His woes were ours, and we with Him  
Were buried in one grave.



6—With Him we rose, with Him we live,  
With Him we sit above ;  
With Him for ever we shall share  
The Father's boundless love.

7—Bless, then, Jehovah's blessed name,  
And bless our blessed King ;  
And songs of glad deliverance  
For ever, ever sing !

26

*Matt. xi. 28.*

D.C.M.

1—I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
“Come unto me and rest ;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast.”  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad,  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He has made me glad.

2—I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
“Behold, I freely give  
The living water ;—thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink and live.”  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream,  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

3—I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
    “I am this dark world’s light ;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
    And all thy day be bright.”  
I look’d to Jesus, and I found  
    In Him my Star, my Sun ;  
And in that light of life I’ll walk,  
    ’Till travelling days are done.

H. BONAR.

27

*Ephes. v. 30.*

C.M.

- 1—Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee ?  
    O height, O depth of love !  
With Thee we died upon the tree,  
    In Thee we live above.
- 2—Such was Thy grace, that for our sake  
    Thou did’st from heaven come down,  
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,  
    In all our misery one.
- 3—Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,  
    Were borne on earth by Thee ;  
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were Thine,  
    *To set Thy members free.*

4—Ascended now in glory bright,  
Still one with us Thou art,  
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,  
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5—Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,  
When, seated on Thy throne,  
Thou shalt to wond'ring worlds display  
That Thou with us art one.

1—Ah ! I shall soon be dying,  
Time swiftly glides away ;  
But, on my Lord relying,  
I hail the happy day,  
The day when I shall enter  
Upon a world unknown ;—  
My helpless soul I'll venture  
On Jesus Christ alone.

2—He once, a spotless victim,  
Upon Mount Calvary bled,  
Jehovah did afflict Him,  
And bruise Him in my stead :  
Hence all my hope arises,  
Unworthy as I am ;  
My soul most surely prizes  
The sin-atoning Lamb.

3—Soon with the saints in glory  
 The grateful song I'll raise ;  
 And chant my blissful story  
 In high seraphic lays.  
 Free grace, redeeming merit,  
 And sanctifying love,  
 Of Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 I'll sing in realms above.

29

*Philip. i. 21.*

P.M.

1—Rejoice for a brother deceas'd :  
 Our loss is his infinite gain ;  
 A soul out of prison releas'd,  
 And freed from its bodily chain :  
 With songs let us follow his flight,  
 And mount with his spirit above,  
 Escap'd to the mansions of light,  
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2—Our brother the haven hath gain'd,  
 Out-flying the tempest and wind ;  
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd  
 And left his companions behind,  
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,  
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
 Where all is assurance and peace,  
*And sorrow and sin are no more.*

3—There all the ship's company meet,  
     Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath ;  
 With shouting each other they greet,  
     And triumph o'er trouble and death ;  
 The voyage of life's at an end,  
     Their mortal affliction is past ;  
 The age that in heaven they spend,  
     For ever and ever shall last.

C. WESLEY.

30

*Rev. xiv. 13.*

P.M.

1—How blest is our sister, bereft  
     Of all that could burden her mind !  
 How easy the soul that has left  
     This wearisome body behind !  
 This earth is affected no more  
     With sickness, or shaken with pain :  
 The war in the members is o'er,  
     And never shall vex her again.

2—This languishing head is at rest,  
     Its thinking and aching are o'er ;  
 This quiet immoveable breast  
     Is heaved by affliction no more :  
 This heart is no longer the seat  
     Of trouble and torturing pain ;  
 It ceases to flutter and beat,  
     *It never shall flutter again.*

3—The eyes she so seldom could close,  
 By suff'ring forbidden to sleep,  
 Seal'd up in their mortal repose,  
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :  
 She is dwelling with Jesus in light,  
 Where sickness and death are unknown,  
 Faith and hope are at last chang'd for sight,  
 And her cross is laid down for a crown.

C. WESLEY.

31

*Rom. viii. 31.*

7.6.

1—Is God for me ? what is it  
 That man can do to me ?—  
 Oft as my God I visit,  
 All woes give way and flee.  
 If God be my salvation,  
 My refuge in distress,  
 What earthly tribulation  
 Can shake my inward peace ?

2—The ground of my profession  
 Is Jesus and His blood ;  
 He gives me the possession  
 Of everlasting good.  
 In me and in my doing  
 Is nothing on this earth ;  
 What Jesus is bestowing  
*Alone is truly worth.*

3—For me there is provided  
A city fair and new ;  
To it I shall be guided,—  
Jerusalem the true !  
My portion there is lying,  
A destined Canaan-lot ;  
Though I am daily dying,  
My Canaan withers not.

4—My heart within me leapeth,  
And cannot down be cast ;  
In sunshine bright it keepeth  
A never-ending feast.  
The sun which smiling lights me,  
Is Jesus Christ alone ;  
And what to sing invites me,  
Is heaven on earth begun.

32

2 *Kings* iv. 23.

P.M.

1—Through the love of God our Saviour,  
All will be well ;  
Free and changeless is His favour ;  
All, all is well.  
Precious is the blood that heal'd us ;  
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us ;  
Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us ;—  
All must be well !

2—Though we pass through tribulation,  
     All will be well ;  
 Our's is such a full salvation,  
     All, all is well.  
 Happy, still to God confiding ;  
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding ;  
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,  
     All must be well !

3—We expect a bright to-morrow,—  
     All will be well ;  
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,  
     All, all is well.  
 On our Father's love relying,  
 Jesus ev'ry need supplying,  
 Or in living or in dying,  
     All must be well !

33

*Matt. xiv. 27.*

C.M.

1—When waves of sorrow round me swell,  
     My soul is not dismay'd ;  
 I hear a voice I know full well !  
     “ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”

2—When black the threat'ning clouds appear,  
     And storms my path invade,  
 That voice shall tranquilize each fear,  
     “ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”



3—There is a gulf that must be cross'd,—  
Saviour ! be near to aid ;  
Whisper, when my frail bark is toss'd,  
" 'Tis I, be not afraid."

4—There is a dark and fearful vale  
Death hides within its shade ;  
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail.  
" 'Tis I, be not afraid."

**34***John xvii. 24.***L.M.**

1—Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
My Saviour, my eternal rest ;  
Then only will this longing heart  
Be fully and for ever blest.

2—Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Thine unveil'd glory to behold ;  
Then only will this wandering heart  
Cease to be false to Thee and cold.

3—Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where spotless saints Thy name adore ;  
Then only will this sinful heart  
Be evil and defiled no more.

4—Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where none can die, where none remove ;  
There neither death nor life will part  
*Me from Thy presence and Thy love.*

35

*Matt. xxvi. 42.*

P.M.

- 1—My God, my Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will be done."
- 2—If Thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine ;—  
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;—  
"Thy will be done."
- 3—Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father still I'll strive to say,  
"Thy will be done."
- 4—If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I'll leave the rest,—  
"Thy will be done."
- 5—Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done."
- 6—Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
"Thy will be done."

36

*Rom. viii. 28.*

C.M.

- 1—When I by faith the Saviour's death  
Behold, and know Him mine,  
Sweetly my rising hours advance,  
And peacefully decline.
- 2—I cannot doubt His bounteous love,  
So full, so free, so kind ;  
To His unerring, gracious will  
Be every wish resign'd.
- 3—Good when He gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when He denies ;  
Afflictions from His gracious hand  
Are blessings in disguise.
- 4—Inscrib'd in Thy fair book of life,  
O may I read my name !  
There let it fill some humble place,  
Midst those around the Lamb.

37

*Rev. v. 12.*

P.M.

- 1—Glory to God on high !  
Let heaven and earth reply ;  
Praise ye His name !  
His love and grace adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore ;  
Sing aloud evermore,  
“Worthy the Lamb!”

2—Jesus, our Lord and God,  
Bore sin's tremendous load ;  
Praise ye His name !  
Tell what His arm hath done,  
What spoils from death He won ;  
Sing His great name alone ;  
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

3—Join, all ye ransom'd race,  
Our Lord and God to bless ;  
Praise ye His name !  
In Him we will rejoice,  
And make a cheerful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

4—What though we change our place,  
Yet we shall never cease  
Praising His name :  
To Him our songs we bring,  
Hail Him our gracious King,  
And without ceasing sing,  
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

5—Let all the hosts above  
Join in one song of love,  
Praising His name :  
To Him ascribed be  
Honour and majesty,  
Through all eternity :—  
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

38

*Psalm cxxxiv. 1.*

S.M.

- 1—Stand up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice ;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God  
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2—Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear His holy name,  
And laud and magnify ?
- 3—O for the living flame,  
From his own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4—God is our strength and song,  
And His salvation ours ;  
Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd,  
With all our ransom'd powers.

- 5—Stand up, and bless the Lord,  
The Lord your God adore ;  
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,  
Henceforth for evermore.

MONTGOMERY.

39

*Luke xxi. 28.*

C.M.

- 1—Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
And lift your voices high ;  
Extol the sovereign love that shows  
Our full redemption nigh.

- 2—Fast on the wings of time it flies,  
Its coming nought can stay :  
It speeds with each revolving year,  
With each declining day.

- 3—Not many years their rounds shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
To our admiring eyes.

- 4—Then let the wheels of nature roll  
Yet onward to decay :  
We long to hail the rising sun,  
That brings th' eternal day.

DODDRIDGE.

40

1 *John* iv. 19.

D.C.M.

1—We love Thee, Lord, because when we  
Had erred and gone astray,  
Thou didst recall our wand'ring souls  
Into the homeward way ;  
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost  
In sin and sorrow's night,  
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray  
Of Thy benignant light :—

2—Because when we forsook Thy ways,  
Nor kept Thy holy will,  
Thou wert not an avenging Judge,  
But a gracious Father still ;  
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,  
But Thou hast not forgot,—  
Because we have forsaken Thee,  
But Thou forsakest not :—

3—Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us  
With everlasting love ;  
Because Thou gav'st Thy Son to die,  
That we might live above ;  
Because when we were heirs of wrath,  
Thou gav'st the hopes of heaven ;  
We love because we much have sinn'd,  
*And* much have been forgiven.

41

1 *John* ii. 1.

P.M.

1—O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend,  
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,  
On this alone my hopes depend,  
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2—When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears my resting place,  
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3—When I have err'd and gone astray,  
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimm'ring, guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4—When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, O plead for me.

5—And when, my dying hour draws near,  
Darken'd with conflict, pain, and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
*Pleading* in heav'n for me.



6—When the full light of heav'nly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say Thou hast wash'd them all away,—  
O say Thou plead'st for me.

WESLEY.

42

*Rom. v. 1.*

P.M.

1—I thought upon my sins, and I was sad,  
My soul was troubled sore and fill'd with  
pain ;  
But then I thought on Jesus, and was glad,  
My heavy grief was turned to joy again.

2—I thought upon the law, the fiery law,  
Holy, and just, and good in its decree ;  
I look'd to Jesus, and in Him I saw  
That law fulfilled, its curse endured for me.

3—I thought I saw an angry, frowning God,  
Sitting as Judge upon the great white  
throne ;  
My soul was overwhelm'd, — then Jesus  
shew'd  
His gracious face, and all my dread was  
*gone.*

- 4—I saw my sad estate, condemn'd to die ;  
Then terror seiz'd my heart, and dark despair ;  
But when to Calvary I turned my eye,  
I saw the cross, and read forgiveness there.
- 5—I saw that I was lost, far gone astray,  
No hope of safe return there seem'd to be ;  
But then I heard that Jesus was the way,  
A new and living way prepar'd for me.
- 6—Then in that way, so free, so safe, so sure,  
Sprinkl'd all o'er with reconciling blood,  
Will I abide, and never wander more,  
Walking along in fellowship with God.

H. BONAR.

43

*Isaiah* xliv. 22.

S.M.

- 1—My sins are blotted out,  
Since Jesus died for me ;  
My times are in a Father's hand,  
My steps in His decree.
- 2—Jesus in heaven appears,  
For me to intercede ;  
And countless benefits proclaim,  
“*The Lord is ris'n indeed.*”

3—A little child is free  
From carefulness and guile,  
Rests in a mother's guardian love,  
And waits a Father's smile.

4—Father of spirits, hear ;  
Make me this little child,  
May I delight myself in Thee,  
By no mistrust defil'd.

**44**                      *Rev. xxii. 17—20.*                      S.M.

1—The Spirit in our hearts  
Is whispering, Sinner, Come !  
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims  
To all His children, Come !

2—Let him that heareth, say  
To all about him, Come !  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, Come !

3—Yes ! whosoever will,  
O let him freely Come,  
And freely drink the stream of life ;  
'Tis Jesus bids him Come.

4—Lo ! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, " I quickly come ;"  
Lord, even so ! I wait Thy hour :  
*Jesus, my Saviour, Come !*

45

2 *Peter* i. 19.

C.M.

1—Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear,  
Thou glorious star of day !  
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night  
With all our tears away.

2—Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee ;  
O leave the Father's throne ;  
Come with a shout of victory, Lord,  
And claim us as Thine own.

3—O bid the bright archangel now  
The trump of God prepare,  
To call Thy saints—the quick, the dead,  
To meet Thee in the air.

4—No resting-place we seek on earth,  
No loveliness we see ;  
Our eye is on the royal crown,  
Prepar'd for us and Thee.

5—But, dearest Lord, however bright  
That crown of joy above,  
What is it to the brighter hope  
*Of dwelling in Thy love ?*

6—What to the joy, the deeper joy,  
Unmingled, pure, and free,  
Of union with our living Head,  
Of fellowship with Thee ?

7—This joy e'en now on earth is our's,  
But only, Lord, above  
Our heart without a pang shall know  
The fulness of Thy love.

8—There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,  
Thy ransom'd bride shall see,  
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,  
Who died to make her free.

46

*Acts ii. 2.*

C.M.

1—Spirit, divine ! attend our prayer,  
And make this house Thy home ;  
Descend with all Thy gracious power,  
O come, great Spirit, come !

2—Come as the *light*,—to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe ;  
And lead us in those paths of life,  
Where all the righteous go.

3—Come as the *fire*,—and purge our hearts  
Like sacrificial flame ;  
Let our whole souls an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.

4—Come as the *dew*,—and sweetly bless  
This consecrated hour ;  
May barren minds be taught to own  
Thy fertilizing power.

5—Come as the *dove*,—and spread Thy wings,  
The wings of peaceful love ;  
And let the Church on earth become  
Blest as the Church above.

47

1 Cor. iii. 22.

C.M.

1—If God is mine, then present things,  
And things to come are mine ;  
Yea, Christ, His Word, and Spirit too,  
And glory all divine.

2—If He is mine, then from His love  
He every trouble sends ;  
All things are working for my good,  
And bliss His rod attends.

- 3—If He is mine, I need not fear  
The rage of earth and hell ;  
He will support my feeble power,  
And every foe repel.
- 4—If He is mine, let friends forsake,  
Let wealth and honour flee,—  
Sure He who giveth me Himself,  
Is more than these to me.
- 5—If He is mine, I'll boldly pass  
Through death's dark, gloomy vale ;  
He is a solid comfort, when  
All other comforts fail.
- 6—O tell me, Lord, that Thou art mine ;  
What can I wish beside ?  
My soul shall at the fountain live,  
When all the streams are dried.

- 1—Sing we the song of those who stand  
Around th' eternal throne,  
Of ev'ry kindred, clime, and land,  
A multitude unknown.

- 2—Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;—  
    To-day the young, the old,  
    Our Saviour and His flock appear,  
    One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3—Toil, trial, suffering, still await  
    On earth the pilgrim throng ;  
    Yet learn we in our low estate  
    The Church triumphant's song.
- 4—" Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain !"  
    Cry the redeem'd above,  
    Blessing and honour to obtain,  
    And everlasting love.
- 5—" Worthy the Lamb !" on earth we sing,  
    Who died our souls to save ;  
    Henceforth, O death, where is Thy sting ?  
    Thy victory, O grave ?
- 6—Then hallelujah ! power and praise  
    To God in Christ be given ;  
    May all who now this anthem raise,  
    Renew the strain in heaven !



49

*Rev. xiv. 4.*

C.M.

1—A pilgrim through this lonely world,  
The blessed Saviour pass'd ;  
A mourner all His life was He,  
A dying Lamb at last.

2—That tender heart that felt for all,  
For all its life-blood gave ;  
It found on earth no resting-place,  
Save only in the grave.

3—Such was our Lord ;—and shall we fear  
The cross with all its scorn ?  
Or love a faithless, evil world,  
That wreath'd His brow with thorn ?

4—No ! facing all its frowns or smiles,  
Like Him obedient still,  
We homeward press through storm or calm,  
To Zion's blessed hill.

50

*Luke xxii. 42.*

C.M.

1—One prayer I have,—all prayers in one,  
When I am wholly Thine,  
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine !

- 2—All-wise, Almighty, and All-good,  
In Thee I firmly trust ;  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.
- 3—May I remember, that to Thee  
Whate'er I have I owe ;  
And back in gratitude from me  
May all thy bounties flow.
- 4—Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,  
When used as talents lent ;  
Those talents only well employed,  
When in Thy service spent.
- 5—And though Thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign Thy will ?  
No ! let me bless Thy name and say,  
“The Lord is gracious still.”
- 6—A pilgrim through the earth I roam,  
Of nothing long possess'd ;  
And all must fail when I go home,  
For this is not my rest.
- 7—Write but my name upon the roll  
Of Thy redeem'd above ;  
Then, heart and mind and strength and soul,  
I'll love Thee for Thy love.

51

1 *Peter* ii. 25.

S.M.

- 1—I was a wand'ring sheep,  
I did not love the fold ;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controll'd.
- 2—I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home ;  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I lov'd afar to roam.
- 3—The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child ;—  
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er desert, waste, and wild.
- 4—They found me nigh to death,  
Famish'd, and faint, and lone ;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They sav'd the wand'ring one.
- 5—They wash'd my filth away,  
They made me clean and fair ;  
They brought me to my home in peace,—  
*The long-sought wanderer.*

6—Jesus my Shepherd is ;—  
     'Twas He that lov'd my soul,  
     'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood,  
     'Twas He that made me whole.

7—'Twas He that sought the lost,  
     That found the wand'ring sheep,  
     'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
     'Tis He that still doth keep.

8—I was a wand'ring sheep,  
     I would not be controll'd :  
     But now I love my Shepherd's voice,—  
     I love, I love the fold !

9—I was a wayward child,  
     I once preferr'd to roam ;  
     But now I love my Father's voice,—  
     I love, I love His home !

H. BONAR.

52

*Luke xxii. 32.*

7.7.4.

1—Thou, who didst for Peter's faith  
     Kindly condescend to pray,  
     Thou, whose loving-kindness hath  
     Kept me to the present day,  
         Kind Conductor,  
     *Still direct my devious way !*

2—When a tempting world in view  
Gains upon my yielding heart,  
When its pleasures I pursue,  
Then one look of pity dart,—  
Teach me pleasures  
Which the world can ne'er impart.

3—When I listen to Thy word,  
In Thy temple cold and dead ;  
When I cannot see Thee, Lord,  
All faith's little day-light fled,—  
Sun of glory,  
Beam again around my head.

4—When Thy statutes I forsake,  
When my graces dimly shine ;  
When *my* covenant I break,  
Jesus, then remember *Thine*,—  
Check my wanderings,  
By a look of love divine.

5—When Thy heavenly dew distils,  
And my views, O Lord, are clear,  
Clear and bright from Zion's hills,—  
Temper joy with holy fear,—  
Keep me watchful,  
Safe alone when Thou art near.

6—When afflictions cloud my sky,  
     When the tide of sorrow flows,  
 When Thy rod is lifted high,  
     Let me on Thy love repose,—  
     Stay the rough wind,  
 When Thy chilling east wind blows.

7—When the vale of death appears,  
     Faint and cold this mortal clay,  
 Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,  
     Light me through the darksome way—  
     Break the shadows,  
 Usher in eternal day.

J. TAYLOR.

53                      *Psalm cxxi. 1.*                      C.M.

1—Welcome, days of solemn meeting!  
     Welcome, days of praise and prayer!  
 Far from earthly scenes retreating,  
     In your blessings we would share,—  
     Sacred seasons,  
     In your blessings we would share.

2—Be Thou near us, blessed Saviour,  
     Still at morn and eve the same;  
 Give us faith that cannot waver,  
     Kindle in us heaven's own flame,—  
     Blessed Saviour,  
     Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3—When the fervent prayer is glowing,  
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer ;  
When the song of praise is flowing,  
Let that song Thine impress bear,—  
Holy Spirit,  
Let that song Thine impress bear.

54

*Rev. v. 6.*

C.M.

1—Earth has engross'd my love too long,  
'Tis time I lift mine eyes  
Upwards, dear Father, to Thy throne,  
And to my native skies.

2—There the blest man, my Saviour, sits,  
The God ! how bright He shines !  
And scatters infinite delights  
On countless happy minds.

3—Seraphs with elevated strains  
Compass the throne around,  
And move and charm the starry plains  
With an immortal sound.

4—Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;  
Jesus, my God, they sing !  
Jesus, the life of both our joys,  
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

- 5—Now let me mount and join their song,  
 And be an angel too :  
 My heart, my ear, my hand, my tongue,  
 Here's joyful work for you.
- 6—I would begin the music here,  
 And so my soul should rise :  
 O for some heav'nly notes to bear  
 My praises to the skies !
- 7—There ye that love my Saviour sit,  
 There I would fain have place,  
 Among your thrones, or at your feet,  
 So I might see His face.

WATTS.

55

*Psalm cxlviii. 14.*

P.M.

- 1—Nearer, my God, to Thee !  
 Nearer to Thee !  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me,  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !
- 2—Though like a wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness comes over me,  
 My rest a stone,  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !



- 3—There let my way appear  
Steps unto heav'n,  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given,  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !
- 4—Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !
- 5—And when on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

56

*Psalm xxiii. 4.*

C.M

- 1—There is an hour when I must part  
With all I hold most dear ;  
And life, with its best hopes, will then  
As nothingness appear.

- 2—There is an hour when I must sink  
 Beneath the stroke of death ;  
 And yield to Him who gave it first,  
 My struggling vital breath.
- 3—There is an hour when I must stand  
 Before the judgment seat ;  
 And all my sins, and all my foes,  
 In awful vision meet.
- 4—There is an hour when I must look  
 On one eternity ;  
 And nameless woe, or blissful life,  
 My endless portion be.
- 5—O Saviour, then, in all my need,  
 Be near, be near to me ;  
 And let my soul, by steadfast faith,  
 Find life and heaven in Thee.

57

*Acts xxi. 13.*

P.M.

- 1—When the spark of life is waning,  
 Weep not for me :  
 When the languid eye is straining,  
 Weep not for me.  
 When the feeble pulse is ceasing,  
 Start not at its swift decreasing,  
 'Tis the fetter'd soul's releasing ;—  
 Weep not for me !

2—When the pangs of death assail me,  
     Weep not for me :  
 Christ is mine,—He cannot fail me,—  
     Weep not for me.  
 Yes ! though sin and doubt endeavour  
 From His love my soul to sever,  
 Jesus is my strength for ever ;—  
     Weep not for me !

58

2 *Tim.* iv. 6.

P.M.

1—I'm going to leave all my sadness,  
     I'm going to change earth for heaven,  
 There, there all is peace, all is gladness,  
     There pureness and glory are given.  
 Friends, weep not in sorrow of spirit,  
     But joy that my time here is o'er ;  
 I go the good part to inherit,  
     Where sorrow and sin are no more.

2—The shadows of evening are fleeing,  
     Morn breaks on the city of light ;  
 This moment day starts into being,  
     Eternity bursts on my sight.  
 The first-born redeem'd from all trouble,  
     (The Lamb that was slain in the throng)  
 Their ardour in praising redouble :—  
     *Breaks* not on the ear the new song ?

3—I'm going to tell their glad story,  
 To share in their transports of praise ;  
 I'm going, in garments of glory,  
 My voice to unite with their lays.  
 Ye fetters corrupted, then leave me ;  
 Thou body of sin, droop and die ;  
 Pains of earth, cease ye ever to grieve me,  
 From you 'tis for ever I fly.

59

*John xxi. 16.*

C.M.

1—Do not I love Thee, O my Lord ?  
 Behold my heart, and see !  
 And cast each hated idol down,  
 That dares to rival Thee.

2—Do not I love Thee from my soul ?  
 Then let me nothing love ;  
 Dead be my heart to every joy,  
 When Jesus cannot move.

3—Is not Thy name melodious still,  
 To mine attentive ear ?  
 Does not each pulse with pleasure bound  
 My Saviour's voice to hear ?

4—Thou know'st I love Thee, gracious Lord ;  
But O, I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love Thee more.

DODDRIDGE.

60

*Exodus* xiv. 15.

P.M.

1—Press forward and fear not ! the billows may  
roll,  
But the power of Jesus their rage can  
control ;  
Though waves rise in anger, their tumult  
shall cease,  
One word of His bidding shall hush them  
to peace.

2—Press forward and fear not ! though trial be  
near,  
The Lord is our refuge,—whom then shall  
we fear ?  
His staff is our comfort, our safe-guard His  
rod ;  
Then let us be steadfast, and trust in our  
God.

3—Press forward and fear not ! be strong in  
the Lord,  
In the pow'r of His promise, the truth of  
His word ;  
Through the sea and the desert our pathway  
may tend,  
But He who hath sav'd us will save to the  
end.

4—Press forward and fear not ! we'll speed on  
our way ;  
Why should we e'er shrink from our path  
in dismay ?  
We tread but the road which our Leader  
has trod ;  
Then let us press forward, and trust in our  
God.

61

*Psalm cvii. 1, 2.*

L.M.

1—Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing  
Of mercies past, of joys to come ;  
The Lord their Saviour is and King,  
The cross their hope, and heav'n their  
*home.*

- 2—Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing ;—  
Sweet is the subject of their song,—  
Who, made the children of a king,  
Expect to sit in heav'n ere long.
- 3—Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing ;—  
The Lord has kept in dangers past,  
And oh ! sweet thought, the Lord will bring  
His people safe to heav'n at last.
- 4—Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,  
Of Jesus sing through all their days ;  
In heav'n their golden harps they'll string,  
And then for ever sing His praise.

- 1—I have a home above,  
From sin and sorrow free ;  
A mansion which eternal love  
Design'd and form'd for me.
- 2—My Father's gracious hand  
Has built this sweet abode ;  
From everlasting it was plann'd,  
My dwelling-place with God.

- 3—My Saviour's precious blood  
Has made my title sure :  
He pass'd through death's dark raging flood  
To make my rest secure.
- 4—The Comforter is come,  
The earnest has been given ;  
He leads me onward to the home,  
Reserv'd for me in heaven.
- 5—Bright angels guard my way,  
His ministers of power,  
And watching round me night and day,  
Preserve in danger's hour.
- 6—Lov'd ones are gone before,  
Whose pilgrim days are done ;  
I soon shall greet them on that shore  
Where partings are unknown.
- 7—Thy love, most gracious Lord,  
My joy and strength shall be,  
Till Thou shalt speak the glad'ning word  
That bids me rise to Thee.
- 8—And then through endless days,  
Where all Thy glories shine,  
In happier, holier strains I'll praise  
The *grace that made me Thine.*



63

2 *Kings* iv. 26.

S.M.

1—Beloved, “It is well !”

God’s ways are always right ;  
And perfect love is o’er them all,  
Tho’ far above our sight.

2—Beloved, “It is well !”

Tho’ deep and sore the smart,  
The hand that wounds knows how to bind,  
And heal the broken heart.

3—Beloved, “It is well !”

Tho’ sorrow clouds our way,  
’Twill only make the joy more dear  
That ushers in the day.

4—Beloved, “It is well !”

The path that Jesus trod,  
Tho’ rough, and strait, und dark it be,  
Leads home to heaven and God.

64

2 *Thess.* i. 7.

C.M.

1—I hear a voice at dawn of day,

And to my heart it seems to say,  
When sorrow dims hope’s brightest ray,  
“There’s rest in heaven.”

- 2—I hear it at the evening tide,  
 When fitful shadows round us glide,  
 Still whispering gently at my side,  
 “There’s rest in heaven.”
- 3—E’en at noon’s busy hour I hear  
 The same sweet word accost my ear,  
 With power to stay the rising tear,—  
 “There’s rest in heaven.”
- 4—Blest words ! which tell of nought but joy,  
 Of endless rest without alloy ;  
 Well may they oft our thoughts employ—  
 “There’s rest in heaven.”
- 5—Spirit of life and love divine,  
 Subdue my heart and make it Thine,  
 That I may dwell upon as mine,  
 That “rest in heaven.”

- 1—Prayer is the breath of God in man,  
 Returning whence it came ;  
 Love is the sacred fire within,  
 And prayer the rising flame.

2—It gives the burden'd spirit ease,  
 And soothes the troubled breast,  
 Yields comfort to the mourning soul,  
 And to the weary rest.

3—The prayers and praises of the saints,  
 Like precious odours sweet,  
 Ascend and spread a rich perfume  
 Around the mercy-seat.

4—When God inclines the heart to pray,  
 He hath an ear to hear ;  
 To Him there's music in a groan,  
 And beauty in a tear.

5—The humble suppliant cannot fail  
 To have his wants supplied,  
 Since He for sinners intercedes,  
 Who once for sinners died.

BEDDOME.

1—Thee will I love, my strength, my tower ;  
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown :  
 Thee will I love with all my power,  
 In all Thy works, and thee alone :  
 Thee will I love till sacred fire  
 Fills my whole soul with pure desire.

- 2—Ah ! why did I so late Thee know,  
Thee lovelier than the sons of men ?  
Ah ! why did I no sooner go  
To Thee, the only ease in pain ?  
Ashamed I sigh and inly mourn,  
That I so late to Thee did turn.
- 3—In darkness willingly I strayed ;  
I heard Thee, yet from Thee I rov'd,  
Far wide my wandering thoughts were  
spread ;  
Thy creatures more than Thee I lov'd :  
And now, if more at length I see,  
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.
- 4—I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,  
That Thy bright beams on me have shin'd ;  
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind ;  
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice  
Bids my free'd heart in Thee rejoice.
- 5—Uphold me in the upward race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray ;  
Strengthen my feet with steady pace  
Still to press forward in Thy way :  
Let all my powers, with all their might,  
In *Thy sole glory* now unite.

6—Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;  
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,  
Or smile,—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod ;  
What though my flesh and heart decay,  
Thee shall I love in endless day.

WESLEY.

67

*Galat. vi. 1.*

P.M.

1—Look thou with pity on a brother's fall,  
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault ;  
The grace of God alone holds thee, holds  
all ;—  
Were that withdrawn, thou too would'st  
swerve and halt.

2--Lead back the wanderer to the Saviour's  
fold ;  
That were an action worthy of a saint ;  
But not in malice let the crime be told,  
Nor publish to the world the evil taint,

3--The Saviour suffers when His children slide ;  
Then is His holy name by men blasphem'd,  
And He afresh is mocked and crucified,  
Even by those His bitter death redeem'd.

4—Rebuke the sin, but yet in love rebuke ;  
Feel as one member in another's pain ;  
Win back the soul that His fair path forsook,  
And mighty and eternal is the gain.

68

*Psalm cxix. 105.*

C.M.

1—Would'st thou be wise, and know the Lord ?  
Would'st thou believe aright ?  
Make the blest volume of His word  
Thy rule, thy guide, thy light.

2—Here is the spring where waters flow  
To quench our heat of sin ;  
Here is the tree where truth doth grow,  
To lead our lives therein.

3—Here is the Judge that stints the strife,  
When men's devices fail ;  
Here is the bread that feeds the life  
Which death cannot assail.

4—The tidings of salvation dear  
Come to our ears from hence ;  
The fortress of our faith is here,  
Our shield, and our defence.

5—Read not this book in any case  
 But with a single eye ;  
 Read not but first desire God's grace  
 To understand thereby.

6—Pray still in faith with this respect,  
 To fructify therein ;  
 That knowledge may bring this effect,  
 To mortify thy sin.

7—Then happy thou in all thy life,  
 Whatso to thee befalls ;  
 Yea ! doubly happy shalt thou be,  
 When God by death thee calls.

GRESSOP. A.D. 1550.

69

2 *Thess.* iii. 13.

P.M.

1—Breast the wave, Christian, when it is  
 strongest ;  
 Watch for day, Christian, when the night's  
 longest ;  
 Onward and onward still be thine endea-  
 vour ;  
 The rest that remaineth will be for ever !

2—Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er  
thee ;

Run the race, Christian, heaven is before  
thee ;

He who hath promised faltereth never ;  
The love of eternity flows on for ever !

3—Raise the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;  
Lift the heart, Christian, ere it repositeth ;  
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall  
sever ;

Mount when thy work is done,—praise Him  
for ever !

70

*Ezekiel xi. 16.*

L.M.

1—Jesus, our Lord ! to Thee we call,  
Thou art our life, our hope, our all ;  
And we have nowhere else to flee,  
No sanctuary, Lord, but Thee.

2—Whatever foes or fears betide,  
In Thy dear presence let us hide ;  
And while we rest our souls on Thee,  
Do *Thou our sanctuary* be.



3—Quickly the day of light draws nigh,  
Or we may bow our heads and die ;  
But, Oh ! what joy this witness gives,  
Jesus, our sanctuary, lives !

4—He from the grave our dust will raise ;  
We in the heavens shall sing His praise ;  
And when in glory we appear,  
He'll be our sanctuary there.

71

*Eccles. xi. 6.*

S.M.

1—Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thine hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—  
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2—Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock ;  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Scatter it on the rock.

3—The good, the fruitful ground,  
Expect not everywhere ;  
O'er hill and dale, by plots, tis found ;  
Go forth then everywhere.

4—Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
 The late or early sown ;  
 Grace keeps the precious germ alive,  
 When and wherever strown ;

5—And duly shall appear,  
 In verdure, beauty, strength,  
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
 And the full corn at length.

6—Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
 Shall foster and mature the grain,  
 For garners in the sky.

7—Thence, when the glorious end,  
 The day of God is come,  
 The angel-reapers shall descend,  
 And heaven cry, " Harvest home."

MONTGOMERY.

1—And are we yet alive,  
 And see each other's face ?  
 Glory and praise to Jesus give  
 For *His* redeeming grace !

- 2—Preserv'd by power divine,  
To full salvation here,  
Again in Jesu's praise we join,  
And in His sight appear.
- 3—What troubles have we seen,  
What conflicts have we past,  
Fightings without and fears within,  
Since we assembled last !
- 4—But out of all the Lord  
Hath brought us by His love ;  
And still He doth His help afford,  
And hides our life above.
- 5—Then let us make our boast  
Of His redeeming power,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
Till we can sin no more.
- 6—Let us take up the cross,  
Till we the crown obtain,  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

73

*Luke xviii. 1.*

L.M.

- 1—Prayer was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give ;  
Long as they live should Christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.
- 2—The Christian's heart his prayer indites,  
He speaks as prompted from within ;  
The Spirit his petition writes,  
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3—And wilt thou in dead silence lie,  
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer ?  
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high ;—  
Arise and try thy interest there.
- 4—If pains afflict or wrongs oppress,  
If cares distract or fears dismay,  
If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
The remedy's before thee,—pray.
- 5—'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,  
Though thought be broken, language lame ;  
Pray if thou canst or canst not speak ;  
But pray with faith in Jesu's name.

6—Depend on Him,—thou canst not fail ;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;  
Fear not,—His merits must prevail ;  
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

HART.

74

*Rom. xiii. 12.*

P.M.

- 1—Soon and for ever the breaking of day  
Shall chase all the night-clouds of sorrow  
away ;  
Soon and for ever we'll see as we're seen,  
And know the deep meaning of things that  
have been,—  
Where fightings without and conflicts within  
Shall weary no more in the warfare with  
sin,—  
Where tears and where fears and where  
death shall be never,  
Christians with Christ shall be soon and for  
ever !
- 2—Soon and for ever,—such promise our trust,—  
Though ashes to ashes, and dust be to dust,  
Soon and for ever our union shall be  
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in  
Thee ;

When the cares and the sorrows of time  
 shall be o'er,  
 Its pangs and its partings remembered no  
 more,  
 Where life cannot fail and where death can-  
 not sever,  
 Christians with Christ shall be soon and for  
 ever !

3—Soon and for ever the work shall be done,  
 The warfare accomplished, the victory won ;  
 Soon and for ever the soldier lay down  
 The sword for a harp, the cross for a crown :—  
 Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,  
 A glorious to-morrow is bright'ning and near,  
 When—blessed reward for each faithful en-  
 deavour—  
 Christians with Christ shall be soon and for  
 ever !

75

*Psalm lxxiii. 25, 26.*

P.M.

1—Pass away earthly joy,  
 Break every mortal tie,  
 Jesus is mine !

Dark is the wilderness ;  
Distant the resting-place ;  
Jesus alone can bless :—  
Jesus is mine !

2—Tempt not my soul away,  
Here would I ever stay,  
Jesus is mine !  
Perishing things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away,  
Jesus is mine !

3—Fare ye well dreams of night,  
Mine is a dawning bright,  
Jesus is mine !  
All that my soul has tried  
Left but a dismal void ;  
Jesus has satisfied,—  
Jesus is mine !

4—Farewell mortality,  
Welcome eternity,  
Jesus is mine !

Welcome ye scenes of rest,  
Welcome ye mansions blest,  
Welcome a Saviour's breast,  
Jesus is mine !

76

*Psalm lxxv. 2.*

C.M.

- 1—There is an eye that never sleeps  
Beneath the wing of night ;  
There is an ear that never shuts,  
When sink the beams of light.
- 2—There is an arm that never tires,  
When human strength gives way ;  
There is a love that never fails,  
When earthly loves decay.
- 3—That eye is fix'd on seraph throngs ;  
That arm upholds the sky ;  
That ear is fill'd with angel songs ;  
That love is thron'd on high.
- 4—But there's a power which man can wield,  
When mortal aid is vain,  
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
That *listening* ear to gain.



5—That power is prayer ;—which soars on high  
Through Jesus to the throne,  
And moves the hand which moves the world  
To bring salvation down.

77

*Ezekiel xxxiv. 23.*

7.6.

1—O gracious Shepherd ! bind us  
With cords of love to Thee,  
And evermore remind us  
How mercy set us free.  
O may Thy Holy Spirit  
Set this before our eyes,  
That we Thy death and merit  
Above all else may prize.

2—We are of our salvation  
Assured through Thy love ;  
Yet, Oh ! on each occasion  
How faithless do we prove !  
Thou hast our sins forgiven,—  
Then leaving all behind,  
We would press on to heaven,  
Bearing the prize in mind.

3—Grant us henceforth, dear Saviour,  
     While in this vale of tears,  
 To look to Thee and never  
     Give way to anxious fears.  
 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,  
     Though we are oft to blame ;  
 Oh ! let Thy love then make us  
     Hold fast Thy faith and name.

78

1 *John* i. 7.

C.M.

1—Walk in the light ! so shalt thou know  
     That fellowship of love,  
 His Spirit only can bestow  
     Who reigns in light above.

2—Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find  
     Thy heart made truly His,  
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrin'd,  
     In whom no darkness is.

3—Walk in the light ! and sin abhorr'd  
     Shall ne'er defile again ;  
 The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord  
     Shall cleanse from every stain.

4—Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear ;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquer'd there.

5—Walk in the light ! and Thou shalt see  
Thy path, tho' thorny, bright.  
For God by grace shall dwell in Thee,  
And God Himself is light.

79

1 *Peter* ii. 21, 22, 23.

C.1

1—What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
Around Thy steps below !  
What patient love was seen in all  
Thy life and death of woe !

2—For ever on Thy burden'd heart  
A weight of sorrow hung ;  
Yet no ungentle murmuring word  
Escap'd Thy silent tongue.

3—Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.

4—Oh ! give us hearts to love like Thee,  
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve  
Far more for other's sins, than all  
The wrongs that we receive.

5—One with Thyself, may every eye  
In us, Thy brethren, see  
That gentleness and grace that spring  
From union, Lord, with Thee.

80

*John* xx. 28.

P.M.

1—Jesus, Thy name I love,  
All other names above,  
Jesus my Lord !  
Oh ! Thou art all to me,  
Nothing to please I see,  
Nothing apart from Thee,  
Jesus my Lord !

2—Thou blessed Son of God,  
Hast bought me with Thy blood,  
Jesus my Lord !  
Oh ! how great is Thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love that I daily prove,  
Jesus my Lord !

3—When unto Thee I flee,  
Thou wilt my refuge be,  
Jesus my Lord!  
What need I now to fear,  
What earthly grief or care,  
Since Thou art ever near?  
Jesus my Lord!

4—Soon Thou wilt come again!  
I shall be happy then,  
Jesus my Lord!  
Then Thine own face I'll see,  
Then I shall like Thee be,  
Then evermore with Thee,  
Jesus my Lord!

81

*Rev. ii. 28.*

P.M

1—There is a morning star, my soul,  
There is a morning star;  
'Twill soon be near and bright, tho' now  
It seems so dim and far.  
And when time's stars have come and gone,  
And every mist of earth has flown,  
That better star shall rise,  
On this world's clouded skies,  
To shine for ever.

- 2—The night is well-nigh spent, my soul,  
     The night is well-nigh spent,  
 And soon above our heads shall shine  
     A glorious firmament,  
 Unutterably pure and bright,—  
 The Lamb once slain, its perfect light,—  
 A light unchanging and divine,  
 A star that shall unclouded shine,  
     Descending never.

H. BONAR.

82

1 *John* iv. 8.

P.M.

- 1—We cannot always trace the way,  
     Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost move ;  
 But we can always surely say,  
     That Thou art love.
- 2—When fear its gloomy cloud will fling  
     O'er earth, our souls to heaven above  
 As to their sanctuary spring,  
     For Thou art love.
- 3—When myst'ry shrouds our darken'd path,  
     We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove ;  
 In this our soul sweet comfort hath,  
     That Thou art love.

- 4—Yes ! Thou art love ;—a truth like this  
Can every gloomy thought remove,  
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss ;—  
Our God is love !

83

*Psalm civ. 34.*

P.M.

- 1—I journey through a desert drear and wild,  
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts be-  
guiled,  
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my  
stay,  
I can forget the sorrows of the way.
- 2—Thoughts of His *love*,—the root of every  
grace,  
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-  
place,  
The sunshine of my soul, than day more  
bright,  
And my calm pillow of repose by night.
- 3—Thoughts of His *sojourn* in this vale of  
tears ;—  
The tale of love unfolded in those years  
Of sinless suffering and patient grace,  
I love again, and yet again, to trace.

4—Thoughts of His *death* ;—upon the cross I  
gaze,

And there behold its sad yet healing rays,—  
Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,  
Illumes with heav'nly light the tear-dimm'd  
eye.

5—Thoughts of His *coming* ;—for that joyful  
day

In patient hope I watch, and wait, and  
pray ;

The day draws nigh, the midnight shadows  
flee ;

Oh ! what a sunrise will that advent be !

6—Thus while I journey on my Lord to meet,  
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet  
Of Him, on whom I lean, my strength, my  
stay,

I can forget the sorrows of the way.

84

*Exodus xv. 2.*

6.6.8.

1—Jehovah is our strength,

And He shall be our song ;

We shall o'ercome at length,

Although our foes be strong ;



In vain doth Satan then oppose,  
The Lord is stronger than His foes.

2—The Lord our refuge is,  
And ever will remain ;  
Since He hath made us His,  
He will our cause maintain ;  
In vain our enemies oppose,  
For God is stronger than His foes.

3—The Lord our portion is ;  
What can we wish for more ?  
As long as we are His,  
We never can be poor :  
In vain do earth and hell oppose,  
For God is stronger than His foes.

4—The Lord our Shepherd is ;  
He knows our every need ;  
And since we now are His,  
His care our souls will feed :  
In vain do sin and death oppose,  
For God is stronger than His foes.

5—Our God our Father is ;  
Our names are on His heart ;  
We ever shall be His ;  
He ne'er from us will part ;

In vain the world and flesh oppose,  
For God is stronger than His foes.

85

*John xvii. 12.*

7.6.

1—O Lamb of God ! still keep me  
Near to Thy wounded side ;  
'Tis only then in safety  
And peace I can abide.  
What foes and snares surround me !  
What doubts and fears within !  
The grace that sought and found me,  
Alone can keep me clean.

2—'Tis only in Thee hiding,  
I feel my life secure,—  
Only in Thee abiding,  
The conflict can endure :  
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth  
O'er every hateful foe ;  
Thy love my heart sustaineth  
In all its cares and woe.

3—Soon shall my eyes behold Thee  
With rapture, face to face ;  
One half hath not been told me  
Of all Thy power and grace :

Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
The wonders of Thy love,  
Shall be the endless story  
Of all Thy saints above.

86

*Cant. ii. 16.*

P.M.

1—Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;  
Far did I rove, and found no certain  
home ;  
At last I sought them, in His sheltering  
breast,  
Who opes his arms, and bids the weary  
come ;  
In Christ I found a home, a rest divine,  
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

2—Yes ! He is mine ! and nought of earthly  
things—  
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth or  
power,  
The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings—  
Could tempt me to forego His love an  
hour ;  
“Go, worthless world,” I cry, “with all  
that’s thine ;  
Go, I my Saviour’s am, and He is mine.”

3—The good I have is from His stores supplied,

The ill is only what He deems the best ;  
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought  
beside,

And poor, without Him, though of all  
possest ;

Changes may come,—I take, or I resign,  
Content while I am His, and He is mine.

4—Whate'er may change, in Him no change is  
seen,—

A glorious sun that wanes not, nor declines ;

Above the clouds and storms He walks unseen,

And sweetly on His people's darkness  
shines ;

All may depart,—I fret not nor repine,  
While I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

5—While here, alas ! I know but half His love,

But half discern Him, and but half adore ;

But when I meet Him in the realms above,

I hope to love Him better, praise Him  
more,

And feel and tell amid the choir divine,  
How fully I *am His*, and He is mine.

87

*Psalm lvii. 1.*

C.1

- 1—Be merciful to me, O God,  
    Be merciful to me,  
For though I sink beneath Thy rod,  
    Yet do I trust in Thee.
- 2—Thou art my refuge, and I know  
    My burden Thou dost bear,  
And I would seek, where'er I go,  
    To cast on Thee my care.
- 3—Thou knowest, Lord, my flesh how frail,  
    Strong tho' my spirit be ;  
Oh ! then assist when foes assail,  
    The soul that clings to Thee.
- 4—And, gracious Lord, whate'er befall,  
    A thankful heart be mine,—  
A heart that answers to Thy call,  
    One that is wholly Thine.
- 5—And may I ne'er forget that Thou  
    Wilt soon return again,  
And those who love Thy coming now,  
    Shall shine in glory then.

88

*Psalms cxlix. 1—4.*

P.M.

- 1—Praise ye Jehovah ! praise the Lord most  
holy,  
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength  
the weak ;  
Praise Him who will with glory crown the  
lowly,  
And with salvation beautify the meek.
- 2—Praise ye the Lord for all His loving-  
kindness,  
And all the tender mercies He hath shewn ;  
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and  
blindness,  
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.
- 3—Praise ye Jehovah ! source of every bless-  
ing,—  
Before His gifts earth's richest boons are  
dim ;  
Resting in Him, His peace and joy pos-  
sessing,  
All things are ours, for we have all in Him.
- 4—Praise ye the Father ! God the Lord who  
gave us,  
With full *and perfect* love, His only Son !

Praise ye the Son who died Himself to  
save us !

Praise ye the Spirit ! Praise the Three in  
One !

89

*Psalm xxxii. 7.*

D.C.M.

- 1—Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord !  
In Thee I put my trust,  
Encouraged by Thy holy word,  
A feeble child of dust :—  
I have no argument beside,  
I urge no other plea,  
And 'tis enough my Saviour died,  
My Saviour died for me !
- 2—When storms of fierce temptation beat,  
And furious foes assail,  
My refuge is the mercy-seat,  
My hope within the veil.  
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,  
My spirit flies to Thee ;  
Joy to my heart the thought affords,  
My Saviour died for me !
- 3—'Mid trials heavy to be borne,  
When mortal strength is vain,—  
A heart with grief and anguish torn,—  
A body rack'd with pain,—

Ah ! what could give the sufferer rest,  
Bid every murmur flee,  
But this, the witness in my breast,  
My Saviour died for me !

4—And when Thine awful voice commands  
This body to decay,  
And life, in its last lingering sands,  
Is ebbing fast away,—  
Then though it be in accents weak,  
And faint and tremblingly,  
O give me strength in death to speak,  
“ My Saviour died for me ! ”

90

*Coloss. iii. 11.*

P.M.

1—Jesus, my Saviour, look on me !  
For I am weary and opprest ;  
I come to cast my soul on Thee ;—  
Thou art my rest.

2—Look down on me, for I am weak ;  
I feel the toilsome journey's length ;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek ;—  
Thou art my strength.

3—I am bewilder'd on my way ;  
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;  
O shed Thou forth some cheering ray ;—  
Thou art my light.



4—I hear the storms around me rise,  
But when I dread th' impending shock,  
My spirit to her refuge flies ;—  
Thou art my rock.

5—When the accuser flings his darts,  
I look to Thee,—my terrors cease ;  
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts ;—  
Thou art my peace.

6—Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous, latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink ;—  
Thou art my life.

7—Thou wilt my ev'ry want supply,  
E'en to the end, whate'er befall ;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my all.

MACDUFF.

1—Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep  
For human ministry ;  
It knows not how to tell itself  
To any but to Thee.

- 2—Thou dost remember still, amid  
The glories of God's throne,  
The sorrows of mortality,  
For they were once thine own.
- 3—Yes ! for as if Thou would'st be God,  
E'en in Thy misery,  
There's been no sorrow but Thine own  
Untouched by sympathy.
- 4—Jesus, my fainting spirit brings  
Its fearfulness to Thee ;  
Thine eye at least can penetrate  
The clouded mystery.
- 5—It is enough, my precious Lord,  
Thy tender sympathy !  
There is no sorrow e'er so deep,  
But I may bring to Thee.

92

1 *Peter* i. 8.

8.8.6.

- 1—Jesus, I love Thee ; Thou dost know  
How true my love, how deep my woe,  
Almost too deep to bear !  
But Thou wilt guide me by Thy hand ;  
Strong in Thy strength I yet may stand,  
Still *resting* in Thy care.

2—Thou wilt not leave the weakest one :  
Though every outward hope be gone,  
I know that Thou art nigh ;  
Man knows not what my sufferings are ;  
He cannot know ; he would not care ;  
But Thou art sympathy.

3—Thou wilt not let my footsteps fail,  
Nor let me, journeying through this vale,  
Bring on Thy Gospel shame ;  
Tho' nought is mine but sin and woe,  
Yet in Thy righteousness I go,  
And triumph in Thy name.

4—And when the bitter cup is past,  
And when I sink in death at last,  
It is to be with Thee ;  
To come with Thee in clouds of heaven,  
Ransom'd, pure, holy, Thine, forgiven,  
Ever to reign with Thee.

1—It is Thy hand, my God !  
My sorrow comes from Thee ;  
I bow beneath Thy chastening rod ;  
'Tis love that bruises me.

2—I would not murmur, Lord,  
     Before Thee I am dumb !—  
 Lest I should breathe one murm'ring word,  
     To Thee for help I come.

3—My God ! Thy name is love,  
     A Father's hand is Thine ;  
 With tearful eye I look above,  
     And cry, "Thy will be mine."

4—I know thy will is right,  
     Though it may seem severe ;  
 Thy path is still unsullied light,  
     Though dark it oft appear.

5—Jesus for me hath died ;  
     Thy Son Thou didst not spare ;  
 His pierced hands, His bleeding side,  
     Thy love for me declare.

6—Here my poor heart can rest,  
     My God ! it cleaves to Thee ;  
 Thy will is love, Thine end is blest,  
     All work for good to me.

94

*Isaiah* xlii. 16.

P.M.

1—I know not the way I am going,  
     But *well do I know* my guide ;

With a child-like trust I give my hand  
To the mighty Friend by my side.  
The only thing that I say to Him,  
As He takes it, is, "Hold it fast,  
Suffer me not to lose my way,  
And bring me home at last."

2—As when some helpless wanderer,  
Alone in an unknown land,  
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,  
And leaves all else in his hand,—  
'Tis home, 'tis home, that we wish to reach ;  
He who guides us may choose the way ;  
Little we heed what path we take,  
If nearer home each day.

95

*Rom. xiii. 11.*

P.M.

1—One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—  
I am nearer home to-day,  
Than I ever have been before.

2—Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne ;  
Nearer the crystal sea ;

- 3—Nearer the bound of life,  
     Where we lay our burdens down ;  
 Nearer leaving the cross ;  
     Nearer gaining the crown.
- 4—But lying darkly between,  
     Winding down through the night,  
 Is the deep and unknown stream,  
     To be cross'd ere we reach the light.
- 5—Jesus, perfect my trust,  
     Strengthen the hand of my faith ;  
 Let me feel Thee near when I stand  
     On the edge of the shore of death ;—
- 6—Feel Thee near when my feet  
     Are slipping over the brink ;  
 For it may be I'm nearer home—  
     Nearer now than I think.

CAREY.

96

1 *Thess.* iv. 14.

L.M.

- 1—Asleep in Jesus ! Blessed sleep !  
     From which none ever wakes to weep ;  
 A calm and undisturbed repose,  
     Unbroken by the last of foes !

2—Asleep in Jesus ! Oh ! how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet !  
With holy confidence to sing,  
That death has lost his venom'd sting !

3—Asleep in Jesus ! Peaceful rest !  
Whose waking is supremely blest :  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4—Asleep in Jesus ! Oh ! for me  
May such a blissful refuge be !  
Securely shall my ashes lie  
Waiting the summons from on high.

5—Asleep in Jesus ! Time nor space  
Debars this precious hiding-place ;  
On Indian plains or Northern snows,  
Believers find the same repose.

6—Asleep in Jesus ! Far from thee,  
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
*From which none ever wakes to weep.*

97

*Heb. iv. 3.*

P.M.

- 1—Jesus we rest in Thee,  
In Thee ourselves we hide ;  
Laden with guilt and misery,  
Where could we rest beside ?  
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast,  
Our weary souls alone can rest.
- 2—Thou Holy One of God !  
The Father rests in Thee,  
And in the savour of that blood  
Once shed on Calvary.  
The curse is gone—through Thee we're blest ;  
God rests in Thee ;—in Thee we rest.
- 3—The slaves of sin and fear,—  
Thy truth our bondage broke ;  
Our happy spirits love to wear  
Thy light and easy yoke.  
The love which fills our grateful breast  
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.
- 4—Soon the bright glorious day,  
The rest of God shall come,  
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,  
And we shall reach our home ;  
Then, of the promis'd land possess'd,  
Our souls *shall know* eternal rest.



98

1 *Thess.* iv. 13.

C

1—Take comfort, Christians, when your friends  
In Jesus fall asleep ;  
Their better being never ends,—  
Why then dejected weep ?

2—Why inconsolable, as those  
To whom no hope is given ?  
Death is the messenger of peace,  
And calls the soul to heaven.

3—As Jesus died and rose again,  
Victorious from the dead,  
So His disciples rise, and reign  
With their triumphant Head.

4—The time draws nigh, when from the clouds  
Christ shall with shouts descend ;  
And the last trumpet's awful voice  
The heaven's and earth shall rend.

5—Then they who live shall changed be,  
And they who sleep shall wake ;  
The graves shall yield their ancient charge  
And earth's foundations shake.

6—The saints of God, from death set free,  
With joy shall mount on high ;  
The heav'nly hosts with praises loud,  
Shall meet them in the sky.

7—Together to their Father's house,  
With joyful hearts they'll go,  
And dwell for ever with the Lord,  
Beyond the reach of woe.

8—A few short years of evil past,  
We reach the happy shore,  
Where death-divided friends at last  
Shall meet to part no more.

99

*Acts vii. 59.*

P.M.

1—My soul, go boldly forth,  
Forsake this sinful earth ;  
What hath it been to thee,  
But pain and sorrow ?  
And think'st thou it will be  
Better to-morrow ?

2—Why art thou for delay ?  
Thou can'st not here to stay ;  
What tak'st thou for thy part,  
But heavenly pleasure ?  
Where then should be thy heart,  
*But where's thy treasure ?*

3—Thy God, thy Head's above ;  
There is the world of love ;  
Mansions there purchased are  
By Christ's own merit,  
For these He doth prepare  
Thee by His Spirit.

4—Lord Jesus, take my spirit ;  
I trust Thy love and merit :  
Take home Thy wand'ring sheep,  
For Thou hast sought it ;  
My soul in safety keep,  
For Thou hast bought it.

BAXTE

100

2 *Tim.* iv. 6.

L.

1—The hour of my departure's come,  
I hear the voice that calls me home ;  
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,  
And let Thy servant die in peace.

2—Not in mine innocence I trust ;  
I bow before Thee in the dust ;  
And through my Saviour's blood alone  
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

3—I leave the world without a tear,  
 Save for the friends I hold so dear ;  
 To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,  
 And to the friendless prove a Friend.

4—I come, I come, at Thy command,  
 I give my spirit to Thy hand ;  
 Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,  
 And shield me in the last alarms.

5—The hour of my departure's come,  
 I hear the voice that calls me home ;  
 Now, O my God, let trouble cease,  
 Now let Thy servant die in peace.

LOGAN.

101

*Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.*

D.S.M.

1—A few more years shall roll,  
 A few more seasons come,  
 And we shall lie with them that rest,  
 Asleep within the tomb.  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that great day ;  
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 And take my sins away.

2—A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day ;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

3—A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day ;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

4—A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day ;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

5—A few more sabbaths here  
 Shall cheer us on our way,  
 And we shall reach the endless rest,  
 The eternal Sabbath-day.  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that sweet day ;  
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 And take my sins away.

6—'Tis but a little while,  
 And He shall come again,  
 Who died that we might live, who lives  
 That we with Him may reign.  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that glad day ;  
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 And take my sins away.

H. BONAR.

102

1 Cor. xv. 58.

L.M.

1—Go, labour on ; spend, and be spent,—  
 Thy joy to do the Father's will ;  
 It is the way the Master went ;  
 Should *not the servant* tread it still ?

- 2—Go, labour on ; 'tis not for nought ;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;  
The Master praises ;—what are men ?
- 3—Go, labour on ; your hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;  
Yet falter not, the prize you seek,  
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.
- 4—Go, labour on, while it is day ;  
The world's dark night is hastening on ;  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;  
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5—Men die in darkness at your side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;  
Take up the torch and wave it wide,  
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 6—Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;  
Be wise the erring soul to win ;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 7—Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight cry, " Behold I come."

103

*Phil.* i. 21.

7's.

1—Christ, of all my hopes the ground !

Christ, the spring of all my joy !

Still in Thee let me be found,

Still for Thee my powers employ.

2—Let Thy love my heart inflame ;

Keep Thy fear before my sight ;

Be Thy praise my highest aim ;

Be Thy smile my chief delight.

3—Fountain of o'er-flowing grace,

Freely from Thy fulness give ;

Till I close my earthly race,

Be it " Christ, to me to live."

4—Firmly trusting in Thy blood,

Nothing shall my heart confound ;

Safely I shall pass the flood,

Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

5—When I touch the blessed shore,

Back the closing waves shall roll ;

Death's dark stream shall never more

Part from Thee my ravished soul.



6—Thus, Oh ! thus an entrance give  
To the land of cloudless sky ;  
Having known it “ Christ to live,”  
Let me know it “ gain to die.”

104

1 *Sam.* iii. 18.

P.]

1—Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
Oh ! may Thy will be mine ;  
Into Thy hand of love  
I would my all resign.  
Thro' sorrow or thro' joy,  
Conduct me as Thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
“ My Lord, Thy will be done ! ”

2—Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
If needy here and poor,  
Give me Thy people's bread,  
Their portion rich and sure.  
The manna of Thy word  
Let my soul feed upon ;  
And if all else should fail,—  
My Lord, Thy will be done !

3—Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
If among thorns I go,  
Still sometimes here and there  
Let a few roses blow.

But Thou on earth along  
The thorny path hast gone ;  
Then lead me after Thee,—  
My Lord, Thy will be done !

4—Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear ;  
Since Thou on earth hast wept  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with Thee,  
My Lord, Thy will be done !

5—Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
If lov'd ones must depart,  
Suffer not sorrow's flood  
To overwhelm my heart :  
For they are blest with Thee,  
Their race and conflict won,  
Let me but follow them,—  
My Lord, Thy will be done !

6—Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
When death itself draws nigh,  
To Thy dear wounded side  
I would for refuge fly,

Leaning on Thee, to go  
 Where Thou before hast gone ;  
 The rest as Thou shalt please—  
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

7—Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
 All shall be well for me ;  
 Each changing future scene  
 I gladly trust with Thee.  
 Straight to my home above  
 I travel calmly on,  
 And sing in life or death—  
 “ My Lord, Thy will be done ! ”

B. SCHMOLK.

*From Hymns from the Land of Luther*

1—Sing praise ! The tomb is void  
 Where the Redeemer lay ;  
 Sing of our bonds destroyed,  
 Our darkness turned to day.

2—Weep for your dead no more,  
 Friends, be of joyful cheer,  
 Our star moves on before,  
 Our narrow path shines clear.

3—He, who so patiently  
 The crown of thorns did wear—  
 He hath gone up on high ;  
 Our hope is with Him there.

4—Now is His truth revealed,  
 His majesty and might ;  
 The grave has been unsealed ;  
 Christ is our life and light.

5—He, who for men did weep,  
 Suffer, and bleed, and die,—  
 First-fruits of them that sleep—  
 Christ hath gone up on high.

6—His victory hath destroyed  
 The shafts that once could slay ;  
 Sing praise ! the tomb is void  
 Where the Redeemer lay.

106

*Matt. v. 3.*

P.M.

1—Lowly, my soul, be lowly !  
 Follow the paths of old :  
 The feather riseth lightly,  
 But never so the gold !  
 The stream descending fast,  
 Has gathered quietly, slowly,  
 A river rolls at last,—  
 Therefore, my soul, be lowly.

2—Lowly, my eyes, be lowly !

God, from His throne above,  
Looks down upon the humble  
In kindness and in love.

Still, as I rise, I shall

Have greater depths below me,  
And haughty looks must fall,—  
Therefore, my eyes, be lowly.

3—Lowly, my hands, be lowly !

Christ's poor around us dwell ;  
Stoop down, and kindly cherish  
The flock He loves so well.

Not toiling to secure

This world's renown and glory,  
Thy Saviour blessed the poor,—  
Therefore, my hands, be lowly.

4—Lowly, my heart, be lowly !

So God shall dwell with thee ;  
It is the meek and patient  
Who shall exalted be.

Deep in the valley rest

The Spirit's gifts most holy,  
And they who seek are blest,—  
Therefore, my heart, be lowly.

5—Lowly, I would be lowly !  
    This frame, to earth allied,  
Must first to dust be humbled  
    Ere it be glorified !  
My God, prepare me here  
    For all that lies before me ;  
I would in heaven appear,  
    And so I would be lowly.

INGOLSTELLER.

*From Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

107

*Isaiah vii. 4.*

C.M.

1—Be still my soul ;—let nothing stir  
    Thee from the sweet repose  
Of those who to their God refer  
    Their joys, their cares, their woes.

2—Be quiet ;—why this anxious heed  
    About thy tangled ways ?  
God knows them all, He giveth speed,  
    And He allows delays.

3—What though He let thee not perform  
    Some good and loved design ?  
Thou would'st not wish Him to conform  
    His *perfect will* to thine !

4—My God ! the hearing ear impart,  
To hear Thee tell Thy will,  
And then bestow the ready heart  
*All meekly to fulfil.* E. W.

108 *Heb. xi. 16.* P.M.

1—We have no home but heaven ;—a pilgrim's  
garb we wear ;  
Our path is marked by changes, and strewed  
with many a care ;  
Surrounded with temptation, by varied ills  
oppress'd,  
Each days experience warns us that this is  
not our rest.

2—We have no home but heaven ;—then where-  
fore seek one here ?  
Why murmur at privation, or grieve when  
trouble's near ?  
It is but for a season that we as strangers  
roam,  
And strangers must not look for the com-  
forts of a home.

3—We have no home but heaven ;—we want  
no home beside ;  
O God, our Friend and Father, our foot-  
steps thither guide ;

Unfold to us its glory, prepare us for its joy,  
Its pure and perfect friendship, its angel-like  
employ.

4—We have a home in heaven ;—how cheering  
is the thought !  
How bright the expectations which God's  
own word has taught !  
With eager hearts we hasten the promised  
bliss to share ;  
We have no home but heaven ;—Oh ! would  
that we were there !

109      1 *Cor.* xi. 26. (SACRAMENTAL.)      S.M.

1—No gospel like this feast  
Spread for Thy Church by Thee ?  
Nor prophets nor evangelists  
Preach the glad news so free.

2—All our redemption cost,  
All our redemption won ;  
All it has won for us, the lost ;  
All it cost Thee, the Son.

3—Thine was the bitter price,—  
Ours is the free gift given ;  
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,  
Ours is the wine of heaven.



4—Here we would rest midway,  
As on a sacred height,  
That darkest and that brightest day  
Meeting before our sight.

5—From that dark depth of woes  
Thy love for us has trod,  
Up to the heights of bless'd repose  
Thy love prepares with God ;—

6—Till from self's chains released,  
One sight alone we see,  
Still at the cross, as at the feast,  
Behold Thee, only Thee.

1—Faith is a very simple thing,  
Tho' little understood,  
It frees the soul from death's dread sting  
By resting in the blood.

2—It looks not on the things around,  
Nor on the things *within*,  
It takes its flight to scenes above,  
Beyond the sphere of sin.

- 3—It sees upon the throne of God  
A victim that was slain ;  
It rests its *all* on His shed blood,  
And says, "I'm born again."
- 4—Faith is not what we *feel* or see,  
It is a simple *trust*  
In what the God of love has said  
Of Jesus, as "the Just."
- 5—The perfect One that died for me,  
Upon His Father's throne,  
Presents our names before our God,  
And pleads Himself alone.
- 6—What Jesus is, and that alone,  
Is faith's delightful plea ;  
It never deals with *sinful* self,  
Nor *righteous* self, in me.
- 7—It tells me I am counted "dead"  
By God in His own word ;  
It tells me I am "born again"  
In Christ my risen Lord.
- 8—In that He died, He died to sin ;  
In that He lives—to God :  
Then I am dead to nature's hopes,  
And justified thro' blood.

9—If He is free, then I am free  
From all unrighteousness ;  
If He is just, then I am just,  
He is *my* righteousness.

10—What want I more to perfect bliss ?  
A body like His own  
Will perfect me for greater joys,  
Than angels round the throne.

**111**

2 Cor. i. 11.

P.M.

1—When far from the hearts where our fondest  
thoughts centre,  
Denied for a time their lov'd presence to  
share,  
In spirit we meet when the closet we enter,  
And hold sweet communion together in  
prayer.

2—Oh ! fondly I think, as night's curtains sur-  
round them,  
The Shepherd of Israel tenderly keeps,  
The angels of light are encamping around  
them,  
They are watch'd by the eye that ne'er  
slumbers nor sleeps.

3—When the voice of the morning once more  
    shall awake them,  
And summon them forth to the calls of the  
    day,  
I will think of that God who will never for-  
    sake them,  
The Friend ever near though all else be  
    away.

4—Then why should one thought of anxiety  
    seize us,  
Though distance divide us from those whom  
    we love ?  
They rest in the covenant mercy of Jesus,  
Their prayers meet with ours in the mansions  
    above.

5—Oh ! sweet bond of friendship, whate'er may  
    betide us,  
Though on life's stormy billows our barks  
    may be driven,  
Though distance, or trial, or death may  
    divide us,  
Eternal reunion awaits us in heaven.

MACDUFF.

(FOR A SICK ROOM.)

- 1—'Tis not a lonely night watch  
Which by thy couch I spend,  
Jesus is close beside us,  
Our Saviour and our Friend.
- 2—Often I strive all vainly,  
To ease thine aching head,  
Then, silently and gently,  
Himself He makes thy bed.
- 3—Do we not hear Him saying,  
“Your guilt on me was laid,”  
“Ye are my blood-bought jewels ;”  
“Fear not, be not dismayed.”
- 4—“I sit beside the furnace ;”  
“The gold will soon be pure ;”  
“And blessed are those servants,”  
“Who to the end endure.”
- 5—Amen, O blessed Saviour,  
Dwell with us, in us, here,  
Until we share Thy glory,  
When God shall wipe each tear.

113

*John* xiv. 16.

C.M.

- 1—Oh ! Holy Ghost, eternal God,  
    Descending from above,  
    Thou fill'st the soul thro' Jesu's blood,  
    With faith, and hope, and love.
- 2—Thou comfortest the heavy heart,  
    By sin and grief oppress'd ;  
    Thou to the dead dost life impart,  
    And to the weary rest.
- 3—Thy sweet communion calms the soul,  
    And gives true peace and joy,  
    Which Satan's power can ne'er control,  
    Nor all His wiles destroy.
- 4—Let no false comfort lift us up  
    To confidence that's vain ;  
    Nor let their faith and <sup>\*</sup>courage droop,  
    Who love the Lamb once slain.
- 5—Breathe comfort where distress abounds ;  
    O make our conscience clean ;  
    And heal with balm from Jesu's wounds,  
    *The festering sores of sin.*

6—Vanquish our lusts, our pride remove,  
Take out the heart of stone ;  
Show us the Father's boundless love,  
The merits of the Son

7—The Father sent His Son to die ;  
The willing Son obeyed ;  
The Witness Thou, to ratify  
The purchase Christ hath made.

1—"For ever with the Lord !"  
Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
E'en here to me fulfil.

2—Be Thou at my right hand,  
Then can I never fail ;  
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,  
Help, and I shall prevail.

3—So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend the vail in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

- 4—Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
“For ever with the Lord !”
- 5—Then, though the soul enjoy  
Communion high and sweet,  
While worms this body must destroy,  
Both shall in glory meet.
- 6—The trump of final doom  
Will speak the self-same word,  
And heaven’s voice thunder through the  
tomb,  
“For ever with the Lord !”
- 7—The tomb shall echo deep  
That death-awakening sound ;  
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,  
And answer from the ground.
- 8—Then upward as they fly,  
That resurrection-word  
Shall be their shout of victory—  
“For ever with the Lord !”



115

*Luke xiv. 22.*

C.M.

- 1—Come, sinner, to the Gospel feast,  
Oh ! come without delay ;  
For there is room in Jesu's breast  
For all who will obey.
- 2—There's room in God's eternal love  
To save thy precious soul ;  
Room in the Spirit's grace above  
To heal and make thee whole.
- 3—There's room within the Church, redeem'd  
With blood of Christ divine ;  
Room in the white-robed throng convened  
For that dear soul of thine.
- 4—There's room in heaven among the choir,  
And harps, and crowns of gold ;  
And glorious palms of victory there,  
And joys that ne'er were told.
- 5—There's room around thy Father's board  
For thee and thousands more ;  
Oh ! come and welcome to the Lord,  
Yea, come this very hour.

116

*Coloss. iii. 1.*

P.M.

1—Go up, go up, my heart,  
Dwell with thy God above ;  
For here thou canst not rest,  
Nor here give out thy love.

2—Go up, go up, my heart,  
Be not a trifler here ;  
Ascend above these clouds,  
Dwell in a higher sphere.

3—Let not thy love flow out  
To things so soiled and dim ;  
Go up to heaven and God,  
Take up Thy love to Him.

4—Waste not thy precious stores  
On creature-love below ;  
To God that wealth belongs,  
On Him that wealth bestow.

5—Go up, reluctant heart,  
Take up thy rest above ;  
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts ;  
Ascend, my lingering love.

H. BONAR.

117

*Heb. vi. 18.*

S.1

- 1—Jesus, I come to Thee,  
A sinner doom'd to die ;  
My only refuge is Thy cross,  
Here at Thy feet I lie.
- 2—Can mercy reach my case,  
And all my sins remove ?  
Break, O my God, this heart of stone,  
And melt it by Thy love.
- 3—Too long my soul has gone  
Far from my God astray ;  
I've sported on the brink of hell,  
In sin's delusive way.
- 4—But, Lord, my heart is fixed,  
I hope in Thee alone ;  
Break off the chains of sin and death,  
And bind me to Thy throne.
- 5—Thy blood can cleanse my heart,  
Thy hand can wipe my tears ;  
Oh ! send Thy blessed Spirit down  
To banish all my fears.

6—Then shall my soul arise,  
From sin and Satan free ;  
Redeem'd from hell and every foe,  
I'll trust alone in Thee.

118

*Prov. xxvii. 1.*

P.M.

1—To-day mine, to-morrow thine !  
So we hear the slow bell ringing,  
When in God's acre to recline,  
We the dead are softly bringing ;  
And the grave calls out, " Resign !  
To-day mine, to-morrow thine ! "

2—To-day life, to-morrow death !  
Life speeds its wings and tarries never ;  
Is not that a wisdom-breath ?—  
Think of life which stays for ever :  
Need of thinking each one hath :  
To-day life, to-morrow death !

3—One follows another now,  
As the ocean waves wind-driven ;  
For all with which hope can endow,  
What security is given ?  
Each in his sleeping-room must bow ;  
One follows another now !

4—Oh ! man, it is the old law !—

How many years death counteth not.

Is thy health without one flaw ?

Soon e'en thy name shall be forgot.

Earth to itself all earth will draw.—

Oh ! man, it is the old law !

5—Oh ! to be wise as near my end !

I wish to die before I'm dying :

That shall my soul from death defend,

When death's last strength my soul is  
trying.

Prepare me thereto, Christ, my Friend !

Oh ! to be wise as near my end !

6—Blessed who in Christ shall die !

Death is changed to life for ever ;

They have life when death is nigh,

Life beyond, which endeth never !

Who hath it not, " Undone," must cry !

Blessed who in Christ shall die !

119

*Psalm* cl. 6.

8.7.4.

1—Praise the Lord, who died to save us ;  
Praise His name for ever dear ;

Praise His blessed name, who gave us  
Eyes to see and ears to hear :

Praise the Saviour,—  
Object of our love and fear.

2—Grace it was, 'twas grace abounding,  
Brought Him down to save the lost ;  
Ye above, His throne surrounding,  
Praise Him, praise Him, all His host :  
Saints adore Him,—  
Ye are they who owe Him most.

3—Ye, of all His hand created,  
Objects are of grace alone,  
Aliens once, but reinstated,  
Destined now to fill a throne :  
Sing with wonder,—  
Sing of what our Lord hath done.

4—Praise His name, who died to save us ;  
'Tis by Him His people live :  
And in Him the Father gave us  
All that boundless love could give :  
Life eternal,  
In our Saviour we receive.

120

*Heb. xiii. 8.*

- 1—There's nought on earth to rest on,  
All things are changing here,  
The smiles of joy we gaze on,  
The friends we count most dear :  
One Friend alone is changeless,  
The One too oft forgot,  
Whose love hath stood for ages,—  
Our Jesus changeth not.
- 2—The sweetest flower of summer,  
That sheds its fragrance round,  
Ere evening comes oft withers,  
And lies upon the ground :  
The dark and dreary desert  
Has only one green spot,  
'Tis found in living pastures,—  
Our Jesus changeth not.
- 3—Clouds soon o'ercast our sunshine,  
So beautiful, so bright,  
And while we still admire it,  
It darkens into night :  
One sky alone is cloudless,  
There darkness enters not,  
'Tis found alone with Jesus,—  
And Jesus changeth not.

4—E'en friendship's smile avails not  
To cheer us here below,  
For smiles are all deceitful,  
They quickly ebb and flow :  
One smile alone can gladden,  
Whate'er the pilgrim's lot,  
It is the smile of Jesus,—  
For Jesus changeth not.

5—And thus our bark moves onward,  
O'er life's tempestuous sea,  
While death's unsparing finger,  
Is stamp'd on all we see :  
But faith has found a refuge,  
Where hope deceiveth not,  
Our life is hid with Jesus,—  
And Jesus changeth not.

3—There's nought on earth to rest on,  
All things are changing here,  
The smiles of joy we gaze on,  
The friends we count most dear :  
One Friend alone is changeless,—  
The One too oft forgot,  
Whose love has stood for ages,—  
Our Jesus changeth not.



121

1 *Tim.* vi. 12.

P.N

- 1—Fighting the battle of life !—  
    With a weary heart and head ;  
    For in the midst of the strife,  
    The banners of joy are fled ;—
- 2—Fled and gone out of sight,  
    When I thought they were so near,  
    And the music of hope this night  
    Is dying away on my ear.
- 3—Fighting the whole day long,  
    With a very tired hand,—  
    With only my armour strong,—  
    The shelter in which I stand.
- 4—There is nothing left of *me*,—  
    If all *my* strength were shewn,  
    So small the amount would be,  
    Its presence could scarce be known.
- 5—Fighting alone to-night,—  
    With not e'en a stander by,  
    To cheer me in the fight,  
    Or to hear me when I cry.

- 6—Only the Lord can hear,—  
    Only the Lord can see  
    The struggle within how dark and drear,  
    Though quiet the outside be.
- 7—Fighting alone to-night !  
    With what a sinking heart ;—  
    Lord Jesus, in the fight,  
    Oh ! stand not thou apart !
- 8—Body and mind have tried  
    To make the field my own ;  
    But when the Lord is on my side,  
    He doeth the work alone.
- 9—And when He hideth His face,  
    And the battle-clouds prevail,  
    It is only through His grace  
    That I do not utterly fail.
- 10—The word of old was true,  
    And its truth shall never cease,—  
    “The Lord shall fight for you,  
    And ye shall hold your peace.”
- 11—Lord, I would fain be still,  
    And quiet behind my shield ;  
    But make me to love Thy will,  
    For fear I should ever yield.

12—Nothing but perfect trust,  
 And love of Thy perfect will,  
 Can raise me out of the dust,  
 And bid my fears be still.

13—Lord, fix my eyes upon Thee,  
 And fill my heart with Thy love ;  
 And keep my soul till the shadows flee,  
 And the light breaks forth above.

122

*Galat. vi. 9.*

P.M.

1—"Be not weary," *toiling* Christian ;  
 Good the Master thou dost serve ;  
 Let no disappointment move thee,  
 From thy service never swerve ;  
 Sow in hope, nor cease thy sowing ;  
 Lack not patience, faith, or prayer ;  
 Seed-time passeth,—harvest hasteneth,—  
 Precious sheaves thou then shalt bear—

2—"Be not weary," *praying* Christian ;  
 Open is Thy Father's ear  
 To the fervent supplication,  
 And the agonizing prayer ;  
 Prayer the Holy Ghost begetteth,  
 Be it words, or groans, or tears,  
 Is the prayer that's always answered ;—  
 Banish then thy doubts and fears.

—“Be not weary,” *suffering* Christian ;  
Scourg’d is each adopted child,  
Else would grow, in sad profusion,  
Nature’s fruit, perverse and wild ;  
Chastening’s needful for the spirit,  
Though ’tis painful for the flesh,  
God designs a blessing for thee ;  
Let this thought thy soul refresh.

—“Be not weary,” *tempted* Christian ;  
Sin can only lure on earth ;  
Faith is tried by sore temptation ;  
’Tis the furnace proves its worth :  
Bounds are set unto the tempter,  
Which beyond he cannot go ;  
Battle on, on God relying,  
Faith will overcome the foe.

—“Be not weary,” *weeping* Christian ;  
Tears endure but for the night,  
Joy, deep joy, thy spirit greeting,  
Will return with morning’s light ;  
Every tear thou shedd’st is numbered  
In the register above,  
Heaven is *tearless*, sweet the prospect,—  
Sighless, *tearless*, land of love !

6—"Be not weary," *hoping* Christian ;  
Though the vision tarry long,  
Hope will bring the blessing nearer ;  
Change thy sorrow into song :  
Nought shall press thy spirit downwards,  
If thy hopes all brightly shine,  
*Hold thy hope*, whate'er thou lovest,—  
Living, precious hopes are thine !

7—"Be not weary," *troubled* Christian ;  
Rest remains for thee on high,  
Dwell upon the untold glory  
Of thy future home of joy ;  
There, nor sin, nor sorrow entereth ;  
There thy soul attun'd to praise,  
Shall, in strains of heavenly fulness,  
Songs of happy triumph raise.

8—"Be not weary," *loving* Christian ;  
In this heavenly grace abound ;  
Jesus, well thou knowest, loved *thee*,  
Though in mad rebellion found ;  
Drink, drink deeply of His spirit ;  
Jesus loves both great and small ;  
*Nature* loves but what is lovely ;  
*Grace* embraceth one and all.

9—Christian, thus in grace unwearied,  
    Pass thy sojourn here below,  
    Spurn lukewarmness, let thy bosom  
    Ever with true fervour glow !  
    Look to Christ, thy bright exemplar,  
    Copy Him in all His ways,  
    Let thy life and conversation,  
    Tell to thy Redeemer's praise.

23

*Isaiah xxi. 11.*

P.M.

—What of the night, watchman, what of the  
    night ?  
    The wintry gale sweeps by,  
    The thick shadows fall, and the night bird's  
    call  
    Sounds mournfully thro' the sky.

—The night is dark, it is long and drear ;  
    But who, while others sleep,  
    Are that little band, who together stand,  
    And their patient vigils keep ?

—All awake is the strained eye,  
    And awake the listening ear ;  
    For their Lord they wait, and watch at the  
    gate,  
    His chariot wheels to hear.

- 4—Long have they waited—that little band,  
And ever and anon  
To fancy's eye the dawn seem'd nigh,—  
The night seem'd almost gone.
- 5—And often through the midnight gale,  
They thought they heard at last  
The sound of His train, and they listened  
again,—  
And the sound died away on the blast.
- 6—Ages have rolled, and one by one,  
Those watchers have passed away ;  
They heard the call on their glad ear fall,  
And they hastened to obey.
- 7—And in their place their children stand,  
And still their vigils keep,  
They watch and pray for the dawn of day,  
For this is no time for sleep.
- 8—What of the night, watchman, what of the  
night ?  
Tho' the wintry gale sweeps by,  
When the darkest hour begins to lower,  
We know that the dawn is nigh.

—Courage, ye servants of the Lord,  
The night is almost o'er ;  
Your Master will come and call you home,  
To weep and to watch no more.

4

*Psalm* lv. 17.

S.M.

—Come to the morning prayer,  
Come, let us kneel and pray ;  
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,  
To walk with God all day.

—At noon beneath the Rock  
Of ages rest and pray ;  
Sweet is the shadow from the heat,  
When the sun smites by day.

3—At eve shut to the door,  
Round the home-altar pray,  
And finding there "the house of God,"  
At "heaven's gate" close the day.


—When midnight seals our eyes,  
Let each in spirit say,  
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
With Thee to watch and pray."



125

*Job .vii. 4.*

P.M

- 1—The weary day is tarrying ;  
Oh ! when will it pass away ?  
The head is sick, and the heart is faint ;  
Oh ! why do the hours delay ?
- 2—Like a deep dark gulf that lies between  
The traveller and his home,  
So a load of sorrow and care must pass  
Ere the hour of rest will come.
- 3—The long, long day is passing away,  
Though the hours are sad and slow ;  
But at length appears the blessed night  
Bringing rest to all below ;—
- 4—Bringing rest to the weary heart,  
And rest to the harass'd brain,  
A truce to the warfare of life,  
That the spirit of sleep may reign.
- 5—But the long night is tarrying  
In hours of restless pain,—  
We list to the toll of some distant clock,  
And the silence settles again.
- 

6—The leaden hours—they linger long ;  
But still they pass away ;  
The night is done, and the blessed sun  
Breaks forth with a golden ray.

7—The Christian's life is a weary strife ;  
And often his heart would yield,  
But there's One to stand at his right hand,  
His wavering faith to shield.


8—He feels, though his heart may fail,  
His Saviour's will is best ;  
And at length the life and the struggle o'er,  
The soldier of Christ may rest.

1—Know ye that better land,  
Where care's unknown ?  
Know ye that blessed land,  
Around the throne ?  
There, there is happiness,  
There streams of purest bliss ;  
There, there are rest and peace—  
There, there alone.

2—Yes, yes, we know that place,  
We know it well ;  
Eye hath not seen His face,  
Tongue cannot tell ;  
There are the angels bright,  
There saints enrob'd in white,  
All, all are cloth'd in light—  
There, there they dwell.

3—Oh ! we are weary here,  
A little band,  
Yet soon in glory there,  
We hope to stand ;  
Then let us haste away,  
Speed o'er this world's dark way,  
Unto that land of day—  
That better land.

4—Come ! hasten that sweet day,  
Let time begone ;  
Come ! Lord, make no delay,  
On Thy white throne ;  
Thy face we wish to see,  
To dwell and reign with Thee,  
And Thine for ever be—  
Thine, Thine alone.



127

1 *Thess.* i. 8.

P.M.

1—Sound, sound the truth abroad,  
Bear ye the word of God  
Through the wide world :  
Tell what our Lord hath done,  
Tell how the day is won,  
And from His lofty throne  
Satan is hurl'd.

2—Far over sea and land,  
'Tis our own Lord's command,  
Bear ye His name :  
Bear it to ev'ry shore,  
Regions unknown explore,  
Enter at every door :—  
Silence is shame.

3—Speed on the wings of love ;  
Jesus, who reigns above,  
Bids us to fly :  
They who His message bear,  
Should neither doubt nor fear ;  
He will their Friend appear,  
He will be nigh.

4—When on the mighty deep,  
He will their spirits keep,  
Stay'd on His word :  
When in a foreign land,  
No other friend at hand,  
Jesus will by them stand,—  
Jesus their Lord.

5—Ye, who forsaking all  
At your lov'd Master's call,  
Comforts resign ;  
Soon will the work be done,  
Soon will the prize be won,  
Brighter than yonder sun  
Then shall ye shine.

1—Sweet is the solace of Thy love,  
My heavenly Friend, to me,  
While through the hidden way of faith  
I journey home with Thee,  
Learning by quiet thankfulness  
As a dear child to be.

2—Though from the shadow of Thy peace  
My feet would often stray,  
Thy mercy follows every step,  
And will not turn away ;  
Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,  
As none beneath Thee may.

3—Oft in a dark and lonely place,  
I hush my hasten'd breath,  
To hear the comfortable words  
Thy loving spirit saith ;  
And feel my safety in Thy hand  
From every kind of death.

4—Oh ! there is nothing in the world  
To weigh against Thy will ;  
E'en the dark times I dread the most,  
Thy covenant fulfil ;  
And when the glorious morning dawns  
I find Thee with me still.

5—No other comforter I need,  
If Thou, O Lord, be mine ;—  
Thy rod will bring my spirit low,  
Thy fire my heart refine,  
And cause me pain that none can heal  
By *other love than Thine*.

6—Then in the secret of my soul,  
 Though hosts my peace invade,  
 Though through a waste and weary land  
 My lonely way be made,  
 Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me—  
 I need not be afraid.

7—Still in the solitary place  
 I would awhile abide,  
 Till with the solace of Thy love  
 My heart is satisfied,  
 And all my hopes of happiness  
 Stay calmly at Thy side.

A. L. W

1—Whatever God does is well !  
 His children find it so.  
 Some He doth not with plenty bless,  
 Yet loves them not the less,  
 But draws their hearts unto Himse  
 away.—  
 Oh ! hearts obey.

2—Whatever God does is well,  
Whether He gives or takes !  
And what we from His hand receive  
Suffices us to live.  
He takes and gives, while yet He loves us  
still.—  
Then love His will.

3—Whatever God does is well !  
And what can our will do ?  
We cannot reap from what we sow  
But what His power makes grow.  
Sometimes He doth all other good destroy,  
To be thy joy.

4—Whatever God does is well !  
And His will shall prevail.  
Doth He refuse Thy hands to fill ?  
He knows thy heart to still.  
A Christian from a very little gift  
Much joy can sift.

5—Whatever God does is well !  
Altho' the field looks dark,  
Yet cheerful in His path we go ;  
And by our faith we know  
That Christ for us hath heavenly riches  
bought,—  
Can we lack aught ?



6—Whatever God does is well !  
 In patience let us wait :  
 He doth Himself our burdens bear,  
 And doth for us take care.  
 And He, our God, knows all our weary  
 days.—  
 Come, give Him praise !

N. SCHMOLK.

130

*Psalm cxix. 54.*

P.M.

1—While travelling through this wilderness,  
 Weary and worn we roam,  
 'Tis sweet to cast a look above,  
 And think we're *going home* :—  
 To know that there the trials  
 Of our pilgrimage shall cease,  
 And all the waves of earthly woe  
 Be hushed to heavenly peace.  
 Home, sweet home !  
 Oh ! for that land of rest above,  
 Our own eternal home !

2—Here trees are not the trees that grow  
 In beauty by the side  
 Of that bright flood whose living streams  
 Through sinless regions glide ;—

We see not here th' immortal fruit,  
The fadeless flowers that bloom,  
On hills of light and vales of peace,  
In our own bright Eden-home !  
Home, sweet home !  
Oh ! for that land of rest above,  
Our own eternal home !

3—The tones we hear are not the tones  
Of music and of love,  
That breathe from thousand harps and songs  
Of endless joys above.  
We tread in haste along,  
With trembling and with fear,  
For this is not our home,  
We've no continuing here.  
Home, sweet home !  
Oh ! for that land of rest above,  
Our own eternal home !

4—Oh ! for the death of those that die  
Like daylight in the west—  
That sink in peace like the waves of eve,  
To calm, untroubled rest.  
They stand before their Father's face,  
Their tears and conflicts o'er ;

Redeem'd and wash'd they stay at home,  
And shall go out no more.  
Home, sweet home !  
Oh ! for that land of rest above,  
Our own eternal home !

- 1—Sing Hallelujah ! Christ doth live,  
And peace on earth restore ;  
Come, ransom'd souls, and glory give,  
Sing, worship, and adore.  
With grateful hearts to Him we pay  
Our thanks in humble wise ;  
Who aught unto our charge shall lay ?  
'Tis God that justifies.
- 2—Who can condemn, since Christ has died,  
And ever lives with God ?  
Now our whole debt is fully paid,  
He saves us by His blood.  
The ransom'd hosts in earth and heaven  
Through countless choirs proclaim,  
“He hath redeem'd us ; praise be given  
To God and to the Lamb.”
-

3—God raised Him up, when He for all  
    Had freely tasted death,  
And had redeem'd us from the fall ;—  
    On this we ground our faith.  
For God, well pleased, that sacrifice  
    Declared, in sovereign grace,  
An all-sufficient ransom-price  
    For Adam's fallen race.

4—The God of peace to guilty man  
    Doth pardoning grace afford,  
Since from the dead He brought again  
    Our Shepherd, Head, and Lord :—  
That Shepherd who did freely bleed,  
    Lost sinners to restore,  
Who died, but now is risen indeed,  
    And lives for evermore.

5—The God of mercies let us praise,  
    Who saveth fallen men :  
Who by His power, which Christ did raise,  
    Begets His saints again  
Unto a lively confidence,  
    That they for Jesus' sake,  
Shall of the blest inheritance  
    Reserved for them partake.

6—His resurrection's power divine,  
By grace on us bestowed,  
Renews us, that we, dead to sin,  
May live alone to God.  
Thus we, supported by His might,  
From strength to strength proceed,  
And walking in His truth and light,  
Praise Him in word and deed.

7—In all we do constrain'd by love,  
We'll joy to Him afford,  
And to God's will obedient prove  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.—  
Sing Hallelujah, and adore  
On earth the Lamb once slain,  
Till we in heaven shall evermore  
Exalt His name. Amen.

1—Lord, take my heart just as it is,  
Set up therein Thy throne ;  
So shall I love Thee above all,  
And live to Thee alone.

- 2—I thank Thee, that in mercy Thou  
 Hast waken'd me from death,  
 Arous'd me out of sin's deep sleep,  
 And call'd to walk by faith.
- 3—Complete Thy work and crown Thy grace,  
 That I may faithful prove,  
 And listen to that still small voice,  
 Which whispers only love :—
- 4—Which teaches me to know Thy will,  
 And gives me power to do ;  
 Which fills my heart with shame when I  
 Do not that will pursue.
- 5—This unction may I ever feel,  
 This teaching of my Lord,  
 And learn obedience to Thy voice,  
 Thy soft reviving word.

133

*Cant. ii. 16.*

P.M.

- 1—Now I have found a Friend,  
 Whose love shall never end,  
 Jesus is mine.  
 Though earthly joys decrease,  
 Though human friendships cease,  
 Now I have lasting peace ;—  
 Jesus is mine.

2—Though I grow poor and old,  
He will my faith uphold,—  
Jesus is mine.  
He shall my wants supply,  
His precious blood is nigh,  
Nought can my hope destroy,—  
Jesus is mine.

3—When earth shall pass away,  
In the great judgment day,—  
Jesus is mine,  
Oh ! what a glorious thing,  
Then to behold my King,  
On tuneful harps to sing,  
Jesus is mine.

4—Farewell mortality !  
Welcome eternity !  
Jesus is mine.  
He my redemption is,  
Wisdom and righteousness,  
Life, light, and holiness :—  
Jesus is mine.

5—Father ! Thy name I bless ;  
Thine was the sovereign grace ;  
Praise shall be Thine.  
Spirit of holiness,  
Sealing the Father's grace,  
Thou mad'st my soul embrace  
Jesus as mine.

4

*Psalm* xlv. 1—3.

7's.

—When the nations toss and roar,  
Like the billows on the shore,—  
When their chains the people break,  
Leaders tremble, monarchs quake,—  
Midst the roaring of the sea,  
Christ, our hope is all in Thee !

2—When the nations are at peace,  
And the sounds of conflict cease,—  
When each port is choked with wares,  
And each field its harvest bears,—  
Mid the world's prosperity,  
Christ, our hope is all in thee !



3—While the ages one by one  
Roll beneath the rolling sun,—  
While the powers of death and life,  
Wage on earth a weary strife,—  
Till the coming dawn we see,  
Christ, our hope is all in Thee !

## 135

*Psalm xxxi. 15.*

P

1—Father, I know that all my life  
Is portion'd out by Thee,  
And the changes which are sure to com  
I do not fear to see ;  
But I ask Thee for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2—I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And to wipe the weeping eyes,  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathise.

3—I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

- 4—Wherever in the world I am,  
    In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts,  
    To keep and cultivate,  
And a work of lowly love to do,  
    For the Lord on whom I wait.
- 5—So I ask Thee for the daily strength  
    To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life  
    While keeping at Thy side ;  
Content to fill a little space,  
    If Thou be glorified.
- 6—And if some things I do not ask  
    In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit fill'd the more  
    With grateful love to Thee ;  
More careful not to serve Thee *much*,  
    But to please Thee perfectly.
- 7—There are briars besetting every path,  
    That call for patient care ;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
    And an earnest need for prayer ;  
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,  
    Is happy anywhere.

8—In a service which Thy will appoints,  
There are no bonds for me,  
For my inmost heart is taught “the truth,”  
That makes Thy children “free ;”  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

A. L. W.

136

*Eccles. xi. 1.*

7.6.

1—Upon the stormy waters  
The bread of life we cast,  
With cheerful trust believing  
It shall be found at last.  
We see it but a moment,  
Far drifting o’er the main,  
But deathless, undecaying,  
It shall be found again.

2—One eye shall ever watch it,  
The eye of Him who sees  
Each tiny seedling scatter’d  
By summer’s passing breeze ;  
That eye which sees the coral,  
As year by year it grows,  
And counts the myriad crystals  
Of Himalayan snows.

3—Sometimes with bitter weeping  
The seed of life is sown,  
With well-nigh hopeless pleadings,  
To Jesus only known.  
With hope deferr'd, the mother  
Oft looks upon her child,  
No plant of heaven is springing,  
Though weeds grow rank and wild.

4—The shades of evening gather  
Upon the Sabbath sky ;  
From pastors and from teachers  
The prayer ascends on high.  
Once more their hands have broken  
The true and heavenly bread ;—  
Let them believe not vainly  
The table hath been spread !

5—Yes ! On the stormy waters  
We cast the bread of life,  
Vain are the surging waters,  
Vain is the tempest's strife.  
His never failing promise  
Jehovah will fulfil,  
And the seed be found in glory,  
When those proud waves are still.

137

*Heb. iv. 1.*

D.S.M

1—Oh ! where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul ?  
’Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.  
The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh ;  
’Tis not the *whole* of life to live,  
Nor *all* of death to die.

2—Beyond ~~this~~ vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasur’d by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love :—  
There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;  
Oh ! what eternal horrors hang  
Around “the eternal death !”

3—Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banish’d from Thy face  
And evermore undone ;  
Here would we end our quest ;  
Alone are found in Thee,  
The life of perfect love,—the rest  
Of immortality.

MONTGOMERY

138

*Luke xxii. 19.*

P.M.

(SACRAMENTAL.)

1—Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;  
Here would I touch and handle things  
unseen ;

Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal grace,  
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2—Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of  
heaven ;

Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3—I have no help but thine ; nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;  
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might  
alone.

4—I have no wisdom save in Him, who is  
My wisdom and my teacher both in one ;  
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,  
No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.

5—Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;  
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing  
blood.

This is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—  
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my  
God.

6—Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;  
The feast, but not the love, is pass'd and gone ;  
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art  
here—

Nearer than ever—still my shield and sun.

7—Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;  
Yet passing, points to the great feast above,  
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

H. BONAR.

1—There is a name I love to hear,  
I love to speak its worth ;  
It sounds like music in mine ear,  
The sweetest name on earth.

- 2—It tells me of a Saviour's love  
Who died to set me free ;  
It tells me of His precious blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3—It tells me of a Father's smile,  
Beaming upon His child ;  
It cheers me through this "little while,"  
Through desert, waste, and wild.
- 4—It tells me what my Father hath  
In store for ev'ry day,  
And though I tread a darksome path,  
Yields sunshine all the way.
- 5—It tells of One whose loving heart  
Can feel my deepest woe,  
Who in my sorrow bears a part  
That none can bear below.
- 6—It bids my trembling heart rejoice,  
It dries each rising tear,  
It tells me, in a "still small voice,"  
To trust and never fear.




7—Jesus! the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear!  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.

8—This name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road,  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.

9—And there with all the blood-bought throng,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesu's love to me.

F. WHITFIELD.

1—The more the cross the nearer heaven!—  
Where is no cross there God is not;  
The world's turmoil doth hide His face,  
Hell, sense, and self, make Him forgot.  
Oh! where God draws a blessed lot,  
His mercy some dark lines doth trace.



2—The more the cross, the better Christian !—  
God lays the touchstone to each soul ;  
How many a garden must lie waste .  
Did not a tear-storm o'er it roll !  
Refining grief, a living coal,  
Upon the Christian's heart is placed.

3—The more the cross, the more believing !—  
In desert lands the palm trees grow ;  
And when the grape is strongly press'd,  
Then doth its sweetness overflow ;  
And strength lies hid in every woe,  
As pearls do in the salt wave rest.

4—The more the cross, the more the praying !—  
The bruised plant yields sweetest balm ;  
Man doth not seek to find the pole  
In quiet seas and steady calms ;  
And how should we have David's psalms  
Had he not had a troubled soul ?

5—The more the cross, the more the longing !—  
Out of the vale man upward goes ;  
Whose pathway through the desert lies,  
He craves the land where Jordan flows.  
When here the dove finds no repose,  
Straight to the ark with joy she flies.

6—The more the cross, the sweeter death ;—  
For man rejoices then to die ;  
When as his body is laid down  
Much pain and sorrow are laid by ;  
His cross there on his grave doth lie—  
See, man doth wear the victor's crown !


7—Oh ! Jesus, Lord, the crucified !  
Now let the cross more welcome be ;  
Nor let my soul complaining toss,  
But plant Thou such a heart in me,  
As patiently shall look to Thee  
For gain up yonder, for my loss.

SCHMOLK.

141

*Rev. v. 9.*

P.M.

- 1—Come let us join to sing of Jesu's love ;  
Sing how for us He left His throne above,  
Came down on earth, a man by birth,  
Then died upon the tree,  
And brought salvation, endless, rich and free.
- 2—Sing how He burst the barriers of the grave,  
And rose in triumph, guilty men to save,  
Ascended high, no more to die,  
But seated on His throne,  
'Mid angel choirs our worthless names to own.
- 

- 3—Sing how before His Father's throne He  
pleads,  
For all mankind in mercy intercedes,  
Pities their woes, subdues their foes,  
Their every want supplies,  
And bids their souls in triumph to Him rise.
- 4—Sing how He pour'd His spirit from on high,  
To give His people life no more to die,  
And by His word, His Spirit's sword,  
Subdues the heart of stone,  
While angels sing another vict'ry won.
- 5—Sing of His grace, which all our hearts renew'd,  
Cleansed us from sin in His atoning blood,  
Removed our guilt, and gave relief  
From Satan's galling chain,  
And soon will raise our souls with Him to  
reign.
- 6—In higher worlds we'll join His grace to  
praise,  
Where heavenly choirs will add their highest  
lays ;  
Worthy the Lamb, prais'd be His name,  
Who saved us by His blood,  
And rais'd our souls to dwell in light with  
God !

142

*Rev. xxi. 4.*

P.M

1—My heavenly home is bright and fair,  
Nor pain, nor death can enter there ;  
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,—  
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home, to die no more.

2—My Father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky ;  
When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

I'm going home, &c.

3—While here a stranger far from home,  
Afflictions waves may round me foam ;  
But though like Lazarus sick and poor,  
My heavenly mansion is secure.

I'm going home, &c.

4—Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow ;  
Be mine the happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

I'm going home, &c.

5—Then fail this earth, let stars decline,  
And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
All nature sink and cease to be,  
This heavenly mansion stands for me.  
I'm going home, &c.

143

*Deut. xxxiii. 25.*

7's.

1—Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,  
To His gracious promise flee,  
Laying hold upon His word,  
“As thy days, thy strength shall be.”

2—If the sorrows of thy case,  
Seem peculiar still to thee,  
God has promised needful grace,—  
“As thy days, thy strength shall be.”

3—Days of trial, days of grief,  
In succession thou may'st see,  
This is still thy sweet relief,—  
“As thy days, thy strength shall be.”

4—Rock of ages ! I'm secure,  
With thy promise full and free,  
Faithful, positive, and sure—  
“As thy days, thy strength shall be.”

144

*Job* iii. 17.

P.

1—Rest, rest from anxious thought,  
From pressing, hurrying care !  
Rest here so vainly sought,  
So richly furnish'd *there*.  
Oh ! Saviour dear, how sweet 'twill be  
To rest my weary head on Thee !

2—Peace, peace, a calm repose,  
No shadows hov'ring still  
Around, of coming woes,  
Peace shall each bosom fill.  
Oh ! Saviour dear, how sweet 'twill be  
To be at peace because with thee !

3—Vigour and strength shall there  
In mind and spirit reign,  
No conflict then shall wear  
Me with unceasing pain.  
Oh ! Saviour dear, how sweet 'twill be  
With perfect powers to worship Thee !

E. V

145

*John* xiv. 14.

1—My prayer to the promise shall cling—  
I will not give heed to a doubt ;  
For I ask for the one needful thing,  
Which I cannot be happy without :—

- 2—A spirit of lowly repose  
In the love of the Lamb that was slain,  
A heart to be touch'd with His woes,  
And a care not to grieve Him again :—
- 3—The peace that my Saviour has bought,  
The cheerfulness nothing can dim,  
The love that can bring every thought  
Into perfect obedience to Him :—
- 4—The wisdom His mercy to own  
In the way He directs me to take,—  
To glory in Jesus alone,  
And to love and do good for His sake.
- 5—All this Thou hast offered to me  
In the promise whereon I will rest ;  
For faith, Oh ! my Saviour in Thee,  
Is the substance of all my request.
- 6—Thy word has commanded my prayer,  
Thy Spirit has taught me to pray,  
And all my unholy despair  
Is ready to vanish away.
- 7—Thou wilt not be weary of me,  
Thy promise my faith will sustain,  
And soon, very soon, I shall see  
That I have not been asking in vain.



146

*Matt. xvi. 26.*

C.M.

- 1—What is the thing of greatest price  
The whole creation round ?  
That which was lost in paradise,  
That which in Christ is found,—
- 2—The soul of man—Jehovah's breath !  
That keeps two worlds at strife ;  
Hell moves beneath to work its death,  
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3—God to reclaim it did not spare  
His well-beloved Son ;  
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear  
The sins of all in One.
- 4—The Holy Spirit seal'd the plan,  
And pledged the blood divine,  
To ransom every soul of man ;—  
That blood was shed for mine.
- 5—And is this treasure borne below  
In earthly vessels frail ?  
Can none its utmost value know  
Till flesh and spirit fail ?
- 6—Then let us gather round the cross,  
This knowledge to obtain,  
Not by the soul's eternal loss,  
But everlasting gain.

MONTGOMERY.

**147***Heb. iv. 9.*

P.M.

- 1—Oh ! for the calm beyond the storms  
In the presence of the Lord,  
Where with angels bright,  
Both day and night,  
We shall hear His sacred word !
- 2—Oh ! for the body free from pain,  
The spirit free from sin,  
Which He will give  
To the souls that live,  
Who shall dwell His courts within !
- 3—Oh ! for the joy no eye hath seen,  
No human heart hath known !  
For faint and low  
Fall the echoes below  
Of the songs around His throne.
- 4—But oh ! for grace to serve Him here,  
To rest upon His love,  
To walk with God  
On our earthly road,  
And to anchor our joys above !
- 5—Oh ! for a faith to see the Lord  
Through darkness and through tears,  
To hear His voice,  
And still to rejoice,  
And watch till the day appears.

148

2 *Cor.* ix. 15.

P.M.

- 1—Blessed be God, our God !  
    Who gave for us His well-beloved Son,  
    The gift of gifts, all other gifts in one.  
    Blessed be God, our God !
- 2—What will He not bestow,  
    Who freely gave this mighty gift, unbought,  
    Unmerited, unheeded, and unsought ?  
    What will He not bestow ?
- 3—He spared not His Son !  
    'Tis this that silences each rising fear,  
    'Tis this that bids the hard thought dis-  
        appear—  
    He spared not His Son !
- 4—Who shall condemn us now ?  
    Since Christ has died, and ris'n, and gone  
        above,  
    For us to plead at the right hand of love.  
    Who shall condemn us now ?
- 5—'Tis God that justifies !  
    Who shall recall His pardon or His grace ?  
    Or who the broken chain of guilt replace ?  
    'Tis God that justifies !—

6—The victory is ours !

For us in might came forth the mighty

One,

For us He fought the fight, the triumph

won :

The victory is ours !

H. BONAR.

149

*Prov. xviii. 24.*

8.7.

1—Lord ! no guardian to defend me

In the world I have like Thee,

None so willing to befriend me ;—

Thou art all in all to me.

2—Oh ! may life be one great mission,

Christ to follow, serve, and please,

Copying His meek submission,

Sacrificing self and ease.

3—Zealous in each sacred duty,

May I be more Saviour-like ;

May each plant of Christian beauty

In my soul its fibres strike ;—

4—Bearing fruit whose holy savour

Sheds its fragrance round my path,

Seeking nothing but His favour,

*Dreading nothing* but His wrath.

- 5—What is life ? a scene of troubles,  
 Following swiftly one by one ;  
 Phantom visions—airy bubbles,  
 Which appear, and then—are gone !
- 6—What at best the world's vain fashion ?  
 Quickly it must pass away ;  
 Vexing care and whirlwind passion,  
 Surging like the angry spray.
- 7—One brief moment, Lord, may sever  
 All that earth can friendship call ;  
 But *Thy* friendship is for ever,  
 It outlives the wreck of all.

MACDUFF.

150

1 *Cor.* v. 17.

P.M.

- 1—Hallelujah ! I believe !  
 Now the giddy world stands fast,  
 Now my soul has found an anchor  
 Till the night of storm is past.  
 All the gloomy mists are rising,  
 But a clue is in my hand,  
 Thro' earth's labyrinth to guide me  
 To a bright and heavenly land.
- 2—Hallelujah ! I believe !  
 Sorrow's bitterness is o'er,  
 And affliction's heavy burden  
 Weighs my spirits down no more.

On the cross the mystic writing  
Now reveal'd before me lies,  
And I read the words of comfort,  
"As a father, I chastise."

—Hallelujah ! I believe !  
Now no longer on my soul  
All the debt of sin is lying,—  
One great Friend has paid the whole !  
Icebound fields of legal labour  
I have left with all their toil ;  
While the fruits of love are growing  
From a new and genial soil.

—Hallelujah ! I believe !  
Now life's mystery is gone ;  
Gladly thro' its fleeting shadows,  
To the end I journey on.  
Thro' the tempest, or the sunshine,  
Over flowers or ruins led,  
Still the path is *homeward* hasting,  
Where all sorrow shall have fled.

—Hallelujah ! I believe !  
Now, oh ! love, I know thy power,  
Thine no false or fragile fetters,  
Not the rose-wreaths of an hour !  
Christian bonds of holy union  
Death itself does not destroy ;  
Yes ! to live, and love for ever,  
Is our heritage of joy.

MÖWES.

*From Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

151

*Heb. xii. 2.*

L.N

- 1—I look to Jesus, and the cloud  
Of my transgressions melts away,  
E'en as the blackest midnight shroud  
Gives place to the returning day.
- 2—I look to Jesus, and the stains  
Of my life's guilt, tho' dark and deep,  
Are wash'd, 'till not a spot remains,  
And I can safely wake and sleep.
- 3—I look to Jesus, and the face  
Of God is turn'd on me in love,  
I feel a Father's fond embrace,  
And all my doubts and fears remove.
- 4—I look to Jesus, and behold !  
My heart is lighten'd of its cares,  
My love for earthly things grows cold,  
And pleasure vainly spreads her snares.
- 5—I look to Jesus, when my foes  
With violence my peace assail ;  
On His dear breast I find repose,  
And all their hateful efforts fail.
- 6—I look to Jesus, and the sight  
Of all that He endured for me,  
Makes e'en my greatest suff'rings light,  
Compared with His deep agony.

- 7—I look to Jesus, when my zeal,  
 And faith, and love, grow dead and cold ;  
 Then doth He Calvary reveal,  
 And makes me in His service bold.
- 8—I look to Jesus, when the waves  
 Of dark corruptions rage within,  
 And He from their dominion saves,  
 From their pollution makes me clean.
- 9—I look to Jesus, and I see  
 Heaven's golden portals opening wide,  
 With ready welcome e'en to me,  
 Tho' vile, to enter and abide.
- 0—Thus let me, Lord, while life doth last,  
 In faith look ever up to Thee,  
 And when life's sinful days are past,  
 I shall Thy face in glory see.

C. T. ASTLEY.

52

*Heb. xiii. 14.*

P.M.

- 1—I'm but a stranger here ;  
 Earth is a desert drear,  
     Heaven is my home.  
 Danger and sorrow stand  
 Round me on every hand,  
 Heaven is my father-land,  
     Heaven is my home.



2—What though the tempests rage,  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home.  
And time's wild wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast,  
I shall reach home at last ;  
Heaven is my home.

3—There at my Saviour's side  
I shall be glorified ;  
Heaven is my home.  
There with the good and blest,  
Those I loved most and best,  
I shall for ever rest ;  
Heaven is my home.

4—Therefore I'll murmur not,  
Whate'er my earthly lot,  
Heaven is my home.  
For I shall surely stand  
There at my Lord's right hand ;—  
Heaven is my father-land,  
Heaven is my home.

1—Glory to God the Father be,  
Glory to God the Son,  
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,  
Glory to God alone !

---

- 2—My soul doth magnify the Lord ;  
My spirit doth rejoice  
In God, my Saviour and my God ;  
I hear His joyful voice.
- 3—I need not go abroad for joy,  
Who have a feast at home ;  
My sighs are turned into songs,  
The Comforter is come.
- 4—Down from on high the blessed Dove  
Is come into my breast,  
To witness God's eternal love ;—  
This is my heavenly feast.
- 5—This makes me, “Abba, Father,” cry,  
With confidence of soul ;  
It makes me cry, “My Lord, my God,”  
And that without control.
- 6—Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
From fancy 'tis concealed,  
What Thou, Lord, hast laid up for Thine,  
And hast to me reveal'd.
- 7—I see Thy face, I hear Thy voice,  
I taste Thy sweetest love,  
My soul doth leap,—but oh ! for wings,  
The wings of Noah's dove !

8—Then should I flee far hence away,  
Leaving this world of sin ;  
Then should my Lord put forth His hand  
And kindly take me in.

9—Then should my soul with angels feast,  
On joys that always last ;—  
Bless'd be my God, the God of joy,  
Who gives me here a taste !

154


*Matt. x. 29.*

P.M.

1—Mighty God ! on whom the cares  
Of all creation lie ;  
And whose ample bosom bears  
The load so easily.  
Midst the worlds that lean on Thee,  
Thou hast loving thoughts of me.

2—Ever quickly Thou dost hear  
Thy children's feeble cry,  
And dost keep them everywhere  
Beneath Thy watchful eye.  
Midst the worlds that lean on Thee,  
Thou hast faithful thoughts of me.

3—Anxious cares and heavy woes  
Oft agitate my breast ;  
And no balm on earth that grows  
Can give my spirit rest.



But midst worlds that lean on Thee  
Thou hast gentle thoughts of me.

155

Numb. xxi. 4.

P.M.

1—Pilgrim of earth, who art journeying to  
heaven!

Heir of eternal life! child of the day!  
Cared for, watch'd over, beloved and forgiven,  
Art thou discouraged because of the way?

2—*Cared for watch'd over*, tho' often thou  
seemest

Justly forsaken, nor counted a child—  
*Loved and forgiven*, tho' rightly thou deemest  
Thyself all unlovely, impure, and defiled.

3—Weary and thirsty, no water-brook near thee,  
Press on, nor faint at the length of the way;  
The God of thy life will assuredly hear thee;  
He will provide thee with strength for the day.

4—Break through the brambles and briars that  
obstruct thee;  
Dread not the gloom and the blackness of  
night;  
Lean on the hand that will safely conduct  
thee;  
Trust to *His* eye to whom darkness is light!

5—Be trustful, be steadfast, whatever betide thee  
 Only one thing do thou ask of the Lord—  
 Grace to go forward wherever He guide thee  
 Simply believing the truth of His word.

6—Still on thy spirit deep anguish is pressing—  
*Not* for the yoke that His wisdom bestows—  
 A heavier burden thy soul is distressing,  
 A heart that is slow in His love to repose ;—

7—Earthliness, coldness, unthankful behaviour  
 Oh ! thou may'st sorrow, but do not despair  
 Even this grief thou may'st bring to thy  
 Saviour ;  
 Cast upon Him e'en this burden and care !

8—Bring all thy hardness,—His pow'r can  
 subdue it :  
 How full is the promise ! the blessing how  
 free !  
 “Whatsoever ye ask in my name, I will do it.  
 “Abide in my love, and be joyful in me.”

1—Go when the morning shineth—  
 Go when the moon is bright—  
 Go when the eve declineth—  
 Go in the hush of night :

Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thoughts away,  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.

2—Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee ;  
Pray too for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be.  
Then for thyself in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3—Or if 'tis here denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee  
When friends are round thy way,  
E'en then the silent breathing  
Of thy spirit raised above,  
Will reach His throne of glory,  
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

4—Oh ! not a joy or blessing  
With this can we compare,  
The power that He has given us,  
To pour our souls in prayer !  
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before His footstool fall,  
And remember in thy gladness  
His *grace* who gave thee all.

## 157

*Psalm cxix. 105.*

C

- 1—Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace  
Our path, as here we stray ;  
Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace-  
Brook by the traveller's way.
- 2—Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,  
Our manna from on high ;  
Our guide, our chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky.
- 3—Pillar of fire through watches dark,  
Or radiant cloud by day ;  
When waves would whelm our tossing ba  
Our anchor and our stay.
- 4—Pole star on life's tempestuous deep ;  
Beacon when doubts surround ;  
Compass by which our course we keep ;  
Our plummet-line to sound.
- 5—Our shield and buckler in the fight ;  
In victory's hour the palm ;  
Comfort in grief, in weakness—might ;  
In sickness—Gilead's balm.
- 6—Childhood's instructor, manhood's trust,  
Old age's firm ally,  
Our hope, when we go down to dust,  
Of immortality.

7—Word of the living God !  
 Will of His glorious Son !  
 Without Thee, how could earth be trod,  
 Or heaven itself be won ?

158

*Psalm lxxxiv. 14.*

S.M.

1—O Lord ! I look to Thee,  
 To Thee lift up my heart ;  
 In heaven I would Thy glory see,  
 Now, therefore, grace impart,—

2—Grace to prevent my sin,  
 My passions to subdue,  
 My heart to change, my soul to win,  
 My spirit to renew,—

3—Grace every hour to bend  
 My stubborn will to Thine,  
 Till I in mind and heart ascend  
 To where the angels shine,—

4—Grace that I ever may  
 Walk humbly with my God,  
 And choose the self-renouncing way  
 The lowly Jesus trod,—



5—Grace to each stroke to bow,  
Gladly each cross to bear,  
That, suff'ring with the Saviour now,  
I soon His joy may share,—

6—Grace to be kind to all,  
All to forbear in love,  
Gently to deal with those that fall,  
Like Him who reigns above,—

7—Grace, even to my foes,  
In tenderness to speak,  
And, tho' they wrong me and oppose,  
To be like Jesus—meek,—

8—Grace, onward still to go,  
Forward each day to press,  
'Till Thou the blood-bought prize bestow,  
Christ's crown of righteousness.

9—Lord ! give me this rich grace !  
Oh, give Thyself to me,  
That I may dwell before Thy face,  
And all Thy glory see.

C. T. ASTLEY.

9

*Acts xx. 38.*

P.M.

—Friend after friend departs,—

Who hath not lost a friend ?

There is no union here of hearts

That finds not here an end :

Were this frail world our final rest,

Living or dying none were blest.

—Beyond the flight of time,

Beyond this vale of death,

There surely is some blessed clime,

Where life is not a breath,

Nor life's affections transient fire,

Whose sparks fly upward and expire !

—There is a world above,

Where parting is unknown,

A whole eternity of love,

Form'd for the saints alone :

And faith beholds the dying here

Translated to that happier sphere.

—Thus star by star declines,

'Till all are pass'd away,

As morning high and higher shines

To pure and perfect day :

Nor sink these stars in empty night—

They hide themselves in Christ's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

160

*Psalm xxxix.* 12.

P.M.

- 1—I'm wand'ring down life's shady path,  
Slowly, slowly, wand'ring down ;  
I'm wand'ring down life's rugged path,  
Slowly, slowly, wand'ring down.
- 2—Morn, with its store of buds and dew,  
Lies far behind me now ;  
Morn, with its wealth of song and light,  
Lies far behind me now.
- 3—The pleasant heights of breezy life,  
The pleasant heights are past ;  
The sunny slopes of buoyant life,  
The sunny slopes are past.
- 4—I shall rest in yon low valley soon,  
There to sleep my toil away ;  
I shall rest in yon sweet valley soon,  
There to sleep my tears away.
- 5—Laid side by side with those I love,  
How calm that rest shall be !  
Laid side by side with those I love,  
How soft that sleep shall be !
- 6—I shall rise and put on glory,  
When the great morn shall dawn ;  
I shall rise and put on beauty,  
When the glad morn shall dawn.

7—I shall mount to yon fair city,  
     The dwelling of the blest ;  
 I shall enter yon bright city,  
     The palace of the blest.

8—I shall meet the many parted ones,  
     In that our home of joy :—  
 Lost love for ever found again,  
     In that dear home of joy.

9—We have shared our earthly sorrows,  
     Each with the other here ;  
 We shall share our earthly gladness,  
     Each with the other there.

10—We have mingled tears together,  
     We shall mingle smiles and song :  
 We have mingled sighs together,  
     We shall mingle smiles and song.

H. BONAR.

161

*John i. 29.*

P.M.

1—My faith looks up to Thee,  
     Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
     Saviour divine ;  
 Now hear me while I pray,  
 Take all my guilt away,  
 O let me from this day  
     Be wholly Thine.

2—May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire :  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh may my love to Thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

3—When life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide,  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4—When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove,  
Oh ! bear me safe above,  
A ransom'd soul.

162

*Rom. xiv. 8.*

P.M.

1—"We are the Lord's." His all-sufficient  
merit,  
Seal'd on the cross, to us this grace accords ;

“We are the Lord’s,” and all things shall  
inherit,  
Whether we live or die, “We are the  
Lord’s.”

2—“We are the Lord’s.” Then let us gladly  
tender  
Our souls to Him in deeds, not empty  
words ;  
Let heart, and tongue, and life, combine to  
render  
No doubtful witness that “We are the  
Lord’s.”

3—“We are the Lord’s.” No darkness brood-  
ing o’er us  
Can make us tremble, while this star affords  
A steady light along the path before us—  
Faith’s full assurance that “We are the  
Lord’s.”

4—“We are the Lord’s. No evil can befall us  
In the dread hour of life’s fast loosening  
cords ;  
No pangs of death shall even then appal us ;  
Death we shall vanquish, for “We are the  
Lord’s.”

C. T. ASTLEY.

163

*Acts xxi. 14.*

P.M.

- 1—As Thou wilt, my God ! I ever say ;  
    What Thou wilt is ever best for me ;  
    What have I to do with earthly care,  
    Since to-morrow I may leave with Thee ?  
    Lord, Thou knowest I am not my own,  
    All my hope and help depend on Thee alone.
- 2—As Thou wilt ! still I can believe,  
    Never did the word of promise fail ;  
    Faith can hold it fast, and feel it sure,  
    Tho' temptations cloud, and fears assail.  
    Why art thou disquieted, my soul,  
    When thy Father knows and rules the  
        whole ?
- 3—As Thou wilt ! still I can endure  
    Patiently my daily cross to bear ;  
    Why should I complain, a pardon'd child,  
    If the children's portion here I share ?  
    As Thou wilt, my Father and my God !  
    I can drink the cup, and bless the rod.
- 4—As Thou wilt ! still I can hope on.  
    Sunshine may return when storms have  
        pass'd ;  
    Thine all-seeing eye of sleepless love  
    Watches o'er my path from first to last.

When Thou wilt, upon the desert plain  
Springs may rise anew, and rivers flow  
again.

5—As Thou wilt! all life's journey through,  
To Thy will my own I would resign;  
If on earth I have but little store,  
Be it so! all heaven shall be mine:  
And if but Thyself, my God, art given,  
Nothing more I need or ask in earth or  
heaven.

6—As Thou wilt! when Thine hour is come,  
Let Thy servant, Lord, in peace depart;  
Good it is to love and serve Thee here,  
Better to be with Thee where Thou art.  
When, or where, or how the call may be,  
It will not come too early or too late for me.

7—As Thou wilt! O Lord, I ask no more.  
With the promise faith pursues her way;  
Patience can endure through sorrow's night;  
Hope can look beyond to heaven's own  
day;  
Love can wait, and trust, and labour still;—  
Life and death shall be according to Thy  
will!

NEUMEISTER.

*From Hymns from the Land of Luther.*



164

*Psalm* iv. 1.

P.M.

- 1—When morn awakes our hearts  
    To form the early prayer ;  
When toil-worn day departs,  
    And gives a pause to care ;  
When those our soul loves best,  
    Kneel with us in Thy fear,  
To ask Thy peace and rest,  
    Our God, our Father, hear !
- 2—When worldly snares without,  
    And evil thoughts within,  
Of grace would raise a doubt,  
    Or lure us back to sin ;—  
When human strength proves frail,  
    And will but half sincere,  
When faith begins to fail,  
    Our God, our Father, hear !
- 3—When in our cup of mirth  
    The drop of trembling falls,  
And the frail props of earth  
    Are crumbling round our walls ;  
When back we gaze with grief,  
    And forward glance with fear,  
When faileth man's relief,  
    Our God, our Father, hear !

4—And when death's awful hand  
 Unbars the gates of time,  
 Eternity's dim land  
 Disclosing, dread, sublime ;  
 When flesh and spirit quake  
 Before Thee to appear—  
 Oh ! then for Jesu's sake,  
 Our God, our Father, hear !

65

1 *Sam.* vii. 12.

P.M.

—Thus far the Lord has led us ! in darkness  
 and in day,  
 Thro' all the varied stages of the narrow  
 homeward way.  
 Long since He took that journey, He trod  
 that path alone,  
 Its trials and its dangers full well Himself  
 hath known.

—Thus far the Lord hath led us ! the promise  
 has not fail'd,  
 The enemy encounter'd oft has never quite  
 prevail'd ;  
 The shield of faith has turned aside, or  
 quench'd each fiery dart,  
 The Spirit's sword in weakest hands has  
 forced him to depart.

3—Thus far the Lord hath led us ! the waters  
have been high,  
But yet in passing thro' them, we felt that  
He was nigh.  
A very present helper in troubles we have  
found ;  
His comforts most abounded when our sor-  
rows did abound.

4—Thus far the Lord hath led us ! our need  
hath been supplied,  
And mercy has encompass'd us about on  
every side,  
Still falls the daily manna, the pure rock-  
fountains flow,  
And many flowers of love and hope along  
the wayside grow.

5—Thus far the Lord hath led us ! and will He  
now forsake  
The feeble ones whom for His own it pleased  
Him to take ?  
Oh, never, never ! earthly friends may cold  
and faithless prove,  
But His is changeless pity and everlasting  
love.

6—Calmly we look behind us, on joys and sorrows past,  
 We know that all is mercy now, and shall be well at last ;  
 Calmly we look before us,—we fear no future ill,  
 Enough for safety and for peace, if *Thou* art with us still.

7—Yes ! “ they that know Thy name, Lord, shall put their trust in Thee,”  
 While nothing in themselves but sin and helplessness they see.  
 The race Thou hast appointed us, with patience we can run,  
 Thou wilt perform unto the end, the work Thou hast begun.

166

*Rev. v. 9.*

7.6.

1—I give Thee thanks unfeigned,  
 O Jesus, Friend in need,  
 For what Thy soul sustained  
 When Thou for me didst bleed.  
 Grant me to lean unshaken  
 Upon Thy faithfulness,  
 Until I hence am taken,  
 To see Thee face to face.

2—I'll here with Thee continue ;  
    (Though poor, despise me not,  
I'm one of Thy retinue :)  
    As were I on the spot,  
When, earning my election,  
    Thy heart-strings broke in death,  
With shame and love's affection  
    I'll watch Thy latest breath.

3—What heavenly consolation  
    Doth in my heart take place,  
When I Thy toil and passion  
    Can in some measure trace !  
Ah ! should I, while thus musing  
    On my Redeemer's cross,  
E'en life itself be losing,  
    Great gain would be that loss.

4—Own me, Lord, my Preserver,  
    My Shepherd, me receive ;  
I know Thy love's strong fervour  
    By all thy pain and grief :  
Thou richly didst supply me  
    With soul sustaining food,  
Nor does Thy love deny me  
    Thy holy flesh and blood.

5—Lord, at my dissolution  
Do not from me depart ;  
Support at the conclusion  
Of life, my fainting heart ;  
And when I pine and languish,  
Seiz'd with death's agony,  
O by Thy pain and anguish  
Set me at liberty !

6—Lord, grant me Thy protection ;  
Remind me of Thy death  
And glorious resurrection,  
When I resign my breath ;  
Ah ! then, though I be dying  
Midst sickness, grief and pain,  
I shall, on Thee relying,  
Eternal life obtain.

167

*Cant. viii. 5.*

P.M.

1—Leaning on Thee, my Guide and Friend,  
My gracious Saviour ! I am blest ;  
Tho' weary, Thou dost condescend  
To be my rest.

2—Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith,  
To Thee the future I confide ;  
Each step of life's untrodden path  
Thy love will guide.

3—Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,  
    Though faint with languor, parch'd with  
        heat ;  
Thy will has now become my own—  
    That will is sweet.

4—Leaning on Thee, midst torturing pain,  
    With patience Thou my soul dost fill ;  
Thou whisperest “What did I sustain ?”—  
    Then I am still.

5—Leaning on Thee, I do not dread  
    The havoc that disease may make ;  
Thou who for me Thy blood hast shed  
    Wilt ne'er forsake.

6—Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,  
    Too weak another voice to hear,  
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,  
    “Be of good cheer.”

7—Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms ;  
    Calmly I stand on death's dark brink ;  
I feel “the everlasting arms ;”  
    I cannot sink.

168

*Exodus xxv. 22.*

P.M.

- 1—When to my closet I repair,  
To breathe my soul's desires in prayer,  
And bending low at Jesu's feet,  
I look towards the mercy-seat,  
This promise, Lord, shall be my plea—  
*There*, sinner, I will meet with thee.
- 2—When Holy Scripture I peruse,  
And o'er its sacred pages muse,  
Oh ! then this precious word fulfil ;  
And while I seek to learn Thy will,  
Draw near, in answer to my prayer,  
And, gracious Saviour, meet me *there*.
- 3—When in Thy temple-courts I stand,  
Amid Thy little chosen band,  
Assist me then my soul to raise  
In earnest prayer and cheerful praise ;  
*There* let me Thy salvation see,  
And, gracious Saviour, meet with me.
- 4—Or should it be Thy wise decree  
To lay Thy chastening hand on me,  
And make the couch of suffering mine,  
Yet would Thy servant not repine,  
If only this my portion be,  
My Saviour ! *there* to meet with Thee.



5—When sorrow's gloomy path I tread,  
And threat'ning clouds meet o'er my head,  
I'll onward go without a fear,  
If only Jesus' voice I hear :  
E'en then the darkness light shall be,  
If *there* my Saviour meet with me.

6—And when my closing hour draws nigh—  
That solemn hour when I shall die—  
When Jordan's banks I shall descend,  
Leaving behind each earthly friend,  
To Canaan's shores my spirit bear,  
And, gracious Saviour ! meet me *there*.

169

*Eccles. ix. 10.*

P.M.

1—Make haste, O man, to live,  
For thou so soon must die ;  
Time hurries past thee like the breeze,  
How swift its moments fly !  
Make haste, O man, to live !

2—To breathe, and wake, and sleep,  
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,  
To move in idleness through earth,  
This, this is not to live !  
Make haste, O man, to live !

- 3—Make haste, O man to do  
    Whatever must be done ;  
    Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,  
    Thy day will soon be gone.  
    Make haste, O man, to live !
- 4—Up then with speed, and work,  
    Fling ease and self away ;  
    This is no time for thee to sleep,  
    Up, watch, and work, and pray !  
    Make haste, O man, to live !
- 5—The useful, not the great,  
    The thing that never dies,  
    The silent toil that is not lost,—  
    Set these before thine eyes.  
    Make haste, O man, to live !
- 6—The seed whose leaf and flower,  
    Tho' poor in human sight,  
    Brings forth at last eternal fruit,  
    Sow thou both day and night.  
    Make haste, O man, to live !
- 7—Make haste, O man, to live,  
    Thy time is almost o'er ;  
    O sleep not, dream not, but arise,  
    The Judge is at the door.  
    Make haste, O man, to live !

170

*Isaiah* xliii. 2.

P.M.

- 1—Be steady, be steady, oh ! my soul,  
For the sea is near and the billows roll ;  
With the help of God and none beside,  
We shall safely pass the raging tide.
- 2—Jesus, Jehovah, be our stay  
Over the dark and troublous way ;  
Embark'd in Thee, we shall feel no fear,  
Though the storm, the trial of life, be near.
- 3—Forget Him not, oh ! my soul, remove  
All thoughts that breathe not of Jesu's  
love—  
His perfect love—who so freely gave  
His innocent life, thy life to save.
- 4—Oh ! let the sweet remembrance be  
Laid up in thine inmost treasury,  
There it shall brighten more and more,  
The most precious pearl of that secret store.

171

*Psalms* cxxxv. 6.

P.M.

- 1—What God decrees, child of His love,  
Take patiently, tho' it may prove  
The storm that wrecks thy treasure here ;  
Be comforted ! thou need'st not fear  
What pleases God.

- The wisest will is God's own will ;  
Rest on this anchor and be still ;  
For peace around thy path shall flow,  
When only wishing here below  
What pleases God.
- The truest heart is God's own heart,  
Which bids thy grief and fear depart,  
Protecting, guiding, day and night,  
The soul that welcomes here aright  
What pleases God.
- Oh ! could I sing as I desire,  
My grateful heart should never tire,  
To tell the wondrous love and power,  
Thus working out from hour to hour  
What pleases God.
- The King of kings, He rules the earth,  
He sends us sorrow here or mirth,  
He bears the ocean in His hand ;  
And thus we meet, on sea or land,  
What pleases God.
- His church on earth He dearly loves,  
Altho' He oft its sin reproves ;  
The rod itself His love can speak,  
He smites till we return to seek  
What pleases God.

7—Then let the crowd around thee seize  
 The joys that for a season please,  
 But willingly their path forsake,  
 And for thy blessed portion take  
     What pleases God.

8—Art thou despised by all around ?  
 Do tribulations here abound ?  
 Jesus will give the victory,  
 Because His eye can see in thee  
     What pleases God.

9—Thy heritage is safe in heaven ;  
 There shall the crown of joy be given ;  
 There shalt thou hear and see and know,  
 As thou could'st never here below,  
     What pleases God.

GERHARDT.

*From Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

172

*Isaiah l. 10.*

P.M.

1—The way seems dark about me, overhead  
 The clouds have long since met in gloomy  
     spread ;  
 And when I look'd to see the day break  
     through,  
 Cloud after cloud came up with volume new.

2—And in that shadow I have pass'd along,  
Feeling myself grow weak as it grew strong,  
Walking in doubt and searching for the way,  
And often at a stand, as now to-day.

3—Lord ! I am not sufficient for these things ;  
Give me the light that Thy sweet presence  
brings ;  
Give me Thy grace, give me Thy constant  
strength—  
Lord ! for my comfort now appear at length.

4—It may be that my way doth seem confused,  
Because my heart of Thy way is afraid ;  
Because my eyes have constantly refused  
To see the only opening Thou hast made.

5—Because my will would cross some flowery  
plain,  
Where Thou hast thrown a hedge from side  
to side ;  
And turneth from the stony path of pain,  
Its trouble, or its ease, not even tried.

—If thus I try to force my way along,  
The smoothest road encumber'd is to me ;  
For were I as an angel swift or strong,  
I could not go unless allow'd by Thee.

7—And now I pray Thee, Lord, to lead T  
child,  
Poor, wretched wanderer from Thy gr  
and love—  
Whatever way Thou pleasest through t  
wild,  
So it but take me to my home above.

173

*Luke ii. 14.*

P.

1—Glory to God on high !  
Peace upon earth and joy !  
Good will to man !  
Ye, who the blessing prove,  
Join with the hosts above,  
Sing ye a Saviour's love,—  
Too vast to scan.

2—Mercy and truth unite ;  
This is a joyful sight,  
All sights above !  
Jesus the curse sustains ;  
Bitter the cup He drains ;  
Nothing for us remains,  
Nothing but love.

3—Love, that no tongue can teach,  
Love, that no thought can reach,  
No love like His !

Heaven is its blessed source,  
 Death could not stop its course,  
 Nothing can check its force,  
 Matchless it is.

4—Join then this love to sing,  
 Join to exalt our King,  
 Sinners forgiven.  
 To the great One in Three,  
 Honour and majesty,  
 Now and for ever be,  
 Here and in heaven !

74

*Isaiah lii. 7.*

P.M.

1—How sweet the Gospel trumpet sounds !  
 Its notes are grace and love ;  
 Its echo through the world resounds  
 From Jesu's throne above.

HORUS. It is the sound, the joyful sound,  
 Of mercy rich and free ;  
 Pardon it offers, peace proclaims ;—  
 Sinner ! it speaks to Thee.

2—It tells the weary soul of rest,  
 The poor of heavenly wealth,  
 Of joy to heal the mourning breast ;  
 It brings the sin-sick health.  
*It is the sound, &c.*



3—Its words announce a heavenly feast  
 Of water, milk, and wine,  
 And manna in the wilderness,  
 Provisions all divine.  
 It is the sound, &c.

4—It speaks of boundless grace by which  
 The vilest are forgiven ;  
 To Christians it proclaims a rich  
 Inheritance in heaven.  
 It is the sound, &c.

5—To men in every clime, degree,  
 Its message is address'd ;  
 The Jew and Gentile, bond and free,  
 Are with its blessings bless'd.  
 It is the sound, &c.

175

*John x. 11.*

P.M.

1—Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear ;  
 Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear ?  
 Only let us follow whither He doth lead,  
 To the thirsty desert or the dewy mead.

2—Jesus is our Shepherd ;—well we know His  
 voice ;  
 How the gentlest whisper makes our heart  
 rejoice !

Even when it chideth tender in its tone ;  
None but He shall guide us ; we are His  
alone.

—Jesus is our Shepherd ;—for the sheep He  
bled ;  
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood He  
shed ;  
“Then on each He setteth His own secret  
sign,—  
“They that have My Spirit, these,” saith  
He “are mine.”

†—Jesus is our Shepherd ;—guarded by His  
arm,  
Though the wolves may raven, none can do  
us harm ;  
When we tread death's valley, dark with  
fearful gloom,  
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

—Jesus is our Shepherd ;—with His goodness  
now  
And His tender mercy, He doth us endow ;  
Let us sing His praises with a gladsome  
heart,  
Till in heaven we meet Him, never more to  
part.

## 176

*Psalm xxxi. 3.*


{

1—Gently, Lord ! O gently lead us  
Thro' this gloomy vale of tears,  
Thro' the changes Thou'st decreed us,  
Till our last great change appears.  
Oh ! refresh us with Thy blessing,  
Oh ! refresh us with Thy grace ;  
May Thy mercies never ceasing  
Fit us for Thy dwelling place !

2—When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in Thy perfect way.  
Oh ! refresh us with Thy blessing, &c.

3—In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.  
Oh ! refresh us with Thy blessing, &c.

4—When this mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,  
Till by angel hands attended,  
We awake among the blest.  
Oh ! refresh us with Thy blessing, &c.



5—Then O crown us with Thy blessing,  
     Thro' the triumphs of Thy grace ;  
 Then shall praises never ceasing,  
     Echo thro' Thy dwelling place.  
 Oh ! refresh us with Thy blessing, &c.

177

*Job iii. 18.*

S.M.

1—Lie down, frail body, here ;  
     Earth has no fairer bed,  
 No gentler pillow to afford ;—  
     Come, rest thy home-sick head.

2—Lie down, with all thy aches ;  
     There is no aching here ;  
 How soon shall all thy life-long ills  
     For ever disappear !

3—Thro' these well-guarded gates  
     No foe can entrance gain ;  
 No sickness wastes, nor once intrudes  
     The memory of pain.

4—Foot-sore and worn thou art,  
     Breathless with toil and fight ;  
 How welcome now the long-sought rest  
     Of *this* all-tranquil night !

5—Rest for the toiling hand !

Rest for the thought-worn brow !

Rest for the weary, way-sore feet !

Rest from all labour now !

6—Rest for the fever'd brain !

Rest for the throbbing eye !

Thro' these parch'd lips of thine no more

Shall pass the moan or sigh.

7—Soon shall the trump of God

Give out the welcome sound,

That shakes thy silent chamber walls,

And breaks the turf-seal'd ground.

8—Ye dwellers in the dust,

Awake, come forth, and sing ;

Sharp has your frost of winter been,

But bright shall be your spring.

9—"Twas sown in weakness here ;

'Twill then be raised in power.

That which was sown an earthly seed,

Shall rise a heavenly flower.

'8

*Isaiah* xliii. 1.

C.M.

- Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears,  
    Be mercy all your theme,—  
    Mercy, which like a river flows  
    In one continual stream.
- Fear not the powers of earth or hell ;  
    God will these powers restrain,  
    His mighty arm their rage repel  
    And make their efforts vain.
- Fear not the want of outward good ;  
    He will for His provide,  
    Grant them supplies of daily food,  
    And all they need beside.
- Fear not that He will e'er forsake,  
    Or leave His work undone ;  
    He's faithful to His promises,  
    And faithful to His Son.
- Fear not the terrors of the grave,  
    Or death's tremendous sting ;  
    He will from endless wrath preserve,  
    To endless glory bring.
- You in His wisdom, power, and grace,  
    May confidently trust ;  
    His wisdom guides, His power protects,  
    His *grace* rewards the just.      BEDDOME.

179

*Heb. xii. 2.*

P.M.

1—Jesus in thy memory keep,—

Would'st thou be God's child and friend :

Jesus in thy heart shrin'd deep,—

Still thy gaze on Jesus bend.

In thy toiling, in thy resting,

Look to Him with every breath,

Look to Jesu's life and death.

2—Look to Jesus, 'till reviving

Faith and love thy life-springs swell ;

Strength for all things good deriving

From Him who did all things well :

Work, as He did, in thy season,

Works which shall not fade away,—

Work while it is called to-day.

3—Look to Jesus, prayerful, waking,

When thy feet on roses tread ;

Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,

With Thy cross where He hath led.

Look to Jesus in temptations ;

Baffled shall the tempter flee,

And God's angels come to thee.

—Look to Jesus, when distressed ;  
    See what He, the Holy bore ;  
Is thy heart with conflict pressed ?  
    Is thy soul still harass'd sore ?  
See His sweat of blood, His conflict,  
Watch His agony increase,  
Hear His prayer and feel His peace.

—By want's fretting cares surrounded,  
    Does long pain press forth thy sighs ?  
By ingratitude deep wounded,  
    Does a scornful world despise ?  
Friends forsake thee or deny thee ?  
See what Jesus did endure,  
He who as the light was pure.

—Look to Jesus still to shield thee  
    When no longer thou may'st live :  
In that last need He will yield thee  
    Peace the world can never give.  
Look to Him, thy head low bending ;  
He who finish'd all for thee,  
Takes thee, then with Him to be.



180

*Ephes. iv. 8.*

P.M.

1—Sound the high praises of Jesus our King ;  
He came and He conquer'd—His victory  
sing ;

Sing, for the power of the tyrant is broken,  
The triumph's complete over death and the  
grave :

Vain is their boasting ; Jehovah hath spoken,  
And Jesus proclaim'd Himself mighty to  
save.

Sound the high praises of Jesus our King ;  
He came and He conquer'd—His victory  
sing.

2—Praise to the Conqueror ! Praise to the Lord !  
The enemy quail'd at the might of His word ;  
In heaven He ascends and unfolds the glad  
story,

The host of the blessed exult in His fame ;  
In love He looks down from the throne of  
His glory,

And rescues the ruin'd who trust in His  
name.

Sound the high praises of Jesus our King ;  
He came and He conquer'd—His victory  
sing.

181

*Psalm lxii. 5.*

P.M.

1—Oh ! foolish heart, be still,  
And vex thyself no more,  
Wait thou for God until  
He opens pleasure's door.  
Thou know'st not what is good for thee,  
But God doth know ;—  
Let Him thy strong reliance be ;  
And rest thee so.

2—He counted all my days,  
And ev'ry joy and tear,  
Ere I knew how to praise,  
Or e'en had learn'd to fear.  
Before I Him, my Father, knew,  
He call'd me child :  
His help has guarded me all through  
This weary wild.

3—The least of all my cares  
Is not to Him unknown ;  
He sees, and He prepares  
The pathway for His own :  
And what His hand assigns to me,  
That serves my peace,—  
The greatest burden it might be,  
Yet joys increase.

4—I live no more on earth,  
Nor seek my full joy here ;  
The world seems little worth,  
When heaven is shining clear :  
Yet joyfully I go my way,  
So free, so blest !  
Sweet'ning my toil from day to day  
With thoughts of rest.

5—Give me, my Lord, whate'er  
Will bind my heart to Thee ;  
For that I make my prayer,  
And know Thou hearest me.  
But all that might keep back my soul,  
Make Thee forgot—  
Tho' of earth-good it were the whole,  
Oh ! give it not.

6—When sickness and distress  
Fill all my soul with fear,  
And men their hate express,  
My sky shall still be clear :  
Then wait I, Lord, and wait for Thee ;  
And I am still—  
Tho' *mine* should unaccomplish'd be,  
Do Thou *Thy* will !

7—Thou art the strength and stay  
 Of ev'ry weary soul ;  
 Thy wisdom rules the way ;  
 Thy pity does control.  
 What ill can happen unto me  
 When Thou art near ?  
 Thou wilt, O God, my keeper be ;—  
 I will not fear.

C. F. GELBERT.

2

*Isaiah xxxviii. 14.*

P.M.

—I am oppressed ; my gracious God !  
 I cry beneath Thy chastening rod ;  
 Lord, undertake for me !

—I am oppressed ; I look around,  
 And see Thy judgment's heavy cloud ;  
 Oh ! undertake for me !

—I am oppressed ; I weep with those  
 Who sorrow 'neath a Christian's woes ;  
 Then undertake for me !

—I am oppressed ; I bear within .  
 A heart that's fill'd with shame and sin ;  
 Yet undertake for me !

5—I am oppressed ; at my right hand  
The tempter of my soul doth stand ;  
Lord, undertake for me !

6—I am oppressed ; behold my tears,  
Receive my prayer, remove my fears ;  
Still undertake for me !

7—I am oppressed ; O ! Saviour say,  
That Thou wilt wipe my tears away,  
And undertake for me !

## 183

*Psalm lxxv. 8—13.*

P.M

1—The God of harvest praise ;  
In loud thanksgiving raise  
Hand, heart, and voice :  
The valleys laugh and sing,  
Forests and mountains ring,  
The plains their tribute bring,  
The streams rejoice.

2—Garden and orchard ground  
Autumnal fruits have crown'd,  
The vintage glows ;  
Here plenty pours her horn,  
There the full tide of corn,  
Sway'd by the breath of morn,  
The land o'erflows.

- 3—The wind, the rain, the sun,  
Their genial work have done ;—  
    Would'st thou be fed ?  
Man to thy labour bow,  
Thrust in the sickle now,  
Reap where thou once did'st plough—  
    God sends thee bread.
- 4—Thy few seeds scatter'd wide,  
His hand hath multiplied ;—  
    Here thou may'st find  
Christ's miracle renew'd ;  
With self-producing food  
He feeds a multitude—  
    He feeds mankind.
- 5—The God of harvest praise ;  
Hands, hearts and voices raise  
    With one accord.  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along,  
And in your harvest song,  
    Bless ye the Lord.
- 6—Yes ! bless His holy name,  
And your soul's thanks proclaim  
    Through all the earth.  
To glory in your lot  
Is comely ; but be not  
His benefits forgot,  
    Amidst your mirth.

MONTGOMERY.

184

*Psalm xxix. 10.*

C.M

- 1—He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,  
    And He is strong to save ;  
    He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,  
    And guides each drifting wave.
- 2—Though loud around the vessel's prow  
    The waves may toss and break,  
    Yet at His word they sink to rest  
    As on a tranquil lake.
- 3—He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,  
    When waves of sorrow rise ;  
    And while He holds the bitter cup  
    He wipes the tearful eyes.
- 4—He knows how long the wilful heart  
    Requires the chast'ning grief ;  
    And soon as sorrow's work is done,  
    'Tis He who sends relief.
- 5—He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,  
    As in the days of old ;  
    When o'er the Saviour's sinless head  
    The waves and billows roll'd.
- 6—Yes ! all the billows pass'd o'er Him ;  
    Our sins—they bore Him down ;  
    For us He met the crushing storm—  
    He met th' Almighty's frown.

7—He sitteth o'er the water-floods ;  
Then doubt and fear no more,  
For He who pass'd through *all* the storms,  
Has reach'd the heavenly shore.

—And ev'ry tempest-driven bark,  
With Jesus for its guide,  
Will soon be moor'd in harbour calm,  
In glory to abide.

5 *Psalm lxxv. 2.* P.M.

1—O Thou who hearest prayer,  
The God of power and might,  
To seek Thy face be all our care,  
Our whole delight.  
O God of grace and love,  
Regard us from Thy throne ;  
Send down to us the heavenly Dove,  
Seal us Thine own.

2—We have no other trust  
But Thy dear sacrifice ;  
Our hope, Thou holy One and just,  
Do not despise :  
Sinful, we plead Thy blood ;  
Weak, we implore Thy power ;  
Saviour, remember us for good  
In danger's hour.



3—Come with Thy saving strength,  
 With healing virtue come,  
 And let Thy guiding hand at length  
 Conduct us home :  
 Till sav'd from all annoy  
 Of earthly fear and strife,  
 We enter into endless joy,  
 And heavenly life.

189

*Eccles. ix. 10.*

P.M.

- 1—'Tis not for man to trifle ! Time is short,  
 And sin is here.  
 Our life is but the falling of a leaf,  
 A dropping tear.  
 We have no time to sport away the hours ;  
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.
- 2—Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we,—  
 One, only one ;—  
 How sacred should that one life ever be,  
 That narrow span !  
 Day after day fill'd up with blessed toil,  
 Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.
- 3—Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,  
 No idle tale,  
 No cloud that floats along a sky of light,  
 On summer gale.

They are the true realities of earth,  
 Friends and companions even from our birth.  
 —O life below,—how brief, and poor, and sad !  
     One heavy sigh !  
 O life above,—how long, how fair, and glad !  
     An endless joy !  
 Oh, to be done with daily dying here !  
 Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere !  
 —O day of time, how dark ! O sky and earth,  
     How dull your hue !  
 O day of Christ, how bright ! O sky and  
     earth,  
     Each fair and new !  
 Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green !  
 Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene !

H. BONAR.

87

*Isaiah* lv. 3.

P.M.

1—Sinner, hear thy Saviour's call,  
     He now is passing by ;  
 He has seen thy grievous thrall,  
     And heard thy mournful cry.  
 He has pardon to impart,  
     Grace to save thee from thy fears ;  
 See the love that fills His heart,  
     And wipe away thy tears.

- 2—Why art thou afraid to come  
And tell Him all Thy case ?  
He will not pronounce thy doom,  
Nor frown thee from His face.  
Wilt thou fear Immanuel ?  
Wilt thou dread the Son of God,  
Who to save thy soul from hell,  
Has shed His precious blood ?
- 3—Think how on the cross He hung,  
Pierced with a thousand wounds ;—  
Hark ! from each, as from a tongue,  
The voice of pardon sounds.  
See from all His open'd veins  
Blood of wondrous virtue flow,  
Shed to wash away thy stains,  
And ransom thee from woe.
- 4—Though His majesty be great,  
His mercy is no less ;  
Though He thy transgression hate,  
He feels for thy distress.  
By Himself the Lord has sworn,  
He delights not in thy death,  
But invites thee to return,  
That thou may'st live by death.
-

5—Raise thy downcast eyes and see  
     What throngs His throne surround ;  
 These, tho' sinners once like thee,  
     Have full salvation found.  
 Yield not then to unbelief,  
     While He says "There yet is room,"  
 Though of sinners thou art chief,  
     Since Jesus calls thee, *come*.

188

*John xix. 30.*

S.M.

1—Christ's grave is vacant now,  
     Left for the throne above ;  
 His cross asserts God's right to bless,  
     In His own boundless love.

2—"Twas there the blood was shed,  
     'Twas there the life was pour'd,  
 There mercy gain'd her diadem,  
     While justice sheath'd her sword.

3—And thence the child of faith  
     Sees judgment all gone by,  
 Perceives the sentence fully met,  
     "The soul that sins shall die ;"—

4—Learns how that God in love  
Gave Christ the sins to bear  
Of all who own His Lordship now,  
That they His place might share ;—

5—And cries with wondering joy,  
“As He is so am I,”  
Pure, holy, loved as Christ Himself,—  
Who shall my peace destroy ?

6—Reach my blest Saviour first,  
Take Him from God’s esteem,  
Prove Jesus bears one spot of sin,  
*Then* tell me I’m unclean !

7—Nay ! for He purged my guilt  
By His own precious blood,  
And such its virtue, not a stain  
E’er meets the eye of God.

189

*Psalm lxxiii. 24.*

P.M.

1—Father ! whose hand hath led me so securely,  
Father ! whose ear hath listen’d to my prayer,  
Father ! whose eye hath watched o’er me so  
surely,  
Whose heart hath lov’d me with a love so  
rare,—

Vouchsafe, O heavenly Father, to instruct me  
In the straight way wherein I ought to go,  
To life eternal and to heaven conduct me,  
Through health and sickness and through  
weal and woe.

2—O my Redeemer ! who hast my redemption  
Purchas'd and paid for by Thy precious blood,  
Thereby procuring an entire exemption  
From the dread wrath and punishment of  
God,—  
Thou who hast saved my soul from condem-  
nation,  
Redeem it also from the power of sin ;  
Be Thou the Captain still of my salvation,  
Through whom alone I can the victory win.

3—O Holy Ghost ! who from the Father flowest  
And from the Son, O teach me how to pray ;  
Thou, who the love and peace of God be-  
stowest,  
With faith and hope inspire and cheer my  
way ;  
Direct, control, and sanctify each motion  
Within my soul, and make it thus to be  
Prayerful, and still, and full of deep devotion,  
A holy temple worthy, Lord, of Thee.

FROM LYRA DOMESTICA.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

0

*Rev. v. 11, 12.*

P.M.

- 1—Sing, sing His lofty praise,  
Whom angels cannot raise,  
But whom they sing,—  
Jesus, who reigns above,  
Object of angels' love,  
Jesus, whose grace we prove,  
Jesus, our King.
- 2—Jesus the curse sustain'd ;  
Bitter the cup He drain'd ;  
Happy for us !  
Angels were fill'd with awe,  
When their own King they saw  
Honour His holy law,  
Honour it thus.
- 3—Rich is the grace we sing,  
Poor is the praise we bring,  
Not as we ought ;  
But when we see His face,  
In yonder glorious place,  
Then we shall sing His grace,  
Sing without fault.
- 4—Yet we will sing of Him,—  
Jesus, our lofty theme,  
Jesus we'll sing ;  
Glory and power are His,  
His too the kingdom is,  
Triumph, ye saints, in this,  
Jesus is King.

.91

*Exod. xiv. 15.*

P.M.

- 1—"Forward let the people go,"  
Israel's God will have it so ;  
Though the path be through the sea,  
Israel, what is that to thee ?  
He who bids thee pass the waters,  
Will be with His sons and daughters.
- 2—Israel, art thou sorely tried ?  
Art thou press'd on ev'ry side ?  
Does it seem as if no power  
Could relieve thee in this hour ?  
Wherefore art thou thus dishearten'd ?  
Is the arm that saves thee shorten'd ?
- 3—Stand thou still this day, and see  
Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee ;  
Safe thyself on yonder shore,  
Thou shalt see thy foes no more,—  
Thine to see the Saviour's glory,  
Thine to tell the wondrous story.
- 4—Yes ! thy God shall yet be known,  
Far and wide as God alone ;  
At His feet shall idols fall,  
For thy God is Lord of all ;  
His is strength and His salvation—  
He shall reign o'er every nation.



192

*Psalm ix. 1.*

8.6

- 1—With my whole heart to Thee I'll raise,  
Eternal Lord, a song of praise,  
And Thy great works declare ;  
I'll glory and rejoice in Thee,  
Thou high exalted Trinity !  
On Thee I'll cast my care.
- 2—Seated upon Thy glorious throne,  
Thou art the Lord, and Thou alone,  
Worlds, times, events arranging ;  
And when the worlds shall pass away,  
Thou shalt endure, nor know decay,  
In midst of change unchanging.
- 3—Mankind, awaking from the dust,  
Shall hear with awe Thy judgments just  
Pronounce their final doom ;  
And all who here reject Thy grace,  
For ever banished from Thy face,  
Shall go to endless gloom.
- 4—But to the saints who know Thy name,  
Who whilst on earth Thy power proclaim,  
And celebrate Thy love,  
To all the humble and the meek,  
As a dear Father Thou wilt speak,—  
And they shall reign above.

—Lord ! make me meek and humble now,  
 Let me with joy my faith avow,  
 And Jesu's name confess ;  
 Increase my love, increase my zeal,  
 And let me not the light conceal,  
 With which Thou deign'st to bless.

C. T. ASTLEY.

13

*Luke xxiv. 29.*

L.M.

—“Abide with me,” Thou gracious Guide,  
 My lamp by night, my sun by day ;  
 Thy gracious presence at my side  
 Bids ev'ry anxious fear away.

—“Abide with me,” when lips beloved  
 Shall lisp on earth their sad farewell ;  
 The best of friends is not removed,  
 If Thou within my bosom dwell.

—“Abide with me,” when sleepless laid  
 On sick bed—weary—lone—distress'd ;  
 Bless'd Saviour ! let my throbbing head  
 Lie pillow'd on Thy peaceful breast.

—“Abide with me,” when death is near,  
 To calm the waves of ebbing life ;  
 Be nigh to wipe earth's closing tear,  
 And bear me from its ended strife.

5—"Abide with me" on that great day,  
 When sea and earth shall yield their dead ;  
 Oh ! may I *rise* without dismay,  
 Exulting in my risen Head !

6—"Abide with me" through endless bliss ;  
 Jesus, be Thou my "All in all ;"  
 Thy presence makes the happiness  
 Of heaven's eternal festival.

MACDUFF.

194

*Psalm xxv. 10.*

P.M.

1—God of my life, how good, how wise,  
 Thy judgments to my soul have been !  
 They were but mercies in disguise—  
 The painful remedies of sin :  
 How different now Thy ways appear—  
 Most merciful when most severe.

2—Since first the maze of life I trod.  
 Hast Thou not hedged about my way  
 My worldly vain designs withstood,  
 And robb'd my passions of their prey  
 Withheld the fuel from the fire,  
 And cross'd my ev'ry fond desire ?

—Thou would'st not let Thy captive go,  
Or leave me to my carnal will ;  
Thy love forbade my rest below—  
Thy patient love pursued me still,  
And forced me from my sin to part,  
And tore the idol from my heart.

—But can I now the loss lament,  
Or murmur at Thy friendly blow ?  
Thy friendly blow my soul hath rent  
From ev'ry *seeming* good below :  
Thrice happy loss ! which makes me see  
My happiness is all in Thee.

—How shall I bless Thy thwarting love,  
So near in my temptation's hour !  
It flew my ruin to remove—  
It snatch'd me from my nature's power—  
Broke off my grasp of creature-good,  
And plunged me in th' atoning blood.

—See then, at last, I all resign—  
I yield me up Thy lawful prey :  
Take this poor long-sought soul of mine,  
And bear me in Thine arms away,  
Whence I may never more remove—  
Secure in Thy eternal love.

C. WESLEY.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

15

2 Cor. v. 4.

C.F

1—Oft have I sat in secret sighs  
To feel my flesh decay,  
Then mourn'd aloud with weeping eyes,  
To view the tott'ring clay.

2—But I forbid my sorrows now,  
Nor dares the flesh complain ;  
Diseases bring their profit too,  
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

3—My cheerful soul now all the day  
Sits waiting here and sings,  
Looks through the ruins of her clay,  
And practises her wings.

4—Faith almost changes into sight,  
While from afar she spies  
Her fair inheritance in light  
Above created skies.

5—Had but the prison walls been strong,  
Without a flaw therein,  
In darkness she had dwelt too long,  
And less of glory seen.

6—But now the everlasting hills  
Through ev'ry chink appear,  
And something of the joy she feels  
While she's a prisoner here.

—Oh ! may these walls stand tott'ring still,  
The breaches never close,  
If I must here in darkness dwell,  
And all this glory lose.

—Oh ! rather let this flesh decay,  
The ruins wider grow,  
'Till glad to see th' enlarged way,  
I stretch my pinions through.

WATTS.

**6***Matt. viii. 20.*

P.M.

—Birds have their quiet nest,  
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed,  
All creatures have their rest,—  
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

—Winds have their hour of calm,  
And waves to slumber on the voiceless deep ;  
Eve hath its breath of balm  
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

—The wild deer hath its lair,  
The homeward flocks the shelter of their  
shed,  
All have their rest from care—  
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

- 4—And yet He came to give  
The weary and the heavy laden rest,  
To bid the sinner live,  
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His  
breast !
- 5—What then am I, my God,  
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread ?  
Peace purchased by the blood  
Of Him who had not where to lay His head !
- 6—Oh ! why should I have peace ?  
Why ?—but for that unchanged, undying love,  
Which would not, could not cease,  
Until it made me heir of joys above.
- 7—Yes !—but for pardoning grace,  
I feel, I never should in glory see  
The brightness of that face,  
That once was pale and agonised for me.
- 8—Let the birds seek their rest,  
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed,—  
Come, Saviour, in my breast  
Deign to repose Thine oft rejected head.
- 9—Come, give me rest, and take  
The only rest on earth Thou lov'st, within  
A heart, that for Thy sake,  
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

7

*Rev. ii. 9.*

P.M.

—Gate of my heart, fly open wide,  
Shrine of my heart, spread forth ;  
The treasure will in thee abide,  
Greater than heaven and earth.  
Away with all this poor world's treasures,  
And all this vain world's tasteless pleasures,  
My treasure is in heaven ;  
For I have found true riches now,  
My treasure, Christ, my Lord, art Thou,  
Thy blood so freely given !

—This treasure ever I employ,  
This ever aid shall yield me,  
In sorrow it shall be my joy,  
In conflict it shall shield me ;  
In joy the music of my feast ;  
And when all else has lost its zest  
This manna still shall feed me ;  
In thirst my drink, in want my food,  
My company in solitude,  
To comfort and to lead me !

—Death's poison cannot harm me now,  
Thy blood new life bestowing ;  
My shadow from the heat art Thou,  
When the noon-tide is glowing.



And when by inward grief opprest,  
 My aching heart in Thee shall rest,  
     As a tired head on the pillow.  
 Should storms of persecution toss,  
 Firm anchor'd by Thy saving cross,  
     My bark rests on the billow !

4—And when at last Thou leadest me  
     Into Thy joy and light,  
 Thy blood shall clothe me royally,  
     Making my garments white.  
 Thou'lt place upon my head the crown,  
 And lead me to the Father's throne,  
     And raiment fit provide me ;  
 Till I by Him to Thee betrothed,  
 By Thee in bridal costume clothed,  
     Stand as a bride beside Thee !

P. GERHARDT.

198

*Psalm lxxiv.* 22.

P.M.

1—Come, Thou Almighty King,  
     Help us Thy name to sing,  
         Help us to praise !  
 Father all glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come and reign over us,  
     Ancient of days.

2—Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
    And make them fall ;  
Let Thine almighty aid  
Our sure defence be made,  
Our souls in Thee be stayed ;  
    Lord, hear our call.

3—Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword,  
    Our prayer attend !  
Come, and Thy people bless,  
And give Thy word success.  
Spirit of holiness,  
    On us descend.

4—Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
    In this glad hour !  
Thou, who Almighty art,  
Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
    Spirit of power.

5—To Thee, great One in Three,  
Eternal praises be,  
    Hence, evermore !  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
    Love and adore !

**199***Psalm lxxiv. 21.***P.M.**

1—I need Thee, precious Jesus ! for I am full of  
sin ;

My soul is dark and guilty, my heart is dead  
within ;

I need the cleansing fountain, where I can  
always flee,—

The blood of Christ most precious, the sin-  
ner's perfect plea.

2—I need Thee, precious Jesus ! for I am very  
poor,

A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly  
store ;

I need the love of Jesus to cheer me on my  
way,

To guide my doubting footsteps, to be my  
strength and stay.

3—I need Thee, precious Jesus ! I need a friend  
like Thee,

A friend to soothe and sympathise, a friend  
to care for me ;

I need the heart of Jesus to feel each anxious  
care,

To tell my every trouble, and all my sorrow  
share.

4—I need Thee, precious Jesus ! for I am very  
blind,  
A weak and foolish wanderer, with a dark  
and evil mind ;  
I need the light of Jesus to tread the  
thorny road,  
To guide me safe to glory where I shall see  
my God.

5—I need Thee, precious Jesus ! I need Thee  
day by day,  
To fill me with Thy fulness, to lead me on  
my way ;  
I need Thy Holy Spirit to teach me what I  
am,  
To show me more of Jesus, to point me to  
the Lamb.

6—I need Thee, precious Jesus ! and hope to see  
Thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow, and seated on  
Thy throne ;  
There with Thy blood-bought children my  
joy shall ever be  
To sing Thy praises, Jesus !—to gaze, my  
Lord, on Thee.

1—Is it a long way off ?

Oh ! no ! a few more years,

A few more bitter tears,—

We shall be there.

Sometimes the way seems long,

Our comforters all go,

Woe follows after woe,

Care after care.

2—Oh ! brethren dear, how weak,

How faint and weak we are !

Yet Jesus leads us far

Through tangled ways

Into the very heart

Of this dark wilderness,

Where dangers thickest press,

And Satan strays.

3—But He is strong and wise,

And we, His children, blind,

Must trust His thoughtful mind

And tender care.

So gentle is His love,

We may be sure that sight

Would shew us all is right,

And answer'd prayer.

4—'Tis no uncertain way  
We tread, for Jesus still  
Leads with unerring skill  
Where'er we roam ;  
And from the desert wild  
Soon shall our path emerge,  
And land us on the verge  
Of our dear home.

E. W.

01

*Psalm xxv. 4.*

P.M.

1—*Thy* way, not *mine*, O Lord,  
However dark it be !  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose but the path for me.

2—Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best ;  
Winding or straight it matters not,  
It leads me to Thy rest.

3—I dare not choose my lot,  
I would not, if I might ;  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

- 4—The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine, so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,—  
Else surely I shall stray.
- 5—Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill ;  
As best to Thee may seem,  
Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 6—Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health ;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.
- 7—Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things, or great or small !  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom, and my All.

H. BONAR.

**202***Isaiah* xlv. 22.

P.M.

- 1—By faith I see my Saviour dying  
On the tree ;  
To ev'ry sinner He is crying,  
Look to me.  
He bids the guilty soul draw near,  
Come, come to me, dismiss your fear ;—  
Hark ! hark ! These precious words I hear,  
Look to me.

—Did Christ, while I was sin pursuing,  
Pity me ?  
And did He save my soul from ruin ?  
Can it be ?  
Oh ! yes ! He did salvation bring,  
He is the Saviour, Priest, and King,  
And now my happy soul can sing,  
Mercy's free !

—How sweet the truth—ye sinners hear it—  
Mercy's free !  
Ye saints of God to all declare it—  
Mercy's free !  
Visit the heathen's dark abode,  
Proclaim to all the love of God,  
And spread the joyous news abroad—  
Mercy's free !

—Long as I'm here, I'll still be telling,  
Mercy's free !  
And ever on His love be dwelling ;—  
Mercy's free !  
And when the vale of tears I've past,  
When lodged above the stormy blast,  
His praise I'll sing while ages last,  
Whose mercy's free.



203

*Isaiah* li. 11.

P.M.

1—Will that not joyful be,  
When we walk by faith no more?  
When the Lord we loved before,  
As brother-man we see,  
When He welcomes us above,  
When we share His smile of love,  
Will that not joyful be?

2—Will that not joyful be,  
When to meet us rise and come  
All our buried treasures home,  
A gladsome company?  
When our arms embrace again  
Those we mourned so long in vain,  
Will that not joyful be?

3—Will that not joyful be,  
When the foes we dread to meet,  
Every one beneath our feet  
We tread triumphantly?  
When we never more can know  
Slightest touch of pain or woe,  
Will that not joyful be?

4—Will that not joyful be,  
 When we hear what none can tell,  
 And the ringing chorus swell  
 Of angel's melody ?  
 When we join their songs of praise,  
 Hallelujahs with them raise,  
 Will that not joyful be ?

5—Yes ! that will joyful be !  
 Let the world her gifts recall,  
 There is bitterness in all ;  
 Her joys are vanity.  
 Courage, dear ones of my heart !  
 Tho' it grieves us here to part,  
 There we will joyful be !

VON SCHWEINTZ.

*From Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

104

Rev. vi. 10.

7.6.

1—How long, O Lord our Saviour,  
 Wilt Thou remain away ?  
 Our hearts are growing weary  
 Of Thy so long delay :  
 Oh ! when shall come the moment,  
 When, brighter far than morn,  
 The sunshine of Thy glory  
 Shall on Thy people dawn ?

2—How long, O gracious Master,  
Wilt Thou Thy household leave ?  
So long hast Thou now tarried,  
Few Thy return believe :  
Immersed in sloth and folly,  
Thy servants, Lord, we see ;  
A few of them stand ready  
With joy to welcome Thee.

3—How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,  
How long wilt Thou delay ?  
And yet how few are grieving  
That Thou dost absent stay !  
Thy very bride her portion  
And calling hath forgot,  
And seeks for ease and glory,  
Where Thou, her Lord, art not.

4—Oh ! wake Thy slumbering virgins ;  
Send forth the solemn cry,  
Let all Thy saints repeat it,  
“The Bridegroom draweth nigh !”  
May all our lamps be burning,  
Our loins all girded be,  
Each longing heart preparing  
With joy Thy face to see !

05

*Psalm lxxiii. 6.*

P.M.

—In the still silence of the voiceless night,  
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers  
flee,  
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,  
O God, but Thee ?

—And if there be a weight upon my breast,  
Some vague impression of the day foregone,  
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,  
And lay it down.

—Or if it be the heaviness that comes  
In token of anticipated ill,  
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,  
Since 'tis Thy will.

—Often in spite of present care,  
Or anything beside, how joyfully  
Passes that almost solitary hour,  
My God, with Thee !

—For what is there on earth that I desire,  
Of all that it can give or take from me,  
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,  
O God, but Thee ?

206

*Psalm lxi.* 18.

P. A

- 1—Come nearer, nearer still ;  
Let not Thy light depart ;  
Bend, break this stubborn will,  
Dissolve this iron heart.
- 2—Less wayward let me be,  
More pliable and mild,  
In glad simplicity,  
More like a truthful child.
- 3—Less, less of self each day,  
And more, my God, of Thee ;—  
O keep me in the way,  
However rough it be.
- 4—Less of the flesh each day,  
Less of the world and sin ;  
More of Thy Son, I pray,  
More of Thyself within.
- 5—Riper and riper now,  
Each hour let me become,  
Less fond of things below,  
More fit for such a home.
- 6—More moulded to Thy will,  
Lord, let Thy servant be,  
Higher and higher still,  
Liker and liker Thee.

7—Leave nought that is unmeet ;  
 Of all that is mine own,  
 Strip me ; and so complete  
 My training for Thy throne.

H. BONAR.

107

*Psalm cxlviii. 2.*

8.

—Ye angels, who stand round the throne,  
 And view my Immanuel's face,  
 In rapturous songs make Him known,  
 Tune, tune your soft harps to His praise.  
 He formed you, the spirits ye are,  
 So happy, so noble, so good ;  
 When others sunk down to despair,  
 Confirmed by His power ye stood.

—Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,  
 And cast your bright crowns at His feet,  
 His grace and His glory display ;  
 Oh ! tell of His love as is meet.  
 He saved you from hell and the grave—  
 He ransomed from death and despair,  
 For you He was mighty to save,  
 Almighty to bring you safe there.

3—Oh ! when will the period appear,  
 When I shall unite in your song ?  
 I'm weary of lingering here ;  
 And I to your Saviour belong.  
 I'm fettered and chained up in clay,  
 I struggle and pant to be free ;  
 I long to be soaring away,  
 My God and my Saviour to see !

4—I want to put on my attire,  
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb  
 I want to be one of your choir,  
 And tune my sweet harp to His name.  
 I want, oh ! I want to be there,  
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,  
 Your joy and your friendship to share,  
 To wonder and worship with you !

1—What shall we be, and whither shall we go  
 When the last conflict of our life is o'er  
 And we return from wandering to and fro  
 To our dear home thro' heaven's eter-  
 nal door ?

When we shake off the last dust from our  
feet,  
When we wipe off the last drop from our  
brow,  
And our departed friends once more shall  
greet,—  
The hope which cheers and comforts us  
below !

—What shall we be, when we ourselves shall  
see  
Bathed in the flood of everlasting light,  
And from all guilt and sin entirely free,  
Stand pure and blameless in our Maker's  
sight ?  
No longer from His holy presence driven,  
Conscious of guilt and stung with inward  
pain,  
But friends of God and citizens of heaven,  
To join the ranks of His celestial train !

—What shall we be, when we drink in the  
sound  
Of heavenly music from the spheres above,  
When golden harps to listening hosts  
around  
Declare the wonders of redeeming love ?



When far and wide thro' the resounding air  
Loud Hallelujahs from the ransomed rise,  
And holy incense, sweet with praise and  
prayer,  
Is wafted to the Highest thro' the skies!

4—What shall we be, when the freed soul shall  
rise  
With unrestrain'd and bold aspiring flight  
To Him, who by His wondrous sacrifice  
Hath open'd heaven and scatter'd sin's  
dark night?  
When from the eye of faith the thin veil  
drops,  
Like wreaths of mist before the morning's  
rays,  
And we behold the end of all our hopes,  
The Son of God in full refulgent blaze!

5—What shall we be, when we shall hear Him  
say,  
“Come, O ye blessed,”—when we see Him  
stand,  
Robed in the light of everlasting day,  
Before the throne of God at His right  
hand!

When we behold the eyes from which once  
flowed

Tears o'er the sin and misery of man,  
And the deep wounds from which the pre-  
cious blood,

That made atonement for the world, once  
ran !

—What shall we be, when hand in hand we go  
With blessed spirits risen from the tomb,  
Where streams of living waters softly flow,  
And trees still flourish in primeval bloom ?  
Where in perpetual youth no cheek looks old  
By the sharp touch of cruel time imprest,  
Where no bright eye is dimm'd, no heart  
grows cold,  
No grief, no pain, no death invades the  
blest !

—What shall we be, when every glance we cast  
At the dark valley underneath our feet,  
And every retrospect of troubles past  
Makes heaven brighter and its joys more  
sweet ?

When the remembrance of our former woe,  
Gives a new relish to our present peace,  
And draws our heart to Him, to whom we owe  
Our past deliverance and our present bliss !

8—What shall we be, who have in Christ believed ?

What, thro' His grace, shall be our sweet reward ?

Eye hath not seen, ear heard, or heart conceived,

What God for those who love Him hath prepared.

Let us the steep ascent then boldly climb,

Our toil and labour will be well repaid ;

Let us haste onward, till in God's good time

We reap the fruit—a crown that doth not fade.

FROM LYRA DOMESTICA.

**209**

*Heb. x. 37.*

P.M.

1—"A little while" of mingled joy and sorrow,

A few more years to wander here below,

To wait the dawning of that golden morrow

When morn shall break above our night of woe.

2—A few more thorns about our pathway growing,

Ere yet our hands may cull the heavenly flowers,—

The morn will come, but first the tearful sowing,

Ere we may rest these weary souls of ours.

—A few more hours of weariness and sighing,  
Of mourning o'er the power of inner sin ;  
“ A little while ” of daily crucifying  
Unto this world the evil heart within.

—A little longer in this vale of weeping,  
Of yearning for the sinless home above ;  
“ A little while ” of watching, and of keeping  
Our garments, by the power of Him we  
love.

—“ A little while ” for winning souls to Jesus,  
Ere yet we see His beauty face to face ;  
“ A little while ” for healing soul-diseases,  
By telling others of a Saviour's grace.

—“ A little while ” to tell the joyful story  
Of Him who made our guilt and curse His  
own ;  
“ A little while ” ere we behold the glory,  
To gain fresh jewels for our heavenly  
crown.

—“ A little while ! ”—and we shall dwell for ever  
Within our bright, our everlasting Home,  
Where time, or space, or death no more can  
sever  
Our grief-wrung hearts, and pain can  
never come.

8—'Tis but "a *little* while ;"—the way is dreary,  
The night is dark—but we are nearing  
land ;  
Oh ! for the rest of heaven, for we are weary,  
And long to mingle with the deathless  
band !

210

*Heb. xi. 10.*

C.M.

1—There is a city of the saints,  
Where we ere long shall stand,  
When we shall strike these desert tents,  
And quit the desert-sand.

2—Fair vision ! how thy distant gleam  
Brightens time's saddest hue ;  
Far fairer than the fairest dream,  
And yet most strangely true !

3—Fair vision ! how thou liftest up  
Our drooping brow and eye,  
With the calm joy of thy sure hope,  
Fixing our souls on high.

4—Thy light makes now the darkest page  
In memory's scroll grow fair,  
Blanching the lines which time and age  
Had only deepen'd there.

- With thee in view, the rugged slope  
Becomes a level way,  
Smooth'd by the magic of thy hope,  
And gladden'd by thy ray.
- With thee in view, how poor appear  
The world's most winning smiles ;  
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,  
And vain hell's varied wiles.
- Now welcome toil, and care, and pain !  
And welcome sorrow too !  
And toil is rest, all grief is gain,  
With such a prize in view.
- Come crown and throne, come robe and  
palm !  
Burst forth glad streams of peace !  
Come, holy city of the Lamb !  
Rise, Sun of righteousness !
- When shall the clouds that veil thy rays  
For ever be withdrawn ?  
Why dost thou tarry, day of days ?  
When shall thy brightness dawn ?

211

*Rev. xxii. 17.*

P.M.

- 1—Come to the blood-stained tree ;  
The victim bleeding lies ;  
God sets the sinner free,  
Since Christ a ransom dies  
The Spirit will apply  
His blood to cleanse thy stain :  
O burdened soul, draw nigh,  
For none can come in vain.
- 2—Dark though thy guilt appear,  
And deep its crimson dye,  
There's boundless mercy here,  
And Jesus bids thee try.  
Oh ! do not doubt His word,  
There's pardon full and free,  
For justice smote the Lord,  
And sheathes her sword for thee.
- 3—Look not *within* for peace,—  
Within there's nought to cheer ;  
Look *up* and find release  
From sin, and self, and fear.  
If gloom thy soul enshroud,  
If tears faith's eye bedim,  
If doubts around thee crowd,  
Come tell thou all to Him.

4—Rest to the weary soul  
 And aching breast is given,  
 Grace makes the wounded whole,  
 Love fills the heart with heaven.  
 For thee, my soul, for thee,  
 These priceless joys were bought ;  
 Accept the mercy free  
 That Christ to earth has brought.

5—Come, with the ransomed train,  
 The Saviour's praises sing ;  
 Rejoice ! The Lamb was slain !  
 Adore ! He reigns a King !  
 And soon before His face,  
 We'll praise in heaven above,  
 Triumphant through His grace,  
 Enraptured with His love.

212

*John xv. 4.*

8.7.

1—O abide, abide in Jesus,  
 Who for us bare griefs untold,  
 And Himself, from pain to ease us,  
 Suffer'd pangs a thousand fold :  
 ' Bide with Him, who still abideth  
 When all else shall pass away,  
 And, as Judge supreme, presideth  
 In *that* dread and awful day.



2—All is dying : hearts are breaking,  
Which to ours were once fast bound ;  
And the lips have ceased from speaking,  
Which once utter'd such sweet sound ;  
And the arms are powerless lying,  
Which were our support and stay ;  
And the eyes are dim and dying,  
Which once watched us night and day.

3—Everything we love and cherish  
Hastens onward to the grave ;  
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,  
And whate'er the world e'er gave ;  
All is fading, all is fleeing,  
Earthly flames must cease to glow,  
Earthly beings cease from being,  
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

4—Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,  
Jesus stands upon the dust !  
“Lean on me alone,” He sayeth,  
“Hope, and love, and firmly trust.”  
O abide, abide in Jesus,  
Who Himself for ever lives,  
Who from death eternal frees us,  
Yea ! who life eternal gives.

FROM LYRA DOMESTICA.

13

*Cant. ii. 16.*

7's.

1—Mine ! what rays of glory bright

Now upon the promise shine !

I have found the Lord my light ;

I am His, and He is mine.

2—Mine the promise often read,

Now in living truth impress'd,

Once acknowledg'd in the head,

Now a fire in the breast.

3—Mine no more the crimson stains,

Here I see them blotted out ;

Mine no more the bonds and chains,

Mine no more the fear and doubt.

4—Mine acceptance at the throne,

Mine the Father's owning smile,

Mine the Father's love unknown,—

What shall from that love beguile ?

5—Mine the yoke that's lin'd with love,

Mine th' imputed righteousness,

Mine the armour for the fight,

Mine the way of holiness.

- 6—Mine the mighty Paraclete,  
    Mine His comfort and His grace,  
Mine the hope surpassing sweet,—  
    Jesus ! I shall see Thy face.
- 7—Mine,—unto a worm like me  
    Such a weight of glory's given ;  
Yea—to know the mystery  
    Here in part, the whole in heaven.
- 8—Mine, the promise cannot change,  
    Mine, though oft my eyes are dim ;—  
Nought can from His love estrange  
    Those who once are bought by Him.
- 9—Mine ! tho' oft my hand may fail,  
    *He* is strong, and holds me fast ;  
His dear blood shall still prevail,  
    He shall lead me home at last.
- 10—Mine ! when death the bars shall break,  
    Mid those glories all divine,  
“Satisfied,” I shall awake,  
    Clasp His feet, and call Him *mine*.

14

*Psalm xxx. 7.*

P.M.

- 1—I thought that I was strong, Lord,  
And did not need Thine arm ;  
Tho' troubles thronged around me,  
My heart felt no alarm.
- 2—I thought that I was rich, Lord,  
That all good things were mine,  
And earth and all its pleasures  
Did my vain heart entwine.
- 3—But Thou hast broke the spell, Lord,  
And roused me from my dream ;  
The light has wak'd my soul, Lord,  
With bright unerring beam.
- 4—I know that I am weak, Lord,  
That nothing is my own ;  
But Thou wilt make me strong, Lord,  
Leaning on Thee alone.
- 5—I know that I was blind, Lord,  
I did not see Thy light ;  
But now my eyes are open'd,  
For Thou hast given me sight.
- 6—Yes ! Thou hast given me sight, Lord,  
And I can see within ;  
I see my heart defiled, Lord,  
With deepest stains of sin.

- 7—But with this bitter grief comes  
A rush of joy untold,  
Like sunrise on the mountains,  
Flooding their heights with gold.
- 8—For I know Thy blood has cleans'd me,  
And I know that I'm forgiven ;  
And all the roughest paths here,  
Will surely end in heaven.
- 9—For I know that I am Thine, Lord,  
And that none can pluck away  
The feeblest sheep that ever  
Did make Thine arm its stay.
- 10—My soul in death was sleeping,  
But Thou hast given it life ;  
And strengthened by Thy Spirit,  
I'm ready for the strife :—
- 11—Ready for pain and sickness,  
Ready for care and grief,  
For I know I have in Thee, Lord,—  
An ever sure relief :
- 12—Ready to work and suffer,  
To love, and hope, and pray ;  
Ready to go to Thee, Lord,  
When Thou shalt call away.

5

*Psalm xxvii. 9.*

P.M.

1—Oh ! Jesus, leave not me ;—  
Tho' full of sin I be,  
Love, love me yet.  
Oh ! take me to Thy breast,  
For there I'll find true rest,  
And with Thy love possess'd,  
All else forget.

2—When I'm with Thee above,  
I'll thank Thee for Thy love,  
That sends this pain.  
Tho' dark my way appear  
And wash'd with many a tear,  
The prospect yet will clear,  
When heaven I gain.

3—Oh ! guide me, Saviour, now ;  
Submissive may I bow  
Unto Thy will.  
If trials be my lot,  
My home a far off spot—  
Yet, Saviour, leave me not !  
Be near me still !

**216**1 *Chron.* xiii. 14.

P.M.

1—O happy house, O home supremely blest,  
Where Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, art entertained,  
As the most welcome and beloved guest,  
With true devotion and with love unfeign'd;  
Where all hearts beat in unison with Thine,  
Where eyes grow brighter as they look on  
Thee,  
Where all are ready at the slightest sign,  
To do Thy will, and do it heartily.

2—O happy house, where man and wife are one,  
Thro' love of Thee, in spirit, heart and mind ;  
Together joined by holy bands, which none,  
Not death itself, can sever or unbind ;  
Where both on Thee unfailingly depend,  
In weal and woe, in good and evil days,  
And hope with Thee eternity to spend,  
In sweet communion and eternal praise.

3—O happy house, where with the hands of  
prayer  
Parents commit their children to the Friend,  
Who, with a more than mother's tender care,  
Will watch and keep them safely to the end ;

Where they are taught to sit at Jesu's feet,  
And listen to the words of life and truth,  
And learn to lisp His praise in accents sweet,  
From early childhood to advancing youth.

—O happy house, where man and maid pursue  
Their daily labours as unto the Lord,  
Desiring only that whate'er they do,  
May be according to His will and word ;—  
As servants, yet as friends and brethren too,  
Their love with deep humility combined,  
No less in little than in great things true,  
They serve Him gladly with a willing mind.

—O happy house, where Thou dost share the  
weal,  
Where none forget Thee whatsoe'er befall ;  
O happy house, where Thou the wounds dost  
heal,  
The healer and the Comforter of all ;  
Till every one his stated task hath done,  
And all at length shall peacefully depart  
To the bright realms where Thou Thyself art  
gone,—  
The Father's house where Thou already art.



217

*Rom. xiii. 11.*

P.M.

(FOR A NEW YEAR.)

1—Rejoice, my fellow-pilgrim, for another stage  
is o'er

Of the weary homeward journey, to be tra-  
vell'd thro' no more :

No more *these* clouds and shadows shall  
darken all our sky ;

No more *these* snares and stumbling-blocks  
across our path shall lie.

2—Rejoice, my fellow-soldier, for another long  
campaign

Is ended, and its dangers have not been met  
in vain ;

Some enemies are driven back, some ram-  
parts overthrown ;

Some earnest given that victory at length  
shall be our own.

3—Rejoice, my fellow-servant, for another year  
is past ;

The heat and burden of the day will not for  
ever last ;

And yet the work is pleasant now, and  
sweet the Master's smile ;

And well may we be diligent, thro' all our  
"little while."

4—Rejoice, my Christian brother, for the race  
is nearly run,  
And *home* is drawing nearer with each re-  
volving sun ;  
And if some ties are breaking here, of earthly  
hope and love,  
More sweet are the attractions of the better  
land above.

5—The Light that shone thro' all the past will  
still our steps attend ;  
The Guide who led us hitherto will lead us  
to the end ;  
The distant view is brightening, with fewer  
clouds between ;  
The golden streets are gleaming now, the  
pearly gates are seen.

6—Oh ! for the joyous greetings *there*, to meet  
and part no more,  
For ever with the Lord and all His lov'd  
ones gone before !  
New mercies from our Father's hand with  
each new year may come,  
But that will be the best of all,—a blissful  
welcome home !

FROM THOUGHTS FOR THOUGHTFUL HOURS.

## 218

*Psalm xxxvi. 9.*

P.M.

- 1—Source of my life's refreshing springs,  
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,  
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,  
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.
  - 2—If loving hearts were never lonely,  
If all they like might always be,  
Accepting what they wish for only,  
They might be glad, but not in Thee.
  - 3—Well may Thy own belov'd, who see  
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,  
Bear loss of all they love, save Thee—  
Their living, everlasting treasure.
  - 4—Well may Thy happy children cease  
From restless wishes, prone to sin,  
And in Thine own exceeding peace,  
Yield to Thy daily discipline.
  - 5—We need as much the cross to bear,  
As air to breathe—as light to see ;—  
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,  
It binds us to our strength in Thee.
-

9

2 *Tim.* iv. 8.

S.M.

- Come, Lord, and tarry not :  
    Bring the long-looked for day ;  
    O why these years of waiting here,  
    These ages of delay ?
- Come, for Thy saints still wait ;  
    Daily ascends their sigh :  
    The Spirit and the bride say, come,—  
    Dost Thou not hear the cry ?
- Come, for Thy Israel pines  
    An exile from Thy fold ;  
    O call to mind Thy faithful word,  
    And bless them as of old !
- Come, for the good are few ;  
    They lift their voice in vain ;  
    Faith waxes fainter on the earth,  
    And love is on the wane.
- Come, for the corn is ripe ;  
    Put in Thy sickle now,  
    Reap the great harvest of the earth,  
    Sower and reaper Thou !
- Come, in Thy glorious might,  
    Come, with the iron rod,  
    Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,  
    Most mighty Son of God.

7—Come, and make all things new,  
Build up this ruin'd earth,  
Restore our faded Paradise,—  
Creation's second birth.

8—Come, and begin Thy reign  
Of everlasting peace,  
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,  
Great King of righteousness.

H. BONAR.

220

*Luke* xxiv. 30, 31.

C.M.

(SACRAMENTAL.)

1—Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless  
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,  
With manna from the wilderness,  
With water from the rock.

2—Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,  
(As Thou when here below,)  
Our souls the joys celestial seek,  
That from Thy sorrows flow.

3—We would not live by bread alone,  
But by Thy word of grace,  
In strength of which we travel on  
To our abiding place.

4—Be known to us in breaking bread,  
 But do not then depart,—  
 Saviour, abide with us, and spread  
 Thy table in our heart.

5—Then sup with us in love divine ;  
 Thy body and Thy blood,  
 That living bread and heavenly wine,  
 Be our immortal food.

21

*Cant. i. 2.*

P.M.

—Still on Thy loving heart let me repose,  
 Jesus, sweet Author of my joy and rest,  
 Oh ! let me pour my sorrows, cares, and woes  
 Into Thy true and sympathising breast.  
 Thy love grows never cold, but its pure flame  
 Seems every day more strong and bright  
 to glow ;  
 Thy truth remains eternally the same,  
 Pure and unsullied as the mountain snow.

—Oh ! what is other love compared with Thine,  
 Of such high value, such eternal worth ?  
 What is man's love compared with love di-  
 vine,  
 Which never changes in this changing  
*earth ?—*

Love, which in this cold world grows never  
cold,—

Love, which decays not with the world's  
decay,—

Love, which is young when all things else  
grow old,

Which lives when heaven and earth shall  
pass away.

3—How little love unchangeable and fixed  
In this dark valley doth to man remain,  
With what unworthy motives is it mixed,  
How full of grief, uncertainty and pain!  
Love is the object which attracts all eyes ;  
We win it, and already fear to part,  
A thousand rivals watch to seize the prize,  
And tear the precious idol from our heart.

4—But Thou (in spite of our offences past,  
And those, alas ! which still in us are found)  
Hast loved us, Jesus, with a love so vast,  
No span can reach it, and no plummet  
sound.  
Tho' the poor love we give Thee in return  
Should wane and flicker, Thine is ever true,  
Its sacred fire eternally doth burn,  
Tho' everlasting, always fresh and new.

—Thou, who art ever ready to embrace  
All those, who truly after Thee inquire,  
Thou, who hast promised in Thy heart a  
place  
To all who love Thee and a place desire,—  
Oh ! Lord, when I am anxious and oppressed,  
And dim with tears mine eyes can hardly  
see,  
Oh ! let me lean upon Thy faithful breast,  
Rejoicing that e'en I am loved by Thee.

FROM LYRA DOMESTICA.

22

*John xxi. 15—17.*

—“Thou knowest,” Lord, the weariness and  
sorrow  
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for  
rest,  
Cares of to-day and burdens of to-morrow,  
Blessings implored and sins to be con-  
fessed ;—  
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,  
And lay them at Thy feet—Thou knowest,  
Lord !



2—"Thou knowest" all the past, how long and  
blindly

On the dark mountains the lost wanderer  
strayed,

How the good Shepherd follow'd, and how  
kindly

He bore it home upon his shoulders laid,  
And healed the bleeding wounds and soothed  
the pain,

And brought back life, and hope, and strength  
again.

3—"Thou knowest" all the present, each temp-  
tation,

Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear,  
All to myself assign'd of tribulation,

Or to beloved ones, than self more dear!  
All pensive memories as I journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4—"Thou knowest" all the future gleams of  
gladness,

By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,—  
Hopes of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,

And the dark river to be cross'd at last ;—  
Oh ! what could confidence and hope afford  
To tread that path but this, "Thou knowest,  
Lord ?"

—“Thou knowest,” not alone as God all  
knowing ;

As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast  
proved

On earth, with purest sympathies o’erflowing ;

O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast  
loved !

And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,  
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

—Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,  
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,  
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,  
Cloth’d in Thy robe of righteousness  
complete.

Then rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne,  
And follow on to know as I am known.

223

*Galat. ii. 20.*

L.M.

1—While others pray for grace to die,  
O Lord, I pray for grace to live,  
For every hour a fresh supply,—  
O see my need, and freely give.

2—I do not dread the hour of death,  
If I am Thine, no fears remain ;  
I know that with my parting breath  
I yield for ever mortal pain.

3—E'en if the darkness should appear  
Too deep for faith as well as sight,  
If I am Thine Thou wilt be near,  
And take me to Thy heavenly light.

4—But Oh ! my Lord, in life's highway  
I crave the sunshine of Thy face ;  
And every moment of the day  
I need Thy strong supporting grace.

5—I dare not—will not—Lord, deny,  
That heart and feet oft go astray ;  
Therefore the more to Thee I cry  
To keep me in the chosen way.

6—The more my sin and unbelief  
Keep me from walking near to Thee,  
The more, Lord Jesus, is my grief—  
The more I long Thy face to see.

1—Yes ! for me, for me He careth,  
With a brother's tender care :  
Yes ! with me, with me He shareth  
Ev'ry burden, ev'ry fear.

—Yes ! o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,  
 Ceaseless watcheth night and day ;  
 Yes ! e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth  
 From the perils of the way.

—Yes ! for me He standeth pleading,  
 At the mercy-seat above,  
 Ever for me interceding,  
 Constant in untiring love.

—Yes ! in me, in me He dwelleth ;  
 I in Him, and He in me !  
 And my empty soul He filleth,  
 Here and through eternity.

—Thus I wait for His returning,  
 Singing all the way to heaven ;  
 Such the joyful song of morning,  
 Such the tranquil song of even.

H. BONAR.

25

*Heb. xii. 2.*

P.M.

—Look up, my soul, to Christ thy joy,  
 With a believing mind ;  
 With all the ills which thee annoy,  
 The way to Jesus find :  
 Here in this world thou hast no home,  
 Nor lasting joy ;—to Jesus come ;—  
 He is the pearl of greatest price,  
 Who all thy wants supplies.

- 2—Steadfast in faith to Jesus cleave,  
His faithfulness review,  
And ev'ry burden with Him leave,  
Whose love is daily new :  
His ways with thee are just and right,  
He puts thy enemies to flight,  
However threatening they appear,—  
Take courage, He is near.
- 3—Thy closet enter, pray and sigh,  
To Jesus tell thy grief,  
His ear is open to thy cry,  
His hand to give relief ;  
Tho' men forsake thee, hate, and grieve,  
Thy Saviour thee will never leave,  
His word is pass'd, he'll aid afford,—  
Rely upon the Lord.
- 4—Lift up thy heart to Him on high,  
And leave this sordid earth ;  
Behold, with a believing eye,  
Christ's excellence and worth :  
Devote thy life, thy all, to Him,  
Who did thy soul from death redeem,  
In love to thee the cross endured,  
And life for thee procured.

5—Arise, and see the things above ;  
 Let heaven be all thine aim,  
 Where Jesus dwells in bliss and love ;  
 And earth and sin disclaim :  
 The world and all its empty joy  
 His potent breath will soon destroy ;  
 Abiding rest and peace of mind  
 In Christ alone we find.

226

*John xiv. 6.*

7.6.

1—Amid life's wild commotion,  
 Where nought the heart can cheer,  
 Who points beyond its ocean  
 To heaven's brighter sphere ?  
 Our feeble footsteps guiding,  
 When from the path we stray,  
 Who leads to bliss abiding ?—  
 Christ, 'tis our only *Way*.

2—When doubts and fears distress us,  
 And all around is gloom,  
 And shame and fear oppress us,  
 Who can our souls illumine ?  
 Heaven's rays are round us gleaming,  
 And making all things bright,  
 When Christ the *Truth* is beaming,  
 In glory on our sight.

3—Who fills our hearts with gladness  
That none can take away ?  
Who shows us 'midst our sadness,  
The distant realms of day ?  
'Mid fears of death assailing,  
Who stills the heart's wild strife ?  
'Tis Christ ! our aid unfailing,  
The *Way*, the *Truth*, the *Life* !

ARNDT.

227

*Psalm lxi. 16.*

S.M.

1—Come and rejoice with me !  
For once my heart was poor,  
And I have found a treasury  
Of love, a boundless store.

2—Come and rejoice with me !  
I, once so sick at heart,  
Have met with One who knows my case,  
And knows the healing art.

3—Come and rejoice with me !  
For I was wearied sore,  
And I have found a mighty arm  
Which holds me evermore.

- 4—Come and rejoice with me !  
My feet so wide did roam,  
And One has sought me from afar,  
And beareth me safe home.
- 5—Come and rejoice with me !  
For I have found a Friend,  
Who knows my heart's most secret depths,  
Yet loves me without end.
- 6—I knew not of His love ;  
Yet He had loved me long,  
With love so faithful and so deep,  
So tender and so strong.
- 7—And now I know it all,  
Have heard and known His voice,  
And hear it still from day to day ;—  
Can I enough rejoice ?

228

1 *Peter* ii. 7.

8.7.

- 1—Precious is the name of Jesus !  
Who can half its worth unfold ?  
Far beyond angelic praises,  
Sweely sung to harps of gold.



- 2—Precious as the Mediator,  
By the Father raised on high,  
Precious when He took our nature,  
Laid His awful glory by.
- 3—Precious—when to Calvary groaning  
He sustain'd the cursed tree ;  
Precious—when His death atoning  
Made an end of sin for thee.
- 4—Precious—in His death victorious,  
He the host of hell o'erthrows ;  
In His resurrection glorious,  
Victor crown'd o'er all His foes.
- 5—Precious, Lord, beyond expressing,  
Are Thy beauties all divine ;  
Glory, honour, power and blessing,  
Be henceforth for ever Thine !

- 1—My bark is on a troubled sea ;  
The winds and waves may adverse be ;  
But hope, my anchor's firmly cast  
Within the vail, for ever fast.

- How oft, when tempest-tossed at night,  
I watch in vain for dawning light,  
Yet think, when terrors would prevail,  
My anchor is within the vail.
- Within the vail,—where Jesus stands,  
And shows to God His blood-stained hands;  
Within the vail,—He went to bear  
My name upon the breastplate there.
- My hope must have His righteousness,  
For it can rest on nothing less ;  
Within the vail,—is still my prayer,  
Oh ! may my anchor enter there.
- Altho' the billows round me roll,  
They never can o'erwhelm my soul ;  
Within the vail my anchor's cast,  
Unshaken by the stormy blast.
- Whene'er I quit this changing scene,  
May I depart in hope serene ;  
And find, when heart and flesh shall fail,  
My anchor cast within the vail.

**230**1 *Peter* ii. 21.

L.M.

- 1—How shall I follow Him I serve ?  
How shall I copy Him I love ?  
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,  
Which lead me to His seat above ?
- 2—Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,  
The life of toil, the mean abode,  
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—  
Are these the consecrated road ?
- 3—'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,  
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,  
Until the perfect work was done,  
And drank the bitter cup of gall.
- 4—Lord, should my path thro' suffering lie,  
Forbid it I should e'er repine ;  
Still let me turn to Calvary,  
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.
- 5—O let me think how Thou didst leave  
Untasted every pure delight,  
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,  
The toilsome day, the homeless night ;
- 6—To faint, to grieve, to die for me ;—  
Thou camest not Thyself to please ;  
And dear as earthly comforts be,  
Shall I not love Thee more than these ?

231

1 *Chron.* xxix. 15.

P.M.

- 1—Heavenward our path still goes,  
    Sojourners on earth we wander,  
Till we reach our blest repose,  
    In the land of promise yonder :  
    *Here* we stay a pilgrim band,  
    *There* must be our fatherland.
- 2—Heavenward ! my soul arise,  
    For thou art a heavenly being,  
Thou should'st seek no earthly prize,  
    When from this world thou art fleeing ;  
Hearts with heavenly wisdom blest,  
Can in heaven alone find rest.
- 3—Heavenward ! Death's mighty hand  
    Guides me there to joy and gladness—  
There, within that blessed land,  
    Victor over pain and sadness,  
Christ Himself has gone before—  
Can *I* dread an unknown shore ?
- 4—Heavenward ! Oh, heavenward !  
    There shall be my lot and treasure—  
Let me strive my heart to guard  
    From each vain and worldly pleasure :  
Heavenward my thoughts must tend,  
Till in heaven my cares shall end.

SCHMOLCK.

1—Oh, eyes that are weary,  
And hearts that are sore,  
Look off unto Jesus,  
And sorrow no more.  
The light of His countenance  
Shineth so bright,  
That on earth, as in heaven,  
There need be no night.

2—Looking off unto Jesus,  
My eyes cannot see  
The troubles and dangers  
That throng around me :  
They cannot be blinded  
With sorrowful tears,  
They cannot be shadow'd  
With unbelief-fears.

3—Looking off unto Jesus,  
My spirit is blest,—  
In the world I have turmoil,  
In Him I have rest.  
The sea of my life  
All about me may roar,—  
When I look unto Jesus  
I hear it no more.

4—Looking off unto Jesus,  
I go not astray ;  
My eyes are on Him,  
And He shows me the way.  
The path may seem dark  
As He leads me along,  
But following Jesus  
I cannot go wrong.

5—Looking off unto Jesus,  
My heart cannot fear ;  
Its trembling is still  
When I see Jesus near :  
I know that His power  
My safe-guard will be,  
For “ why are ye troubled ? ”  
He saith unto me.

6—Looking off unto Jesus  
Oh ! may I be found,  
When the waters of Jordan  
Encompass me round !  
Let them bear me away,  
In His presence to be :  
’Tis but seeing Him nearer  
Whom always I see.

7—Then, then shall I know  
The full beauty and grace  
Of Jesus, my Lord,  
When I stand face to face :  
I shall know how His love  
Went before me each day,  
And wonder that ever  
My eyes turned away.

233

*Psalm xxv. 5.*

L.M.

- 1—Come to me, Lord, when first I wake,  
As the faint lights of morning break ;  
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,  
Like fragrant incense to the skies.
- 2—Come to me in the sultry noon,  
Or earth's low communion will soon  
Of Thy dear face eclipse the light,  
And change my fairest day to night.
- 3—Come to me in the evening shade,  
And if my heart from Thee hath strayed,  
Oh ! bring it back,—and from afar  
Shine on me like the evening star.
- 4—Come to me in the midnight hour,  
When sleep withdraws its balmy power ;  
Let my lone spirit find its rest,  
Like John, upon my Saviour's breast.

—Come to me through life's changing way ;  
And when its pulses cease to play,  
Then, Saviour, bid me come to Thee,  
That where Thou art I too may be.

34

*Acts xxi. 14.*

L.M.

—My will would like a life of ease,  
And power to do, and time to rest,  
And wealth and health my will would please,  
But, Lord, I know Thy will is best.

—If I have strength to do Thy will,  
That should be power enough for me ;  
Whether to walk or to sit still,  
Th' appointment of the day may be.

—And if by sickness I may grow  
More patient, holy, and resigned,  
Strong health I need not wish to know,  
And greater ease I cannot find.

—And rest—I need not seek it here—  
For perfect rest remaineth still ;  
When in Thy presence we appear  
Rest shall be given by Thy will.



5—Lord, I have given my life to Thee,  
And every day and hour is Thine,  
What Thou appointest, let them be ;  
Thy will is better, Lord, than mine.

235

*Rev. xix. 1.*

P.M.

1—Sing hallelujah ! praise the Lord !  
Sing with a cheerful voice ;  
Exalt our God with one accord,  
And in His name rejoice.  
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Until in realms of endless light,  
Your praises shall unite.

2—There we to all eternity  
Shall join th' angelic lays ;  
And sing in perfect harmony,  
To God our Saviour's praise :  
" He hath redeem'd us by His blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God ;"  
For us—for us the Lamb was slain,  
Praise ye the Lord ! Amen.

36

*Isaiah* xlv. 22.

P M.

—There is life for a look at the crucified One,  
There ~~is~~ life at this moment for thee,  
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be  
saved,  
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

—Oh ! why was He there as the bearer of sin,  
If on Him all thy sins were not laid ?  
Oh ! why from His side flowed the sin-  
cleansing blood,  
If His dying thy debt hath not paid ?

—It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,  
But the *blood* that atones for the soul ;  
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at  
once  
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

—His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou  
seen ?  
His cry of distress hast thou heard ?  
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He en-  
dured,  
Should pardon to thee be deferred ?

5—Thou art healed by His stripes, (would'st  
thou add to the word ?)

And He is thy righteousness made ;  
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put  
on,—

Say, could'st thou be better arrayed ?

6—Then doubt not thy pardon, since God has  
declared,

There remaineth no more to be done,  
That once in the end of the world He ap-  
peared,

And completed the work He begun.

7—But take with rejoicing from Jesus at once

The life everlasting He gives,  
And know with assurance thou never canst  
die,

Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

8—There is life for a look at the crucified One,

There is life at this moment for thee ;  
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be  
saved,

And know thyself spotless as He.

37

1 *Peter* ii. 11.

P.M.

- A pilgrim here I wander,  
On earth have no abode ;  
My fatherland is yonder,  
My home is with my God.  
For here I journey to and fro,  
There, in eternal rest,  
Will God His gracious gift bestow,  
On all the toil-oppress'd.
- For what hath life been giving,  
From youth up till this day,  
But constant toil and striving,  
Far back as thought can stray ?  
How many a day of toil and care,  
How many a night of tears,  
Hath pass'd in grief that none could share,  
In lonely anxious fears !
- How many a storm hath lighten'd  
And thunder'd round my path !  
And winds and rains have frighten'd  
My heart with fiercest wrath ;  
And cruel envy, hatred, scorn,  
Have darken'd oft my lot ;  
And patiently reproach I've borne,  
Though I deserved it not.

4—Then through this life of dangers  
I'll onward take my way,  
For in this land of strangers  
I do not think to stay.  
Still forward on the road I fare  
That leads me to my home :  
My Father's comfort waits me there,  
When I have overcome.

5—Ah ! yes ! my home is yonder,  
Where all the angelic bands  
Praise ~~Him~~ with awe and wonder,  
In whose Almighty hands  
All things that are and shall be, lie,  
By Him upholden still,  
Who casteth down and lifts on high  
At His most holy will.

6—That home have I desired ;  
'Tis there I would be gone ;  
'Till I am well-nigh tir'd,  
O'er earth I've journey'd on ;  
The longer here I roam, I find  
The less of real joy,  
That e'er could please or fill my mind,—  
For all hath some alloy.

—Where now my spirit stayeth  
Is not her true abode ;  
This earthly house decayeth,  
And she will drop its load.  
When comes the hour to leave beneath  
What now I use and have,  
And when I've yielded up my breath,  
Earth gives me but a grave.

—But Thou, my joy and gladness,  
Jesus, my life and light,  
Wilt raise me from this sadness,  
This long tempestuous night,  
Into the perfect gladsome day,  
Where, bathed in joy divine,  
Among Thy saints, and bright as they,  
I too shall ever shine.

—There shall I dwell for ever,  
Not as a guest alone,  
With those who cease there never  
To worship at Thy throne ;  
There in my heritage, I'll rest,  
From baser things set free,  
And join the chorus of the blest  
For ever, Lord, to Thee !

238

*John xvi. 18.*

P.M.

1—Oh ! for the peace which floweth as a river,  
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!  
Oh ! for the faith to grasp heaven's bright  
"for ever,"  
Amid the shadows of that "little while!"

2—"A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,  
To face the storm, to wrestle with the  
strong ;  
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest  
song.

3—"A little while" to wear the robe of sadness,  
And toil with weary step through miry  
ways ;  
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of glad-  
ness,  
And clasp the girdle round the robe of  
praise.

4—"A little while," midst shadow and illusion,  
To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell ;  
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,  
And hail sight's verdict, "He doth all  
things well."

- 5—"A little while" the earthen pitcher taking  
To wayside brooks, from far of fountains  
fed ;  
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking,  
Beside the fulness of the fountain-head.
- 6—"A little while" to keep the oil from failing,  
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to  
trim ;  
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps  
hailing,  
To haste to meet Him with the bridal  
hymn.
- 7—Thus He who is Himself the gift and giver,  
The future glory, and the present smile,  
With the bright promise of the glad "forever,"  
Can light the shadows of the "little while."

239

*Philip. iv. 11.*

L.M.

- 1—My Lord hath taught me how to want  
A place wherein to put my head ;  
While He is mine, I'll be content  
To beg or lack my daily bread.
- 2—Heaven is my roof, earth is my floor,  
Thy love can keep me dry and warm ;  
Christ and Thy bounty are my store,  
Thy *angels* guard me from all harm.



- 3—Must I forsake the soil and air,  
 Where first I drew my vital breath ?  
 That way may be as near and fair ;  
 Thence I may come to Thee by death.
- 4—All countries are my Father's lands—  
 Thy sun, Thy love doth shine on all ;  
 We may in all lift up pure hands,  
 And with acceptance on Thee call.
- 5—What, if in prison I must dwell,—  
 May I not there converse with Thee ?  
 Save me from sin, Thy wrath, and hell,  
 Call me Thy child, and I am free.
- 6—No walls or bars can keep Thee out ;  
 None can confine a holy soul ;  
 The streets of heaven it walks about,  
 None can its liberty control.

RICHARD BAXTER.

240

*Isaiah liii. 5.*

P.M.

- 1—Thy works, not mine, O Christ,  
 Speak gladness to this heart ;  
 They tell me all is done ;  
 They bid my fear depart.  
 To whom, save Thee,  
 Who can alone  
 For sin atone,  
 Lord, shall I flee ?

- 2—Thy pains, not mine, O Christ,  
•     Upon the shameful tree,  
      Have paid the law's full price,  
      And purchased peace for me.  
      To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 3—Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,  
      Can heal my bruised soul,  
Thy stripes, not mine, contain  
      The balm that makes me whole.  
      To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 4—Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,  
      Has borne the awful load  
Of sins, that none in heaven  
      Or earth could bear, but God.  
      To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 5—Thy death, not mine, O Christ,  
      Has paid the ransom due ;  
Ten thousand deaths like mine,  
      Would have been all too few.  
      To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 6—Thy righteousness, O Christ,  
      Alone can cover me ;  
No righteousness avails,  
      Save that which is of Thee.  
      To whom, save Thee, &c. •

7—Thy righteousness alone  
Can clothe and beautify ;  
I wrap it round my soul ;—  
In this I'll live and die.  
To whom, save Thee, &c.

H. BONAR.

**241**

2 *Cor.* ix. 15.

L.M.

1—Come, worship at Emmanuel's feet ;  
Behold in Him what wonders meet !  
Words are too feeble to express  
His worth, His glory, or His grace.

2—He is the Head—each member lives,  
And owns the vital power He gives,  
The saints below, and saints above,  
Joined by His Spirit and His love.

3—He is the Vine—His heavenly root  
Supplies each branch with life and fruit ;  
Oh ! may a lasting union join  
My soul to Christ, the living Vine.

4—He is the Rock—how firm He proves !  
The Rock of ages never moves ;  
But the sweet streams that from Him flow,  
Attend us all the journey through.

5—He is the Sun of righteousness,  
 . Diffusing light, and joy, and peace ;  
 What healing in His beams appears,  
 To chase our clouds and dry our tears !

6—Yet faintly to us mortals here,  
 His glory, grace, and worth appear ;  
 His beauties we shall clearly trace,  
 When we behold Him face to face.

242

2 *Kings* xx. 19.

P.M.

1—Whate'er my God ordains is right !  
 His will is ever just ;  
 Howe'er He orders now my cause,  
 I will be still and trust.  
 He is my God,  
 Though dark my road ;  
 He holds me that I shall not fall,  
 Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

2—Whate'er my God ordains is right !  
 He never will deceive ;  
 He leads me by the proper path,  
 And so to Him I cleave,  
 And take content  
 What He hath sent ;—  
 His hand can turn my griefs away,  
 And patiently I wait His day.

3—Whate'er my God ordains is right !  
He taketh thought for me ;  
The cup that my Physician gives  
No poison'd draught can be,  
But medicine due ;  
For God is true,  
And on that changeless truth I build,  
And all my heart with hope is fill'd.

4—Whate'er my God ordains is right !  
Though I the cup must drink  
That bitter seems to my faint heart,  
I will not fear nor shrink ;  
Tears pass away  
With dawn of day ;  
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,  
And pain and sorrow all depart.

5—Whate'er my God ordains is right !  
My Light, my Life is He,  
Who cannot will me aught but good ;—  
I trust Him utterly ;  
For well I know,  
In joy or woe,  
We soon shall see as sunlight clear,  
How faithful was our Guardian here.

;—Whate'er my God ordains is right !  
     Here will I take my stand,  
 Though sorrow, need, or death make earth  
     For me a dessert land.  
     My Father's care  
     Is round me there ;  
 He holds me that I shall not fall,  
 And so to Him I leave it all.

FROM LYRA GERMANICA.

43

*Heb. xiii. 14.*

P.M.

1—I am a stranger here ;  
     No home, no rest I see ;  
 Not all earth counts most dear  
     Can win a sigh from me.  
                     I'm going home.

2—Jesus, Thy home is mine,  
     And I Thy Father's child ;  
 With hopes and joys divine,  
     The world's a dreary wild.  
                     I'm going home.

3—Home ! oh ! how soft and sweet,  
     It thrills upon the heart !  
 Home ! where the brethren meet  
     And never, never part.  
                     I'm going home.

4—Home ! where the Bridegroom takes  
The purchase of His love :  
Home ! where the Father waits  
To welcome saints above.

I'm going home.

5—Yes ! when the world looks cold,  
Which did my Lord revile,  
A lamb within the fold,  
I can look up and smile,

I'm going home.

6—When earth's delusive charms  
Would snare my pilgrim feet,  
I fly to Jesu's arms,  
And yet again repeat,

I'm going home.

7—When breaks each mortal tie  
That holds me from the goal,  
This, this can satisfy  
The cravings of my soul,—

I'm going home.

8—Ah ! gently, gently lead,  
Along the painful way,  
Bid every word and deed,  
And every look to say,

I'm going home.

44

*Philip. iv. 6.*

L.M.

- Hast Thou within a care so deep,  
It chases from thine eyelids sleep ?  
To thy Redeemer take that care,  
And change anxiety to prayer.
- Hast thou a hope with which thy heart  
Would almost feel it death to part ?  
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,  
Or give thee strength to lay it down.
- Hast thou a friend whose image dear  
May prove an idol worshipped here ?  
Implore the Lord that nought may be  
A shadow between heaven and thee.
- Whate'er the care which breaks thy rest—  
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast—  
Spread before God that wish, that care,  
And change anxiety to prayer.

45

*Psalm xlii. 5.*

7.6.

- 1—Why restless, why so weary,  
My soul, why so cast down ?  
Is all around thee dreary ?  
And bath the cross no crown ?



2—Where is the God that found thee,  
Who once could make thee glad ?  
His arms are still around thee ;  
Then wherefore art thou sad ?

3—O trust the Lord who bought thee ;  
O trust the sinner's Friend ;  
The wondrous love that sought thee  
Will keep thee to the end ;—

4—"Twill give a glorious morrow  
To this thy night of pain,  
And make thy dews of sorrow  
Like shining after rain.

246

*Rev. xxii. 5.*

P.M.

1—No shadows yonder !—  
All light and song !—  
Each day I wonder,  
And say, how long  
Shall time me sunder  
From that dear throng ?

2—No weeping yonder !—  
All fled away !  
While here I wander  
Each weary day,  
And sigh as I ponder  
My long, long stay.

3—No partings yonder !—  
Time and space never  
Again shall sunder,—  
Hearts cannot sever,—  
Dearer and fonder  
Hands clasp for ever.

4—None wanting yonder !  
Bought by the Lamb,  
All gathered under  
The evergreen palm,  
Loud as night's thunder  
Ascends the glad psalm.

H. BONAR.

17

*Gal.* vi. 14.

7's.

—Never further than Thy cross !  
Never higher than Thy feet !  
Here earth's precious things seem dross ;  
Here earth's bitter things seem sweet.

—Gazing thus our sins we see,  
Learn Thy love whilst gazing thus ;—  
Sin which laid the cross on Thee,  
Love which bore the cross for us.

3—Here from pomp and pride retired,  
Nothing we would seem and be ;  
Dust, yet with Thy life inspir'd,  
Nothing, but beloved by Thee.

4—Symbols of our liberty  
And our service here unite,  
Captives by Thy cross made free,  
Soldiers of Thy cross we fight.

5—Pressing onwards as we can,  
Still to this our life shall tend ;  
Where faith's earliest steps began,  
May life's latest moments end !

6—"Till amid the hosts of light,  
We in Thee redeem'd complete,  
Through Thy cross made pure and white,  
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

248

*Gen. xxxii. 26.*

P.M.

1—I will not let Thee go, Thou Help in time  
of need !  
Heap ill on ill,  
I trust Thee still,  
E'en when it seems as Thou would'st slay  
indeed !

Do as Thou wilt with me,  
I yet will cling to Thee ;  
Hide Thou Thy face,—yet, Help in time of  
need,  
I will not let Thee go !

—I will not let Thee go.—Should I forsake my  
bliss ?

No ! Lord, Thou'rt mine,  
And I am Thine,  
Thee will I hold when all things else I miss.  
Though dark and sad the night,  
Joy cometh with the light ;  
O Thou, my Sun, should I forsake my bliss ?  
I will not let Thee go !

—I will not let Thee go, my God, my Life,  
my Lord !

Not death can tear  
Me from His care,  
Who for my sake His soul in death outpour'd.  
Thou diedst for love to me ;  
I say, in love to Thee,  
E'en when my heart shall break, my God,  
my Life, my Lord,  
I will not let Thee go !

249

*Matt. vi. 34.*

P.M.

1—"Take no thought for the morrow," its  
trials or dangers ;

Why burden thy spirit with deepening  
gloom ?

Ah ! to-day hath enough to distress and  
perplex thee,

It needeth no shadow of dark things to  
come.

2—"Take no thought for the morrow ;" no  
sorrow shall touch thee,

But that which thy God in His love hath  
decreed ;

Go to Christ with thy grief, as it daily  
ariseth,

And seek for His strength in the *moment*  
of need.

3—"Take no thought for the morrow ;" rich  
mercy abounding

Has marked ev'ry step of thy pathway till  
now ;

Put thy trust, then, in God, for the still  
distant future,

Effacing those dark lines of care from thy  
brow.

4—"Take no thought for the morrow ;" its  
 dawning may find thee  
 A spirit at rest 'neath the altar of God,  
 With the *last* battle fought, and the *last* trial  
 ended,  
 The victory won through Emmanuel's blood.

250

*Genesis* xlvii. 9.

P.M.

1—How weary and how worthless this life at  
 times appears !  
 What days of heavy musings, what hours of  
 bitter tears !  
 How dark the storm-clouds gather across  
 the wintry skies !  
 How desolate and cheerless the path before  
 us lies !

2—And yet these days of dreariness are sent us  
 from above,  
 They do not come in anger, but in faithful-  
 ness and love ;—  
 They come to teach us lessons which bright  
 ones could not yield,  
 And to leave us blest and thankful when  
 their purpose is fulfilled.

3—They come to draw us nearer our Father and  
our God,  
More earnestly to seek his face, and listen  
to His word,  
And to feel, if now around us a desert land  
we see,  
*Without* the star of promise, what would its  
darkness be ?

4—They come to lay us lowly and humbled in  
the dust,  
All self-deception swept away, all creature-  
hope and trust,  
Our helplessness, our vileness, our guilt to  
make us own,  
And flee for hope and refuge to Jesus Christ  
alone.

5—They come to break the fetters, which here  
detain us fast,  
And force our long-reluctant hearts to rise to  
heaven at last,  
And brighten ev'ry prospect of that eternal  
home,  
Where grief, and disappointment, and fear  
can never come.

—Then turn not in despondence, poor weary  
heart, away,  
But meekly journey onwards, through the  
dark and cloudy day ;  
E'en now the bow of promise is above thee  
shining bright,  
And soon a joyful morning shall dissipate the  
night.

—Thy God hath not forgot thee, and when He  
sees it best,  
Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee  
hours of rest ;  
And all thy pain and sorrow, when the pil-  
grimage is o'er,  
Shall end in heavenly blessedness, and joys  
for evermore.

SPITTA.

*From Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

51

*Psalm xxvii. 14.*

P.M.

1—In days of trouble and of care,  
I sought a message from above ;  
Brief was the answer to my prayer,  
Few were the words, but full of love—  
Ye who mourn an adverse fate,  
Hear the message—"Pray and wait."



- 2—Pray, the Lord is ever nigh,  
Ready still with open ear ;  
Wait—and He will yet supply  
Hope and strength, for every fear.  
Pilgrim, weeping at the gate,  
Hear His message—"Pray and wait."
- 3—Pray, He knows thy ev'ry thought—  
Understands thy secret grief ;  
Wait,—He sends it not for nought,  
He will surely bring relief.  
Seeing all thy troubled state,  
Still He whispers—"Pray and wait."
- 4—Does the way seem long and drear  
To thy sad bewilder'd sight ?  
Pray and thou wilt see Him near,  
Wait,—He'll lead thee to the light.  
Seek Him early, seek Him late ;  
Fear not, doubt not—"Pray and wait."
- 5—Dost thou long the day to see,  
When thy Saviour shall appear ?  
Pray, that thou may'st watchful be ;  
Wait, the day is drawing near.  
Joyfully thou'lt then relate,  
'Twas not in vain to—"Pray and wait."

6—Weeping prayers are heard no more  
 From that home of endless joy ;  
 Days of waiting all are o'er ;  
 Songs of praise each tongue employ.  
 They who enter Zion's gate,  
 Need no more to—"Pray and wait."

252

*Matt. viii. 26.*

C.M.

- 1—Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
 While these hot breezes blow ;  
 Be like the night-dew's cooling balm  
 Upon earth's fever'd brow.
- 2—Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
 Soft resting on Thy breast,  
 Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
 And bid my spirit rest.
- 3—Yes ! keep me calm, though loud and rude  
 The sounds my ear that greet ;  
 Calm in the closet's solitude ;  
 Calm in the bustling street ;—
- 4—Calm in the day of buoyant health ;  
 Calm in my hour of pain ;  
 Calm in my poverty or wealth ;  
 Calm in my loss or gain ;—

- 5—Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame ;  
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,  
Who hate Thy holy name ;—
- 6—Calm when the great world's news with power  
My listening spirits stir ;—  
Let not the tidings of the hour  
E'er find too fond an ear ;—
- 7—Calm as the ray of sun or star  
Which storms assail in vain,  
Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
Th' eternal calm to gain.

H. BONAR.

253

*James i. 2.*

7. 6.

- 1—I think of Thee, O Saviour,  
And count affliction gain,  
If aught of suffering aid me  
To realize Thy pain.
- 2—I think of Thee, O Saviour,  
And bless the chastening rod,  
Conforming to Thine image,  
Thou chasten'd Son of God.

- 3—My sufferings no atonement  
For sin could make to God ;  
Alone, of all the people,  
Thou hast the winepress trod.
- 4—So there is nought of anger  
In this my Father's stroke ;  
He is but gently teaching  
My neck to bear the yoke.
- 5—And it is joy, my Saviour !  
A blessed joy to think,  
The cup I am but tasting  
Thou didst vouchsafe to drink.
- 6—I would press closer to Thee,  
A heavier cross to bear,  
So I might better know Thee,  
And more Thy spirit share.
- 7—Soon, as Thou overcamest,  
I too shall overcome ;  
And bless the love which kept me  
So long away from home.
- 8—I had been lost for ever,  
Had'st Thou not thought on me ;  
Cold is my heart and selfish ;—  
Yet, Lord, I think on Thee.

254

2 *Cor.* vi. 10.

P.M.

- 1—Rejoice ;—'tis not in sorrow  
To dim that fund of joy ;  
No darkening to-morrow  
Its brightness can destroy.  
For in the Christian's heart is found  
One little spot of sacred ground,—  
The waves may beat, the winds increase,  
They cannot reach that spot of peace.
- 2—Rejoice when thou art feeling  
The keenest earthly smart,  
For then thy Lord is sealing  
His name upon thy heart.  
For often through the glare of day  
A cloudy pillar marks the way,  
But in the dark and starless night  
It changes to a shining light.
- 3—Rejoice, though thou art waging  
A truceless war within,  
With evil spirits raging,  
And a heart prone to sin.  
For He who leads thee through the fray,  
Has fought the fight—has won the day ;  
His strength thy shield, thy guide His voice,  
Sorrowful Christian, still rejoice.

55.

*Rev. ii. 10.*

P.M.

—Be faithful to the end !

Let not danger nor distress  
Make thy heart love Jesus less.

Until death trust thou that Friend !

Ah ! the suffering of this earth  
All the glory is not worth  
Which thy Lord will give to thee,  
When up yonder thou shalt be.

!—Be faithful in thy grief !

Let not storms from Christ divide,  
Let not weeping Jesus hide.

Murmur not, to get relief,  
For impatience makes thy care  
Heavier much for thee to bear ;  
Happy he, who childlike will  
Let God lead him up the hill !

!—Be faithful in thy faith !—

Let not any robber bold  
Take it from thy heart's stronghold ;

Keep thy covenant till death.  
Then in the o'erflowing wave  
God is with thee, strong to save.  
Ah ! thou goest there forlorn,  
When thou art to Him forsworn !

4—Be faithful in thy love !—

See the love God has for thee !

Love thy neighbour, e'en when he

Lays more cares thy care above.

Think how Jesus prayed for those,

By whose hands His cross arose.

E'en as God doth thee forgive,

So let mercy in thee live.

5—And in thy hope stand true !—

Trust thou firmly in God's word !

Is thy cry in trouble heard ?

Comes He not to help thee through ?

Hope thou in Him firmly yet,

For the Lord doth not forget ;

Even now is help proclaim'd ;—

Hope can never make ashamed.

6—Then forward ! steadfast be,

In faith, love, hope, for ever !

Lord, I hear, and I will never

Leave my God, who leaves not me.

He is my soul's rejoicing still,

Griefs no more my joy can kill.

Reach forth Thy hand, O God, my Friend !

Make me faithful to the end.

256

*Micah* vi. 6.

7.6.

1—How shall I meet my Saviour ?  
How shall I welcome Thee ?  
What manner of behaviour  
Is now required of me ?  
I wait for Thy salvation ;  
Grant me Thy Spirit's light,  
Thus will my preparation  
Be pleasing in Thy sight.

2—While with her sweetest flowers  
Thy Zion strews Thy way,  
I'll raise with all my powers  
To Thee a grateful lay ;  
To Thee, the King of glory,  
I'll tune a song divine,  
And make Thy love's bright story  
In graceful numbers shine.

3—What hast Thou not performed,  
Lord, to retrieve my loss,  
Whilst I was so deformed  
By sin and nature's dross !  
Thou raised'st me to glory,  
Endowed'st me with bliss,  
Which is not transitory,  
As worldly grandeur is.



4—No sinful man's endeavour,  
Nor any mortal's care,  
Could draw Thy sovereign favour  
To sinners in despair ;  
Uncall'd Thou cam'st with gladness,  
Us from the fall to raise,  
And change our grief and sadness  
To songs of joy and praise.

5—Ye, who with deep contrition  
Bemoan your sinful state,  
Fear not,—Christ gives remission  
Of sins, however great.  
He comes, repenting sinners  
With life and love to crown,  
And make them happy winners  
Of glory like His own.

257

1 *Peter* ii. 21

P.M.

1—He suffer'd ! And wilt thou repine  
In this thy Master's lot to join ?  
He died for thee ! And wouldst not thou  
Die to the world's seducing show ?  
He prayed for *thee* ! Wilt thou be slow  
To seek the grace He can bestow ?

2—He lived for thee ! Wilt thou not strive  
 Henceforth to Him alone to live ?  
 He bore God's curse thy soul to save !  
 And fearest thou man's wrath to brave ?  
 He bore the cross ! Wilt thou refuse  
 To bear the cross His love shall choose ?

3—He rose for thee ! From earth arise,  
 And fix thy gaze upon the skies !  
 He loves thee ! Wilt thou turn away ?  
 He calls thee on ! Wilt thou delay ?  
 Thou, whom He suffer'd to redeem,  
 Brother, make haste to follow Him.

E. Z. B.

58

*John i. 35.*

7's.

1—Master, where abidest Thou ?  
 Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek ;  
 For the wants which press us now,  
 Other aid is all too weak.  
 Can'st Thou take our sins away ?  
 Can we find repose in Thee ?  
 From Thy gracious lips to-day,  
 As of old, breathes, "Come and see."

2—Master, where abidest Thou ?  
How shall we Thine image best  
Bear without upon our brow,  
Stamp within upon our breast ?  
Still a look is all our might ;  
Looking draws the heart to Thee,  
Sends us from th' absorbing sight  
With the message, "Come and see."

3—Christian tell it to thy brother,  
From life's dawning to its end ;  
Every hand may clasp another,  
And the loneliest bring a friend ;  
'Till the veil is drawn aside,  
And from where her home shall be,  
Bursts upon the enfranchised bride,  
The triumphant "Come and see."

259

*Ezekiel xxxvii. 9.*

L.M.

1—Spirit of everlasting grace,  
Infinite source of life, come down !  
These tombs unlock, these dead upraise,  
Thy glorious power and love make known.

2—Breathe o'er the valley of the dead,  
Send forth Thy quickening might abroad,  
'Till, rising from their tombs, they spread  
In full array,—the host of God !

3—Thy heritage lies desolate,  
 And all Thy pleasant places mourn ;  
 O look upon our low estate ;  
 In loving-kindness, Lord, return !

4—Now let Thy glory be revealed ;  
 Now let Thy presence with us rest ;  
 O heal us, and we shall be healed !  
 O bless us, and we shall be blest !

H. BONAR.

360

*Psalm xviii. 46.*

P.M.

1—God liveth ever !  
 Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !  
 Our God is good ; in ev'ry place  
 His love is known, His help is found ;  
 His mighty arm, and tender grace,  
 Bring good from ills that hem us round.  
 Easier than we think can He  
 Turn to joy our agony ;  
 Soul, remember, 'mid thy pains,  
 God o'er all for ever reigns !

2—God liveth ever !  
 Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !  
 Say, shall He slumber, shall He sleep,  
 Who gave the eye its power to see ?

Shall He not hear His children weep,  
Who made the ear so wondrously ?  
God is God ; He sees and hears  
All our troubles, all our tears.  
Soul, forget not, 'mid thy pains,  
God o'er all for ever reigns !

3—God liveth ever !

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !  
He who can earth and heaven control,  
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,  
Whose presence fills the mighty whole,  
In each true heart is close at hand.  
Love Him ; He will surely send  
Help and joy that never end.  
Soul, remember, in thy pains,  
God o'er all for ever reigns !

4—God liveth ever !

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !  
Scarce canst thou bear thy cross ? Then fly  
To Him where only rest is sweet.  
Thy God is great ; His mercy nigh,  
His strength upholds the tottering feet.  
Trust Him, for His grace is sure,  
Ever doth His truth endure.  
Soul, forget not, in Thy pains,  
God o'er all for ever reigns !

5—God liveth ever !

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !  
When sins and follies long forgot  
Upon thy tortured conscience prey,  
O come to God, and fear Him not,  
His love shall sweep them all away.  
Pains of hell, at look of His,  
Change to calm content and bliss.  
Soul remember in thy pains,  
God o'er all for ever reigns !

3—God liveth ever !

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !  
Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,  
Who stand bewilder'd with their woe,  
God gently to His bosom takes,  
And bids them all His fulness know.  
In thy sorrows' swelling flood  
Own His hand who seeks thy good.  
Soul, forget not in thy pains,  
God o'er all for ever reigns !

7—God liveth ever !

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !  
Let earth and heaven outworn with age,  
Sink to the chaos whence they came ;  
Let angry foes against us rage,  
Let hell shoot forth its fiercest flame ;

Fear not death, nor Satan's thrusts,  
God defends who in Him trusts ;  
Soul, remember in thy pains,  
God o'er all for ever reigns !

8—God liveth ever !  
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !  
What though thou tread with bleeding feet  
A thorny path of grief and gloom,  
Thy God will choose the way most meet  
To lead thee heavenwards—lead thee home.  
For this life's long night of sadness,  
He will give thee peace and gladness.  
Soul, remember in thy pains,  
God o'er all for ever reigns !

FROM LYRA GERMANICA.


261

*Heb. xi. 14.*

P.M.

1—I am bound for the kingdom ! Tempt me not  
My spirit to delay ;  
In this wide world there's not a spot  
Where I would wish to stay.

2—I am bound for the kingdom ! Hopes are mine  
Brighter than all below ;  
I go where the glorious angels shine,  
And saints made perfect glow.



3—I go where is waving the ever-green,  
And life-bestowing tree ;  
No flashing sword shall intervene  
To bar its fruit from me.

4—I go where every sound is sweet,  
And every sight is fair ;  
My longing heart and soul shall meet  
Full satisfaction there.

5—I am bound for the kingdom !—Not a spot  
On earth can tempt my stay ;  
Ye friends beloved ! will ye not  
With me too come away ?

E. W.

262

*Psalm xxxvii. 7.*

P.M.

1—Be still, my soul, Jehovah loveth thee ;  
Fret not, nor murmur at thy weary lot ;  
Though dark and lone thy journey seems to be,  
Be sure that thou art ne'er by Him forgot.  
He ever loves ; then trust Him, trust Him  
still ;  
Let all thy care be this—the doing of His  
will.



2—Thy hand in His, like fondest, happiest child,  
Place thou, nor draw it for a moment thence;  
Walk thou with Him, a Father reconciled,  
Till in His own good time He calls thee  
hence.

Walk with Him now,—so shall thy way be  
bright,  
And all thy soul be fill'd with His most  
glorious light.

3—Fight the good fight of faith, nor turn aside  
Through fear of peril from or earth or hell;  
Take to thee now the armour proved and tried,  
Take to thee spear and sword ;—oh ! wield  
them well.

So shalt thou conquer here, to win the day,  
To wear the crown when this hard life has  
passed away.

4—Take courage, faint not, tho' the foe be strong,  
Christ is thy strength ! He fighteth on thy  
side ;  
Swift be thy race ; remember 'tis not long,  
The goal is near ; the prize He will provide.  
And then from earthly toil thou retest ever ;  
Never again to toil, or fight or fear :—oh !  
never.

—He comes, with His reward ; 'tis just at hand ;  
 He comes in glory to His promised throne ;  
 My soul rejoice ; ere long thy feet shall stand  
 Within the city of the Blessed One,—  
 Thy perils past, thy heritage secure,  
 Thy tears all wiped away, thy joy for ever  
 sure.

163

*Job vii. 3.*

P.M.

FOR AN INVALID.

1—Lord, a whole long day of pain  
 Now at last is o'er !  
 Ah ! how much we can sustain  
 I have felt once more ;  
 Felt how frail are all our powers,  
 And how weak our trust ;  
 If Thou help not, these dark hours  
 Crush us to the dust.

2—Could I face the coming night,  
 If thou wert not near ?  
 Nay, without Thy love and might  
 I must sink with fear.  
 Round me falls the evening gloom,  
 Sights and sounds all cease,  
 But within this narrow room  
 Night will bring no peace.

3—Other weary eyes may close,  
All things seek their sleep,  
Hither comes no soft repose,  
I must wake and weep.  
Come then, Jesus, o'er me bend,  
Give me strength to cope  
With my pains, and gently send  
Thoughts of peace and hope.

4—Draw my weary heart away  
From this gloom and strife,  
And these fever-pains allay  
With the dew of life.  
Thou canst calm the troubled mind,  
Thou its dread canst still ;  
Teach me to be all resign'd  
To my Father's will.

264

*Isaiah xxvi. 4.*

6.7.

1—Trust on, trust on, believer !  
Though long the conflict be,  
Thou yet shalt prove victorious,  
Thy God shall fight for thee.

2—Trust on, trust on ! Thy failings  
May bow thee to the dust ;  
Yet in thy deepest sorrow  
Oh ! give not up thy trust.

3—Trust on ! the danger presses ;  
 Temptation strong is near ;  
 Over life's dangerous rapids  
 Who shall thy passage steer ?

4—Jesus is strong to save thee !  
 He is a faithful friend,  
 Trust on ! trust on, believer !  
 Trust Jesus to the end.

E. W.

185

*Psalm cvii. 26.*

P.M.

—Lord, the waves are breaking o'er me and  
 around ;  
 Oft of coming tempest I hear the moaning  
 sound.  
 Here there is no safety, rocks on either hand ;  
 'Tis a foreign roadstead, a strange and  
 hostile land.  
 Wherefore should I linger ? Others gone  
 before  
 Long since safe are landed on a calm and  
 friendly shore.  
 Now the sailing orders, in mercy, Lord,  
 bestow,—

Loose the cable, let me go !

2—Lord, the night is closing round my feeble  
bark ;

How shall I encounter its watches long and  
dark ?

Sorely worn and shatter'd by many a billow  
past,

Can I stand another rude and stormy blast ?

Ah ! the promised haven I never may attain,  
Sinking and forgotten amid the lonely  
main ;

Enemies around me, gloomy depths below,—  
Loose the cable, let me go !

3—Lord, I would be near Thee, with Thee  
where Thou art,—

Thine own word hath said it, "'tis better  
to depart,"

There to serve Thee better, there to love  
Thee more,

With Thy ransom'd people to worship and  
adore.

Ever to Thy presence Thou dost call Thine  
own—

Why am I remaining helpless and alone ?

Oh ! to see Thy glory, Thy wondrous love to  
know !—

Loose the cable, let me go !

—Lord, the lights are gleaming from the  
distant shore,  
Where no billows threaten, where no tem-  
pests roar  
Long beloved voices, calling me, I hear,—  
Oh ! how sweet their summons falls upon  
mine ear !  
Here are foes and strangers, faithless hearts  
and cold,  
There is fond affection, fondly proved of  
old !  
Let me haste to join them ! may it not be so ?—  
Loose the cable, let me go !

—Hark ! the solemn answer ! Hark ! the pro-  
mise sure !  
“Blessed are the servants who to the end  
endure !”  
Yet a little longer, tarry and hope on,—  
Yet a little longer, weak and weary one !  
More to perfect patience, to grow in faith  
and love,  
More *My* strength and wisdom and faithful-  
ness to prove ;  
Then the sailing orders the Captain *shall*  
bestow,—  
Loose the cable, let thee go.

**266***John xiv. 27.*

S.M.

- 1—Let not your hearts be faint ;  
My peace I give to you,  
Such peace as reason never plann'd,  
As worldlings never knew.
- 2—'Tis not the stilly calm  
That bodes a tempest nigh,  
Or lures the heedless mariner  
Where rocks and quicksands lie.
- 3—It is not nature's sleep,  
The stupor of the soul,  
That knows not God, nor owns His hand,  
Tho' wide His thunders roll.
- 4—It speaks a ransomed world,  
A Father reconciled,  
A sinner to a saint transformed,  
A rebel to a child.
- 5—It tells of joys to come,  
It soothes the troubled breast,  
It shines a star amid the storm,  
The harbinger of rest.
- 6—Then murmur not, nor mourn,  
My people faint and few,  
Tho' earth to its foundation shake,  
My peace I leave with you.

67

*Acts xi. 23.*

P.M.

- 1—Cling to the Mighty One,  
Cling in thy grief ;  
Cling to the Holy One,  
He gives relief ;  
Cling to the Gracious One,  
Cling in thy pain ;  
Cling to the Faithful One,  
He will sustain.
- 2—Cling to the Living one,  
Cling in thy woe ;  
Cling to the Loving One,  
Through all below ;  
Cling to the Pard'ning One,  
He speaketh peace ;  
Cling to the Healing One,  
Anguish shall cease.
- 3—Cling to the Bleeding one,  
Cling to His side ;  
Cling to the Risen One,  
In Him abide ;  
Cling to the Coming One,  
Hope shall arise ;  
Cling to the Reigning One,  
Joy lights thine eyes.



268

*Judges* viii. 4.

P.M.

1—I do not doubt my safety—that Thy hand  
Will still uphold me, even to the last,  
And that my feet on Canaan's hill shall stand,  
When the long wilderness is overpast ;  
But often faith is weak, and hope is low ;  
Forward, indeed, but faint and wearily I go.

2—I do not doubt Thy love, my Lord and God,  
The love which suffer'd and which died  
for me,  
The love which sought me on the downward  
road,  
Unclasp'd the fetters, set the captive free!  
But mine seems now so languid, dull and  
cold—  
O for the blissful hours which I have known  
of old !

3—I do not doubt, unworthy though I be,  
Thy worthiness, my Saviour, is my own !  
One of Thy many mansions is for me,  
In the good land where sorrow is unknown ;  
But often clouds obscure the distant scene,  
And from the flood I shrink, which darkly  
rolls between.

4—Lord ! at the evening time let there be light ;  
Unveil Thy presence, bid all darkness fly ;  
Surely, ere now, far spent must be the night,  
The morning comes, the journey's end is  
nigh ;  
Renew my strength, what yet remains to  
run,  
Till glory crown the work which grace has  
here begun.

269

*Heb. xiii. 5.*

P.M.

1—Be thou content ;—be still before  
His face, at whose right hand doth reign  
Fulness of joy for evermore,  
Without whom all thy toil is vain.  
He is thy living spring, thy sun, whose rays  
Make glad with life and light thy weary days.  
Be thou content !

2—In Him is comfort, light, and grace,  
And changeless love beyond our thought ;  
The sorest pang, the worst disgrace,  
If He is there, shall harm thee not.  
He can lift off thy cross, and loose thy bands,  
And calm thy fears,—nay, death is in His  
hands.

Be thou content !

3—Or art thou friendless and alone,  
Hast none in whom thou canst confide ?  
God careth for thee, lonely one,  
Comfort and help will He provide.  
He sees thy sorrows, and thy hidden grief,  
He knoweth when to send thee quick relief.  
Be thou content !

4—The heart's out-spoken pain He knows,  
Thy secret sighs He hears full well,  
What to none else thou dar'st disclose  
To Him thou may'st with boldness tell.  
He is not far away, but ever nigh,  
And answereth willingly the poor man's cry.  
Be thou content !

5—Be not o'er-mastered by thy pain,  
But cling to God, thou shalt not fall ;  
The floods sweep over thee in vain,  
Thou yet shalt rise above them all ;  
For when thy trial seems too hard to bear,  
Lo ! God, thy King, hath granted all thy  
prayer.  
Be thou content !

6—Why art thou full of anxious fear  
How thou shalt be sustain'd and fed ?  
He who hath made and placed thee here,  
Will give thee needful daily bread.

Canst thou not trust His rich and bounteous  
hand,  
Who feeds all living things on sea and land ?  
Be thou content !

7—He who doth teach the little birds  
To find their meat in field and wood,  
Who gives the countless flocks and herds  
Each day their needful drink and food,  
Thy hunger too will surely satisfy,  
And all thy wants in His good time supply.  
Be thou content !

8—Say'st thou, "I know not how or where, .  
No help I see, where'er I turn ?"  
When of all else we most despair,  
The riches of God's love we learn.  
When thou and I His hand no longer trace,  
He leads us forth into a pleasant place.  
Be thou content !

9—Though long His promised aid delay,  
At last it will be surely sent :  
Though thy heart sink in sore dismay,  
The trial for thy good is meant.  
What we have won with pains, we hold most  
fast ;  
What tarrieth long, is sweeter at the last.  
Be thou content !

10—Lay not to heart whate'er of ill  
Thy foes may falsely speak of thee ;  
Let man defame thee as he will,  
God hears, and judges righteously.  
Why should'st thou fear, if God be on thy  
side,  
Man's cruel anger or malicious pride ?  
Be thou content !

11—We know for us a rest remains,  
When God will give us sweet release  
From earth and all our mortal chains,  
And turn our sufferings into peace.  
Sooner or later death will surely come,  
To end our sorrows, and to take us home.  
Be thou content !

GERHARDT.

*From Lyra Germanica.*

270

*Gen. xxviii. 15.*

P.M.

1—God doth not leave His own !  
The night of weeping for a time may last,  
Then, tears all past,  
His going forth shall as the morning shine,  
The sunrise of His favour shall be thine—  
God doth not leave His own !

2—God doth not leave His own !  
 Tho' few and evil all their days appear,  
     Tho' grief and fear  
 Come in the train of earth and hell's dark  
     crowd—  
 The trusting heart says, even in the cloud,  
     God doth not leave His own !

3—God doth not leave His own !  
 Their sorrow in this life He doth permit—  
     Yea, chooseth it.  
 To speed His children in their heavenward  
     way,  
 He guides the winds ;—faith, hope, and love  
     all say,  
 God doth not leave His own !

271

*John xii. 21.*

P.M.

1—"We would see Jesus"—for the shadows  
     lengthen  
 Across this little landscape of our life :  
 We would see Jesus, our weak faith to  
     strengthen,  
 For the last weariness—the final strife.

2—"We would see Jesus"—for life's hand hath  
rested

With its dark touch upon both heart and  
brow ;

And though our souls have many a billow  
breasted,

Others are rising in the distance now.

3—"We would see Jesus"—the great rock-  
foundation,

Whereon our feet we've set by sovereign  
grace ;

Not life nor death, with all their agitation,  
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

4—"We would see Jesus"—other lights are  
paling,

Which for long years we have rejoiced to  
see ;

The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,

We would not mourn them, for we go to  
Thee.

5—"We would see Jesus"—yet the spirit lingers

Round the dear objects it has loved so long,  
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its  
fingers.—

Our love to Thee makes not this love less  
strong.

6—"We would see Jesus"—sense is all too  
blinding,  
And heaven appears too dim—too far  
away ;  
We would see Thee, to gain a sweet re-  
minding,  
That Thou hast promised our great debt  
to pay.

7—"We would see Jesus"—this is all we're  
needing,—  
Strength, joy, and willingness come with  
the sight :  
"We would see Jesus," dying, risen, plead-  
ing :  
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal  
night !

272

*Phil. i. 23.*

1—I journey forth rejoicing,  
From this dark vale of tears,  
To heavenly joy and freedom,  
From earthly bonds and fears ;  
Where Christ our Lord shall gather  
All His redeem'd again,  
His kingdom to inherit ;—  
Good night till then !



2—Go to thy quiet resting,  
Poor tenement of clay !  
From all thy pain and weakness  
I gladly haste away ;  
But still in faith confiding  
To find Thee yet again,  
All glorious and immortal ;—  
Good night till then !

3—Why thus so sadly weeping,  
Belov'd ones of my heart ?  
The Lord is good and gracious,  
Tho' now he bids us part.  
Oft have we met in gladness,  
And we shall meet again,  
All sorrow left behind us ;—  
Good night till then !

4—I go to see His glory,  
Whom we have lov'd below ;  
I go the blessed angels,  
The holy saints, to know ;  
Our lovely ones departed,  
I go to find again,  
And wait for you to join us ;  
Good night till then !

5—I hear the Saviour calling ;  
The joyful hour has come ;  
The angel-guards are ready  
To guide me to our home ;  
Where Christ our Lord shall gather  
All His redeem'd again,  
His kingdom to inherit ;—  
Good night till then !

HYMNS FROM THE LAND OF LUTHER.

273

*Heb. iv. 3.*

P.M.

- 1—Rest, weary soul !  
The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,  
For all thy sins full satisfaction made ;  
Strive not thyself to do what Christ has done ;  
Claim the free gift and make the joy thine  
own ;  
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distress,  
Rest, sweetly rest !
- 2—Rest, weary heart !  
From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,  
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain ;  
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,  
All shall be blessedness and bright at last ;  
Cast off the cares that have so long oppress'd  
Rest, sweetly rest !

## 3—Rest, weary head !

Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb,  
Light from above has broken through its  
gloom ;

Here in the place where once thy Saviour  
lay,

Where He shall wake thee on a future day,  
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,  
Rest, sweetly rest !

## 4—Rest, spirit, rest !

In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,  
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,  
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,  
Beside the streams of life eternal led,  
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,  
Rest, sweetly rest !

274

*Luke xxi. 19.*

P.M.

1—Be still, my soul ! the Lord is on thy side,  
Bear patiently the cross of grief and pain ;  
Leave to thy God to order and provide,  
In every change He faithful will remain.  
Be still, my soul ! thy best, thy heavenly  
Friend,  
Thro' thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

2—Be still, my soul ! thy God doth undertake  
To guide the future, as He has the past :  
Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake,  
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.  
Be still, my soul ! the waves and winds still  
know  
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt  
below.

3—Be still, my soul ! when dearest friends  
depart,  
And all is darkened in the vale of tears ;  
Then shalt thou better know His love, His  
heart,  
Who comes to sooth thy sorrows and thy  
fears.  
Be still, my soul ! thy Jesus can repay  
From His own fulness all He takes away.

4—Be still, my soul ! the hour is hastening on,  
When we shall be for ever with the Lord ;  
When disappointment, grief, and fear, are  
gone,  
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.  
Be still, my soul ! when change and fears are  
past,  
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

5—Be still, my soul ! begin the song of praise  
On earth, believing, to the Lord on high ;  
Acknowledge Him in all thy works and ways,  
So shall He view thee with a well-pleas'd  
eye.

Be still, my soul ! the sun of life divine  
Thro' passing clouds shall but more brightly  
shine.

## HYMNS FROM THE LAND OF LUTHER.

275

*John* xiv. 2.

7.6.

1—Going home ! and going quickly !  
'Tis a thought to cheer the heart ;  
Should we suffer, be it meekly,  
Soon the world and we must part,  
Never more to meet again ;  
There's an end of suffering then,  
There's an end of all that grieves us ;—  
How the thought of this relieves us !

2—Going home ! How sweet and cheering !  
Going to the place we love,  
There in royal state appearing  
'Mid the shining court above.  
There our Father lives and reigns,  
Greater He than fancy feigns ;  
There His people live for ever,  
There's a portion failing never.

3—Going home ! There's nothing dearer  
To the pilgrim's heart than home ;  
Drawing nearer still and nearer  
To the place where pilgrims come,  
Much he thinks of what will be,  
Much of what he hopes to see,  
Thinks of kindred, friends, and brothers,  
But of Christ above all others.

4—'Tis the blessed hope of seeing  
Him he loves in glory there,  
Blessed hope of ever being  
With the Lord, His joys to share.  
'Tis the hope which lightens toil,  
And in sorrow makes him smile,  
Cheers him in the midst of strangers,  
Keeps him when beset with dangers.

5—Going home ! Then it behoves us  
Here to live as strangers do ;  
When the trial comes, it proves us,  
Proves if we have faith or no ;  
Let us make the promise sure,  
Let us to the end endure,  
In the Saviour's love abiding,  
In the Saviour's strength confiding.

276

*Luke* xii. 32.

C.M.

- 1—A little flock ! so calls He thee,  
Who bought thee with His blood ;  
A little flock, disowned of men,  
But owned and loved of God.
- 2—A little flock ! yea even so,  
A handful among men,  
Such is the purpose of thy God ;  
So willeth He ; Amen !
- 3—Not many rich and noble called,  
Not many great and wise ;  
They whom He makes His kings and  
priests,  
Are poor in human eyes.
- 4—Church of the everlasting God,  
Our Father's gracious choice,  
Amidst the voices of this earth,  
How feeble is Thy voice !
- 5—But the chief Shepherd comes at length,  
Thy feeble days are o'er ;  
No more a handful in the earth,  
A little flock no more.

6—No more a lily among thorns,  
Weary, and faint, and few ;  
But countless as the stars of heaven,  
Or as the early dew.

7—When entering th' eternal hall  
In robes of victory,  
That mighty multitude shall keep  
A joyous jubilee. H. BONAR.

277

*Psalm vi. 8.*

P.M.

1—Weep not,—Jesus lives on high,  
Oh ! sad and wearied one !  
If thou with the burden sigh  
Of grief thou can'st not shun,  
Trust Him still ;—  
Soon there will  
Roses in the thicket stand,  
Goshen smile in Egypt's land.

2—Weep not,—Jesus thinks of thee,  
When all beside forget,  
And on thee so lovingly  
His faithfulness has set,  
That tho' all  
Ruined fall,  
Everything on earth be shaken,  
Thou wilt never be forsaken.



3—Weep not,—Jesus heareth thee,  
Hears thy moanings broken,  
Hears when thou right wearily  
All thy grief has spoken.  
Raise thy cry,  
He is nigh ;  
And when waves roll full in view,  
He shall fix their “Hitherto.”

4—Weep not,—Jesus loveth thee,  
Tho’ all around may scorn,  
And tho’ poisoned arrows be  
Upon thy buckler borne.  
With His love,  
Nought can move ;  
All may fail,—yet only wait,  
He shall make the crooked straight.

5—Weep not,—Jesus cares for thee,  
Then what of good can fail ?  
Why shouldest thou thus gloomily  
At thought of trouble quail ?  
He will bear  
All thy care ;  
And if He the burden take,  
He will all things perfect make.

6—Weep not,—Jesus comforts thee ;  
He yet shall come and save,  
And each sorrow thou shalt see  
Lie buried in thy grave.  
Sin shall die,  
Grief shall fly ;  
Thou hast wept thy latest tears,  
When the Lord of life appears.

B. SCHMOLK.

*From Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

278

*Heb. ii. 10.*

P.M.

- 1—Perfect through suffering ! Is this the path  
My Saviour trod ?  
And shall I shrink to follow Thee,  
Thou Lamb of God ?
- 2—Perfect through suffering ! The heart may  
faint  
Upon the road,  
And flesh and spirit both may fail ;—  
Yet hope in God !
- 3—Perfect through suffering ! The gold refined  
No dross remains,  
And o'er the furnace watcheth One,  
To guide the flames.

4—Perfect through suffering ! A bright reward  
Before thee lies ;  
Gird up thy loins to run the race ;—  
Then seize the prize.

5—Perfect through suffering ! The countless  
throng  
Of saints in light,  
Through tribulations great have come,  
Afflictions fight.

6—Perfect through suffering ! Their robes made  
white  
In Jesu's blood,  
The tears from ev'ry eye are wiped,  
They reign with God.

7—Perfect through suffering ! The conflict o'er,  
The race well run,  
A crown of immortality  
And joy is won.

8—Perfect through suffering ! Is this the path  
My Saviour trod ?  
Then welcome be its fiery cross !  
It leads to God ?

**279**2 *Cor.* v. 17.

C.M.

1—We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,  
Our Saviour kind and true,  
For all the old things pass'd away,  
For all Thou hast made new.

2—The old security is gone,  
In which so long we lay ;  
The sleep of death Thou hast dispelled,  
The darkness rolled away.

3—New hopes, new purposes, desires,  
And joys, Thy grace has given ;  
Old ties are broken from the earth,  
New ones attach to heaven.

4—But yet how much must be destroyed,  
How much renew'd must be,  
Ere we can fully stand complete,  
In likeness, Lord, to Thee !—

5—Ere to Jerusalem above,  
The holy place, we come,  
Where nothing sinful or defiled  
Shall ever find a home.

6—Thou, only Thou, must carry on  
The work Thou hast begun ;  
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,  
In Thine own ways to run.

7—Ah ! leave us not ! From day to day  
Revive, restore again ;  
Our feeble steps do Thou direct,  
Our enemies restrain.

8—Whate'er would tempt the soul to stray,  
Or separate from Thee,  
That, Lord, remove, however dear  
To the poor heart it be !

9—When the flesh sinks, then strengthen Thou  
The spirit from above ;  
Make us to feel Thy service sweet,  
And light Thy yoke of love.

10—So shall we faultless stand at last  
Before Thy Father's throne,  
The blessedness for ever ours,  
The glory all Thine own !

SPITTA.

*From Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

1—My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger  
Would not detain them as they fly—  
These hours of toil and danger.  
For Oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over,  
And just before the shining shore  
We may almost discover.

2—We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
 Our distant home discerning ;  
 Our absent Lord has left us word,  
 Let ev'ry lamp be burning.

For oh ! we stand, &c.

3—Should coming days be cold and dark,  
 We need not cease our singing,  
 That perfect rest none can molest,  
 Where golden harps are ringing.

For oh ! we stand, &c.

4—Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
 Each chord on earth to sever ;  
 Our King says "Come,"—and there's a  
 home,

For ever, oh ! for ever !

For oh ! we stand, &c.

281

1 *John* iii. 2.

P.M.

1—What shall I be, my Lord, when I behold  
 Thee

In awful majesty at God's right hand,  
 And 'mid th' eternal glories that enfold me,  
 In strange bewilderment, O Lord, I stand ?  
 What shall I be ? these tears—they dim my  
 sight ;

I cannot catch the blissful vision right.

2—What shall I be, Lord, when Thy radiant  
glory,

As from the grave I rise, encircles me,  
When brightly pictured in the light before  
me

What eye hath never seen, my eye shall  
see,

What shall I be ? Ah ! blessed and sublime  
Is the dim prospect of that glorious time !

3—What shall I be, when days of grief are  
ended,

From earthly fetters set for ever free,  
When from the harps of saints and angels  
blended,

I hear the burst of joyful melody ?  
What shall I be, when risen from the dead,  
Sin, death, and hell I never more shall dread ?

4—What shall I be, when all around are  
thronging,

The loved of earth, where I have come to  
dwell,

When all is joy and praise—no anxious long-  
ing,

No bitter parting, and no sad farewell ?  
What shall I be ? Ah, how the streaming light  
Can lend a radiance to this dreary night !

- 5—Yes! Faith can never know the full salvation,  
 Which Jesus for His people will prepare ;—  
 Then will I wait in peaceful expectation,  
 Till the good Shepherd comes to take me  
 there.  
 My Lord, my God, a blissful end I see,  
 Tho' now I know not what I yet shall be !

LANGBECKER.

*From Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

282

*Psalm xcv. 1.*

P.M.

- 1—Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,  
 Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;  
 Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, " Come,"  
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.  
 Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,  
 Bound to the land of bright spirits above.
- 2—Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,  
 Soon to the presence of God we shall go ;  
 Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.  
 Joyfully, joyfully, onward, &c.
- 3—Teachers and kindred have passed on before,  
 Waiting, they watch us approaching the  
 shore,  
 Singing to cheer us while passing along—  
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.  
 Joyfully, joyfully, onward, &c.



- 4—Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear;—  
 Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall  
 hear,  
 Filling with harmony heaven's high dome;  
 Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.  
 Joyfully, joyfully, onward, &c.
- 5—Death, with its arrow, may soon lay us low;  
 Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow:  
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb—  
 Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home.  
 Joyfully, joyfully, onward, &c.
- 6—Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;  
 Death shall be conquered, its sceptre be gone;  
 Over the plains of our Canaan we'll roam,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.  
 Joyfully, joyfully, onward, &c.

- 1—Commit thy way to God,  
 The weight which makes thee faint—  
 Worlds are to Him no load!  
 To Him breathe thy complaint.  
 He who for winds and clouds  
 Maketh a pathway free,  
 Through wastes or hostile crowds  
 Can make a way for thee.

2—Hope, then, tho' woes be doubled,  
    Hope and be undismayed ;  
Let not thine heart be troubled,  
    Nor let it be afraid.  
This prison where thou art,  
    Thy God will break it soon,  
And flood with light thy heart,  
    In His own blessed noon.

3—Up, up, the day is breaking,  
    Say to thy cares, Good night !  
Thy troubles from thee shaking  
    Like dreams in day's fresh light.  
Thou wearest not the crown,  
    Nor the best course can'st tell ;  
God sitteth on the throne,  
    And guideth all things well.

4—Trust Him to govern, then :  
    No king can rule like Him.  
How wilt thou wonder when  
    Thine eyes no more are dim,  
To see those paths which vex thee,  
    How wise they were and meet ;  
The works which now perplex thee,  
    How beautiful, complete !

5—Faithful the love thou sharest ;  
 All, all is well with thee ;  
 The crown from hence thou bearest  
 With shouts of victory.  
 In thy right hand to-morrow  
 Thy God shall place the palms.  
 To Him who chased thy sorrow,  
 How glad will be thy psalms !

PAUL GERHARDT.

284

*Phil.* i. 21.

P.M.

1—Precious Saviour, may I live  
 Only for Thee.  
 Spend the powers Thou dost give,  
 Only for Thee.

2—Be my spirit's deep desire  
 Only for Thee.  
 May my intellect aspire  
 Only for Thee.

3—In my joys may I rejoice  
 Only for Thee.  
 In my choices make my choice  
 Only for Thee.

4—Meekly may I suffer grief  
 Only for Thee.  
 Gratefully accept relief  
 Only for Thee.

- 5—Be my smiles and be my tears  
                                     Only for Thee.  
     Be my young and riper years  
                                     Only for Thee.
- 6—Be my singing and my sighing  
                                     Only for Thee.  
     Be my sickness and my dying  
                                     Only for Thee.
- 7—Be my rising, be my glory  
                                     Only for Thee.  
     Be my whole eternity  
                                     Only for Thee.

E.W.

285

*Psalm cxvi. 7.*

P.M.

- 1—Cease, my soul, thy strayings !  
     Have they brought thee peace ?  
     Come, no more delayings,  
     Cease thy wanderings, cease.  
         These vanities how vain !  
         Wander not again.
- 2—Thou hast found thy centre,  
     There, my soul, abide,  
     Never more adventure  
     Now to swerve aside.  
         These vanities how vain !  
         Wander not again.

3—Thou hast reach'd thy dwelling,  
Safe, sure anchorage,  
From the perilous swelling  
Of the tempest's rage.  
These vanities how vain !  
Wander not again.

4—Tranquil hours now greet thee  
In thy calm abode ;  
Gracious looks now meet thee  
From thy loving God.  
These vanities how vain !  
Wander not again.

5—Pierce these mists that blind thee ;  
Press to yonder prize ;  
Break the bonds that bind thee :  
Rise, my soul, arise !  
These vanities how vain !  
Wander not again.

H. BONAR.

1—Are your souls the Saviour seeking ?  
Peace, peace, be still ;—  
'Tis the Lord Himself is speaking,  
Peace, peace, be still.

For before the world's foundation,  
God secured a full salvation,—  
Happy people, chosen nation !  
Peace, peace, be still.

2—"Tis the blood of Christ hath spoken,  
Peace, peace, be still ;  
The destroyer sees the token,  
Peace, peace, be still.  
On God's word we boldly venture,  
All our hopes in Jesus centre ;—  
Into rest our souls can enter,—  
Peace, peace, be still.

3—Great the calm the Saviour spreadeth,  
Peace, peace, be still ;  
Whatsoever your spirit dreadeth,  
Peace, peace, be still.  
Though with mighty foes engaging,  
War with sin and Satan waging,  
Storms of trial fiercely raging,  
Peace, peace, be still.

4—Ye who love the Lord's appearing,  
Peace, peace, be still ;  
Day and night through faith unfearing,  
Peace, peace, be still.

Though approaching judgments thunder,  
Filling all men's hearts with wonder,  
Though earth's ties are rent asunder,  
Peace, peace, be still.

5—Jesus walks upon the ocean,  
Peace, peace, be still ;  
He shall hush its loud commotion,  
Peace, peace, be still.  
Soon shall end our days of sighing,  
Pain and sorrow, death and crying ;—  
Till that hour on God relying,—  
Peace, peace, be still.

287

1 *John* iii. 2.

8,

1—We speak of the realms of the blessed,  
That country so bright and so fair ;  
And oft are its glories confessed ;  
But what must it be to be there !

2—We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare ;  
Its wonders and pleasures untold—  
But what must it be to be there !

3—We speak of its peace and its love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The songs of the blessed above—  
But what must it be to be there !

- 4—We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within—  
But what must it be to be there!
- 5—Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,  
For heaven our spirits prepare ;  
That shortly we also may *know*  
And *feel* what it is to be there ?

288

1 *Peter* ii. 7.

P.M.

- 1—My Saviour ! Thou art precious, more dear  
than life to me,  
Ah ! whom have I in heaven above, or whom  
on earth but Thee ?  
And while Thy works reviewing, I wonder  
and adore,  
I love Thee for Thy tender love, still more,  
and more, and more.
- 2—I see Thy form of beauty reflected in the  
deep,  
When sunny beams, like chains of gold,  
across the billows sweep ;  
And when I cannot number, like waves, Thy  
mercies o'er,  
I love Thee for Thy tender love, still more,  
and more, and more.



3—To earth Thou art returning, and this fair  
world shall be

A holy temple, Lord, at last, whence praise  
shall rise to Thee ;

Then all Thy rule obeying, shall all Thy  
grace adore,

And love Thee for Thy tender love, still  
more, and more, and more.

4—'Tis sweet, tho' oft in sorrow, to call my  
Lord my own,

And bend in heartfelt silent praise before  
Thy heavenly throne ;

But soon, each cloud of sadness, each fear,  
each danger o'er,

The endless sunshine of Thy love shall bless  
me more and more.

5—To fairer, purer regions, my soul shall soar  
away,

And ever see Thee as Thou art, in all Thy  
bright array ;

Yet while, in wonder gazing, Thy glories I  
explore,

Thy love shall claim my ceaseless song, still  
more, and more, and more.

6—To faith Thou art revealing Thyself while  
absent, Lord,  
By Thine indwelling Spirit's power, and by  
Thy written word,  
But soon the breaking morning her streams  
of light shall pour,  
And faith and hope shall yield the palm to  
love for evermore.

C. A. H.

289

*Eccles. xi. 4.*

7.6.

1—Sow ye beside all waters,  
Where the dew of heaven may fall ;  
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,  
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.  
Sow, though the thorn may wound thee,  
(*One* wore the thorn for thee,)  
And though the cold world scorn thee,  
Patient and hopeful be.

2—Sow ye beside all waters,  
With a blessing and a prayer ;  
Name Him whose hands uphold thee,  
And sow ye everywhere.  
Sow where the sunlight sheddeth  
Its warm and cheering ray,  
For the rain of heaven descendeth  
When the sunbeams pass away.

- 3—Sow when the tempest lowers,  
For calmer days may break ;  
And the seed in darkness nourished,  
A goodly plant may make.  
Sow when the morning breaketh  
In beauty o'er the land ;  
And when the evening falleth,  
Withhold not thou thine hand.
- 4—Sow, though the rock repel thee,  
In its cold and sterile pride ;  
Some clift there may be riven,  
Where the little seed may hide.  
Fear not, for some will flourish,  
And though the tares abound,  
Like the willows by the waters,  
Will the scattered grain be found.
- 5—Work while the daylight lasteth,  
Ere the shades of night come on,  
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,  
And the labourer's work is done.  
Watch not the clouds above thee,  
Let the wild winds round thee sweep ;  
God may the seed-time give thee,  
But another hand may reap.

6—Have faith, though ne'er beholding  
The seed burst from its tomb ;  
Thou know'st not which may perish,  
Or what be spared to bloom.  
Room on the narrowest ridges  
The ripen'd grain will find ;  
That the Lord of the harvest coming,  
In the harvest sheaves may find.

290

*Luke xxiv. 29.*

P.M.

- 1—Abide with me ! fast falls the eventide ;  
The darkness thickens ; Lord, with me abide ;  
While other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh ! abide with me.
- 2—Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
Oh ! Thou, who changest not, abide with me.
- 3—Come not in terrors as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy  
wings,—  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,  
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

- 4—Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,  
And, though rebellious and perverse mean-  
while,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee ;—  
Oh ! to the close, oh ! Lord, abide with me.
- 5—I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;  
Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy  
victory ?  
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.
- 6—Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
the skies ;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee !  
In life, in death, oh ! Lord, abide with me.

291

*Acts iv. 12.*

P.M.

- 1—Christ alone—Christ alone—  
Is the Christian's watchword here ;  
Only Jesus will he own,  
Him proclaiming far and near.
- 2—Christ alone—Christ alone—  
Lisps the new-born child of God.  
When the Saviour first is known,  
And he feels the sprinkled blood.
-

- 3—Christ alone—Christ alone—  
 Is the faithful watchman's cry,  
 Midst the foes of Jesu's throne,  
 Who His name and truth deny.
- 4—Christ alone—Christ alone—  
 Is the noble martyr's song,  
 Till his spirit home has flown,  
 Gather'd to the *white-robed* throng.
- 5—Christ alone—Christ alone—  
 Shout the glorious hosts above,  
 Standing round the Father's throne,  
 Worshipping in perfect love.
- 6—Christ alone—Christ alone—  
 Echo back, my soul, the words ;  
 Thy redeeming Saviour crown—  
 King of kings and Lord of lords !

292

*Isaiah* xliv. 22.

P.M.

- 1—Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;  
 Thy Father calls for thee ;  
 No longer now an exile roam  
 In guilt and misery.  
 Return ! Return !

2—Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;  
'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;  
The Spirit and the Bride say come—  
O now for refuge flee !  
Return ! Return !

3—Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;  
'Tis madness to delay ;  
There are no pardons in the tomb,  
And brief is mercy's day.  
Return ! Return !

**293***Luke xxiv. 49.***C.M.**

1—Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
Let us Thine influence prove,  
Source of the old prophetic fire,  
Fountain of life and love,

2—Open the hearts of all who hear,  
To make the Saviour room ;  
Now let us find redemption near,  
Let faith by hearing come.

3—Thou art the only Comforter  
In all our souls' distress ;  
Thou showest us our unbelief,  
And Christ's redeeming grace.

4—Arise, and strengthen us, O Lord,  
Thou know'st we all are frail ;  
Grant neither Satan, world, nor flesh  
May o'er Christ's flock prevail.

5—Cause all disharmony and strife  
In Christendom to cease ;  
And give to all the flocks of Christ  
Love, union, truth and peace.

294

*Gen. xxvii. 34.*

P.M.

1—Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering full and free,  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;  
Let some droppings fall on me,—  
Even *me*.

2—Pass me not, O gracious Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be ;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me,—  
Even *me*.

3—Pass me not, O tender Saviour ;  
Let me live and cling to Thee ;  
I am longing for Thy favour ;  
While Thou'rt calling, call for me,—  
Even *me*.



- 4—Pass me not, O mighty Spirit ;  
 Thou can'st make the blind to see ;  
 Witnesser of Jesus's merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me,—  
 Even *me*.
- 5—Have I long in sin been sleeping—  
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee ?  
 Has the world my heart been keeping ?  
 Oh ! forgive, and rescue me,—  
 Even *me*.
- 6—Love of God, so pure and changeless !  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free !  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless !—  
 Magnify it all in me,—  
 Even *me*.
- 7—Pass me not—this lost one bringing,  
 Bind my heart, oh ! Lord, to Thee ;  
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, oh ! bless me,—  
 Even *me*.

295

1 Cor. i. 18.

7.6.

- 1—I saw the cross of Jesus  
 When burden'd with my sin ;  
 I sought the cross of Jesus  
 To give me peace within :

I brought my sin to Jesus ;  
He cleans'd it in His blood ;  
And in the cross of Jesus  
I found my peace with God.

2—I love the cross of Jesus.  
It tells me what I am ;  
A vile and guilty creature,  
Saved only through the Lamb :  
No righteousness, no merit,  
No beauty can I plead ;  
Yet in the cross I glory,  
My title there I read.

3—I clasp the cross of Jesus,  
In ev'ry trying hour,  
My sure and certain refuge,  
My never failing tower.  
In every fear and conflict,  
I more than conqueror am ;  
Living I'm safe, or dying,  
Through Christ the risen Lamb.

4—Sweet is the cross of Jesus !  
There let my weary heart  
Still rest in perfect peace  
Till life itself depart.

And then in strains of glory  
I'll sing Thy wond'rous power,  
Where sin can never enter,  
And death is known no more.

F. WHITFIELD.

296

*Matt. xxviii. 20.*

C.M.

- 1—"Lo I am with thee!" bid thy fears  
And anxious sorrows cease;  
My hands shall dry thy bitter tears,  
My lips shall whisper peace.
- 2—"Lo! I am with thee!" when the tomb  
Thy loved ones calls away,  
My voice shall cheer the valley gloom  
With thoughts of endless day.
- 3—"Lo! I am with thee!"—What the loss  
Of all thou canst deplore,  
When placed beside the awful cross,  
Which once for thee I bore!
- 4—"Lo! I am with thee!" when the bed  
Of languishing is thine,  
Thou shalt repose thine aching head  
Upon my love divine.
- 5—"Lo! I am with thee!" when the knell  
Of closing hours shall ring,  
Mine arm the fatal foe shall quell,  
And crush his vanquished sting.

5—"Lo ! I am with thee !" still the same  
 Through endless years above,  
 'Mid brighter worlds I shall proclaim  
 My changeless, deathless love !

MACDUFF.

297

*Matt. vi. 6.*

P.M.

1—Alone with Thee, my God ! alone with  
 Thee !

Thus would'st Thou have it still—thus let it  
 be.

There is a secret chamber in each mind,  
 Which none can find,  
 But He who made it—none beside can know  
 Its joy or woe.

Oft may I enter it oppressed by care,  
 And find Thee there ;  
 So full of watchful love, Thou know'st the  
 why

Of ev'ry sigh.

Then all Thy righteous dealing shall I see,  
 Alone with Thee, my God ! alone with  
 Thee !

2—The joys of earth are like a summer day,  
 Fading away ;  
 But in the twilight we may better trace  
 Thy wondrous grace.

nd

The homes of earth are emptied oft by death  
With chilling breath ;  
The loved departed guest may ope no more  
The well-known door.  
Still in that chamber seal'd, Thou'lt dwell  
with me,  
And I with Thee, my God, alone with Thee !

3—The world's false voice would bid me enter  
not  
That hallow'd spot ;  
And earthly thoughts would follow on the  
track,  
To hold me back,  
Or seek to break the sacred peace within,  
With this world's din.  
But by Thy grace, I'll cast them all aside,  
Whate'er betide,  
And never let that cell deserted be,  
Where I may dwell alone, my God, with  
Thee !

4—The war may rage ;—keep Thou the citadel,  
And all is well.  
And when I learn the fulness of Thy love  
With Thee above—  
When ev'ry heart oppressed by hidden grief  
Shall gain relief ;

When ev'ry weary soul shall find its rest  
Amidst the blest,  
Then all my heart, from sin and sorrow free,  
Shall be a temple meet, my God, for Thee.

298

*Matt. xxviii. 6.*

7.6.

- 1—Thou hast stood here, Lord Jesus,  
Beside the still cold grave ;  
And proved Thy deep compassion,  
And mighty power to save.  
Thy tears of tender pity,  
Thine agonising groan,  
Teach how for us Thou feelest,  
Now seated on Thy throne.
- 2—Thou hast lain here, Lord Jesus,  
Thyself the victim then ;  
The Lord of life and glory,  
Once slain for wretched men.  
From sin and condemnation  
When none but Thou could'st save,  
Thy love than death was stronger,  
And deeper than the grave.
- 3—Thou hast been here, Lord Jesus  
But Thou art here no more ;  
The terror and the darkness,  
The night of death are o'er.

Great Captain of salvation,  
 Thy triumphs now we sing ;  
 Oh ! grave, where is thy victory ?  
 Oh ! death, where is thy sting ?

4—We wait for Thine appearing ;  
 We weep, but we rejoice ;  
 In all our depths of sorrow,  
 We still can hear Thy voice ;—  
 “I am the resurrection ;”  
 “I live, who once was slain ;”  
 “Fear not, thy friend and brother  
 Shall rise with Me and reign.”

299

2 *Tim.* iv. 7, 8.

P.M.

## A DYING MARTYR'S HYMN.

1—Sing with me ! sing with me !  
 Weeping brethren, sing with me !  
 For now an open heaven I see,  
 And a crown of glory laid for me ;  
 How my soul this earth despises !  
 How my heart and spirit rises !  
 Bounding from the flesh I sever !  
 World of sin, adieu, for ever !

2—Sing with me ! sing with me !  
 Friends in Jesus, sing with me !  
 All my sufferings, all my woe,  
 All my griefs I here forego.  
 Farewell terrors, sighing, grieving,  
 Praying, hearing, and believing ;  
 Earthly trust, and all its wrongings ;  
 Earthly love, and all its longings.

3—Sing with me ! sing with me !  
 Blessed spirits, sing with me !  
 To the Lamb our songs shall be,  
 Through a glad eternity !  
 Farewell, earthly morn and even,  
 Sun and moon and stars of heaven ;  
 Heavenly portals ope before me,—  
 Welcome Christ and all His glory !

300

*Rev. xxi. 4.*

P.M.

1—Beyond the smiling and the weeping,  
       I shall be soon ;  
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
       I shall be soon.  
 Love, rest, and home !  
 Sweet hope !  
 Lord, tarry not, but come.



2—Beyond the blooming and the fading,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home ! &c.

3—Beyond the rising and the setting,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home ! &c.

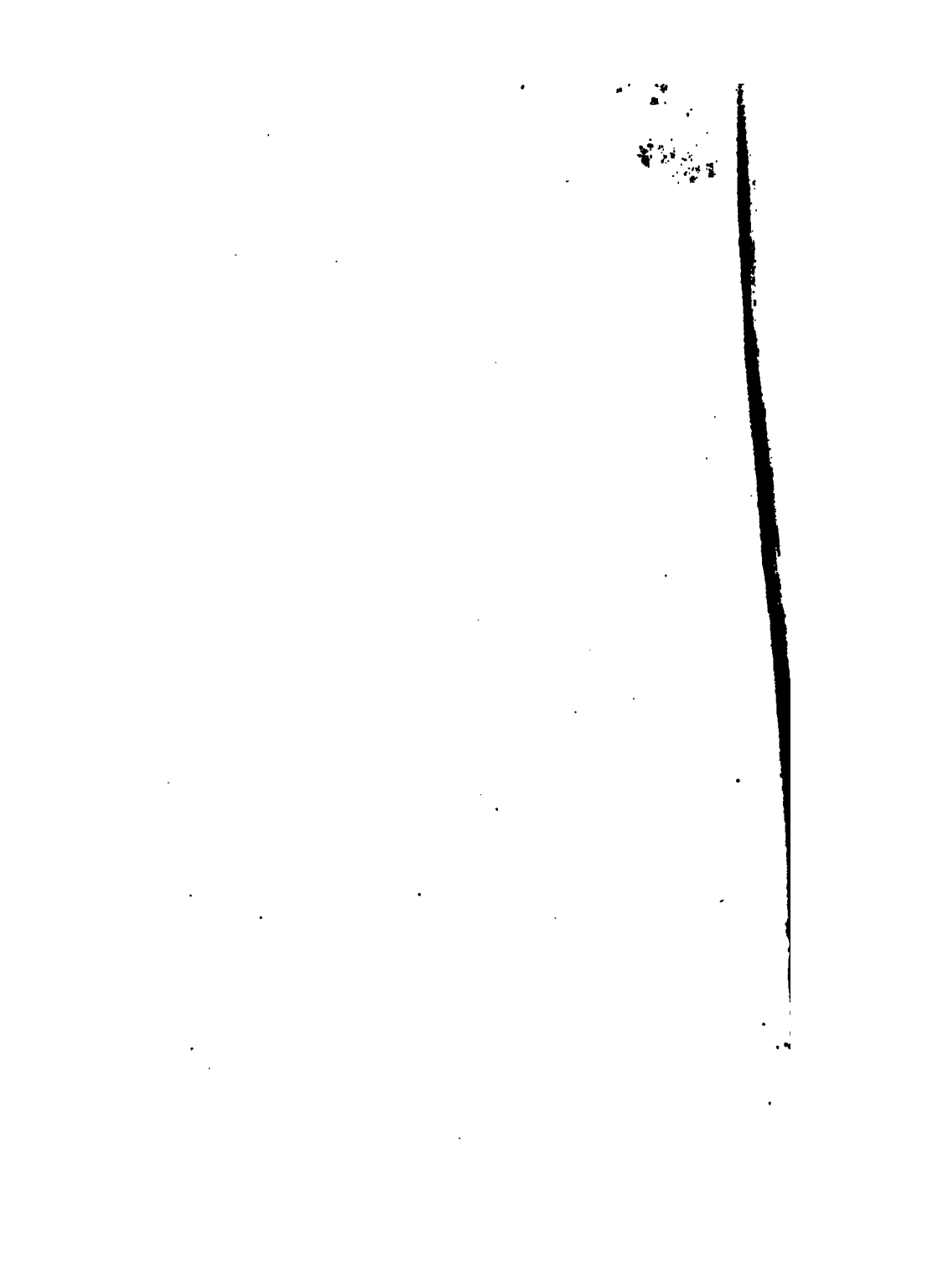
4—Beyond the gathering and the strewing,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,  
Beyond the coming and the going,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home ! &c.

5—Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home ! &c.

H. BONAR.

END.

**W. HUNT, STEAM PRESS, TAVERN STREET, IPSWICH.**



200

1

1

